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UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT VASSAR

By Margaret Sherwood

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY ORSON LOWELL

THE problem, What is to be done with the college woman? has of late been troubling critics and reviewers. Much discussion of the question has perhaps given the public a mistaken idea that she does not know what to do with herself. As a matter of fact, during her undergraduate life and after, she is too busy to be seriously troubled about the uses of her existence, and nobody is less perplexed in regard to her future than she is. In college, the serious undercurrent of work and the bright life out of doors and in, absorb her. It is only when she is forced into it by pressure from outside that she becomes self-conscious, and stops to wonder if she is a "little queer." That she is being slowly awakened to a sense of the supposed antagonism between domestic and intellectual pursuits is evinced by a few faint signs, such, for instance, as the debate held not long ago at Vassar on the problem: "Does a college education unfit men for domestic life?" The question was decided in the affirmative, a result which shows, perhaps, that the college woman is beginning to share the depression of the world at large in regard to this matter, but on the whole she realizes more clearly than does the public that the amount of learning acquired in the average college course is not likely to prove a serious obstacle in any walk in life. It is not the representatives of the so-called "unquiet sex" who place undue emphasis on the college training they receive. For that emphasis, the "eternal masculine" in the world at large is responsible.

The newspaper joke, that leader of thought in American life, has established two widespread convictions: first, that colleges for young men are entirely given over to muscular exercise; second, that life in a woman's college is a shadowed existence, into which girls are plunged in their youth and freshness, from which they emerge pale, sharp-nosed, spectacled. The fact that both these beliefs are untrue, perhaps lends added charm to them. American daughters go by scores to college, and return active, alert, wakened to keener mental and physical life than they have known before; and American fathers go on grumbling because of the strain that

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The Senior Alcove in the Library.

saps the vitality of all girls who study. Of the warmth and light and color of the life in women's colleges only the initiated know.

At Vassar, as in many others, the beauty of the surrounding country is a constant call to out-of-door activity. The long tramps, taken just for love of the deed, or with an ulterior botanical purpose, kindle one's blood in memory. The walk to Cedar Bridge, where blood-root and anemones come first in the spring; the climb up the long slopes of Richmond Hill to the solitary pine-tree; and the scramble, over burdocks and dead golden-rod, to the top of Sunrise Hill, where one has the blue Catskills to look at on the north, and the bluer Highlands on the south—these are feats for the athletic. For the less ambitious are left the walk round the lake, past the willows; or up the cedar-bordered paths of Sunset Hill, or past the heavy banks of fern in the Glen. One learns to know much in one's four years at Vassar—where the mulleins grow on the hill-sides, and to which rocks the columbine comes first in the spring. Certain meadows, guarded by straggling rail fences or broken stone walls, come to be old friends, as do certain beech-trees and hickories and pines. The fading of red and gold color in autumn and the coming of pale green in the spring have peculiar beauty here. There has always been enchantment about the Hudson River valley, and Rip Van Winkle was not the only one possessed by its spell.

The inspiration takes different forms. The college girl is not put to sleep by it, but is roused to physical activity. There is rowing on the lake. Golf has faithful adherents, judging by the number of flags shining against the grass. Basket-ball now occupies the charmed circle bordered

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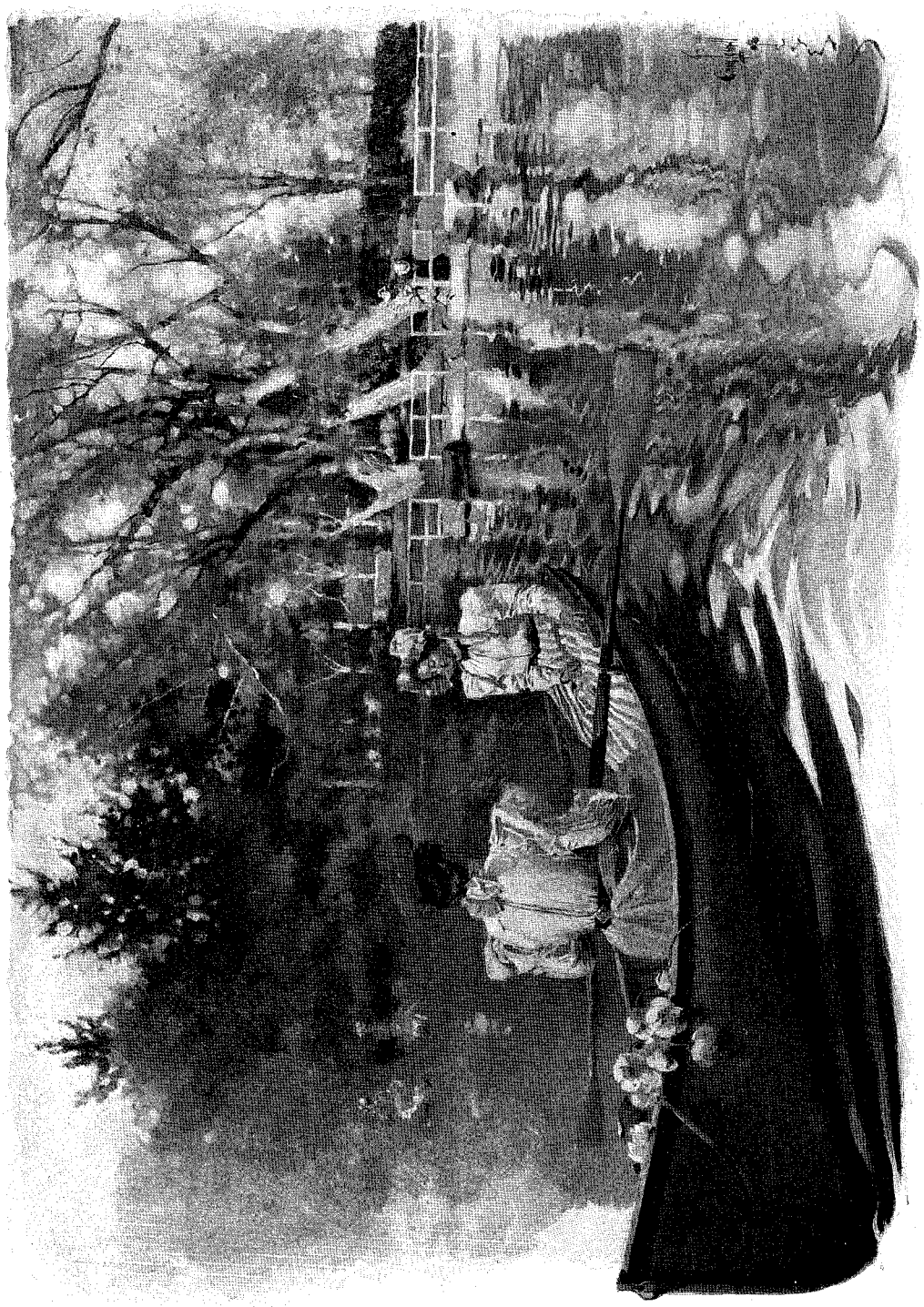

Looking toward the College Grounds from the Lake.

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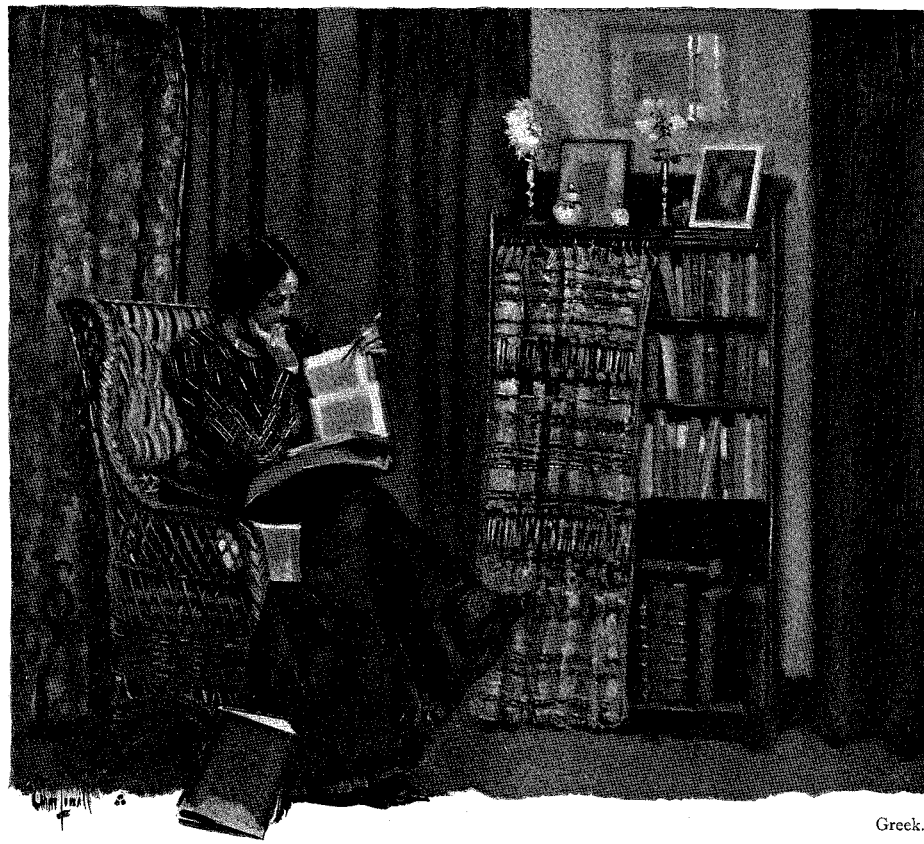


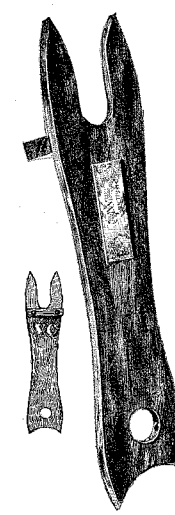
Greek.

by the cedar hedge, and new tennis-courts have been made near the pine walk that borders the grounds. The '97 *Vassarion* gives an almost startling result of the athletic training. Field Day, in the spring, is given up to contests. Each class has its basket-ball team. A series of match games leads up to this final one for the championship. Other feats on Field Day are recorded as follows :

Event.	Record.
100 yards dash	11 seconds
220 yards run	32 seconds
120 yards hurdle	21 seconds
Running high jump	4 feet 5 inches
Running broad jump	11 feet 8 inches
Standing broad jump	6 feet 11¼ inches
Fence-vault	4 feet 5 inches

The statistics carry one back in thought to those early students in Mr. Lossing's "Vassar College and its Founder," pictured in street-costume, in flat hats of the "jockey" type, loose sacks, voluminous skirts; or in gymnasium suits, consisting of short skirts with pantalets, loose jackets, and prunella shoes, and one wonders at the evolution of the feminine ideal.

Were those boot-jacks—made after Mr. Vassar's death, of a tree in his yard, and put into the students' rooms as souvenirs—a prophecy of this?



The training for the Field-day contests is much promoted by the gymnasium. Here is complicated apparatus—rings for swinging, horses for jumping, chest-weights, clubs — all those devices that an untoward generation has been obliged to make in order to retrieve the physical blunders of its ancestors. The swimming-tank is said not to be in highest favor, because it is not possible for each of the seven hundred young

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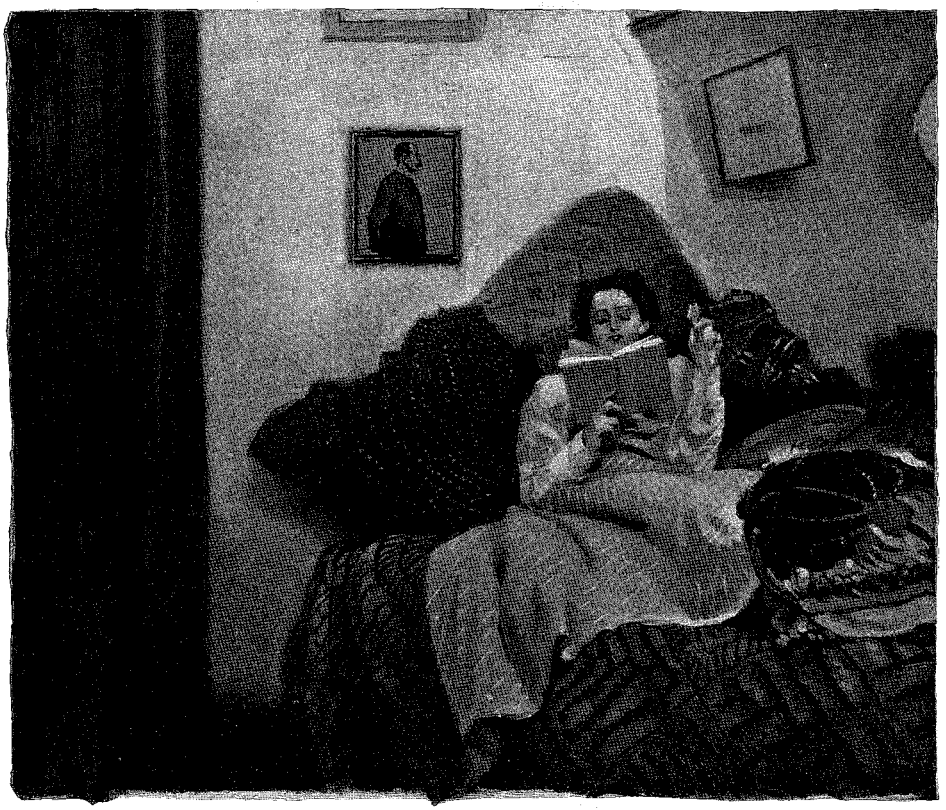

Kipling.

women to have a swimming-tank of her own. That it is used to a certain extent is suggested by the clothes-wringer that guards the entrance. A body of young gymnasts at work training the muscles of the arm, or running to music, is a pleasant sight to see.

In the physical life at Vassar, the river plays a not unimportant part. There were days when it was pleasure bordering on dissipation to take voyages across it in the ferry-boat. Many trips could be taken for one fare. Rowing on the river is not permitted, but there is a vagrant steam-tug that brings one into marvellously near connection with the water, blue in the early afternoon, and touched with gold at sunset-time. The river is associated, too, with more formal pleasures. Sometimes the Junior Party, a courtesy extended to the Seniors by the class below them, took the form of a trip down the river, past the Highlands and Polipell's Island, almost to New York. The annual pilgrimage to Mohonk leads across the river. This is a long drive, taken when the mountains are brilliant with autumn color. The road leads up, past the yellow and scarlet of maples, and the dull red of oak-leaves and underbrush, to the lake high among the hills, where Quaker hospitality is always waiting.

It is not in out-of-door activity alone that relief from work is found at Vassar. Inside the college doors there is diversion. The social life, apparently very simple, is in reality complex, with subtle distinctions, perhaps more just than the distinctions of the world outside. In the main it is, as all genuine college life must be, democratic. All possible types are represented here. In the adjustment of the diverse aims and peculiarities and the working out of a homogeneous whole lies the interest of college social life. The New England girl is here, with her brains, her family pride, her plentiful lack of this world's goods; the Western girl, perhaps

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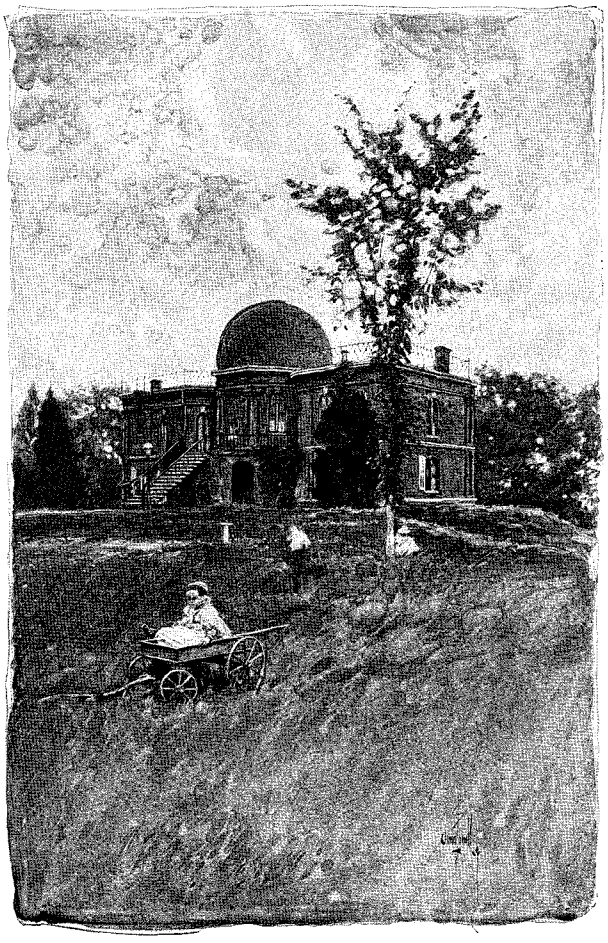
an heiress, perhaps not; the girl from a Southern plantation, gifted with fire and energy that turn into a high quality of brain-work; the missionary's daughter from South Africa; the descendant of some old Hudson River family, with a stock of prejudices and convictions to be tried in the crucible of this existence. The maiden who goes arrayed in purple and in fine linen, who fills her room with exquisite carved furniture and rare pottery, lives on the Senior corridor, next the girl who is so poor that on winter nights she is forced to pile her clothing on the bed in order to keep warm. Out of elements like these the college life is made up, with its gayer side, and its side of strict discipline, mental and moral. In spite of coteries and cliques, the true superiority governs, and the aristocracy of the college is an aristocracy of character and of brains.

The social life at Vassar is rich in time-honored custom. The most cherished of all is the dancing in room J, after dinner, in the short interval before the evening chapel-service. The dancing is more picturesque now than it used to be, the dressing for dinner having grown more elaborate. The half-hour of bright light and music ends in the dancers filing upstairs—a Burne-Jones Golden Stairway to the spectator below—to the chapel. There the sunset color has a way of creeping round to the north windows while the hymns are sung. The two students chosen to be door-keepers in the house of the Lord



The Observatory.

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A Dome Party.

throw open the folding-doors when the service is over, and the silence is broken by the sound of many voices. The students come out in groups, or two by two, to chatter in the Senior corridor.

This Senior parlor is one of the distinctive features of Vassar life. One reaches it by passing down a long corridor, whose windows, encircled by ivy, let in the afternoon sun. The room is the centre for the Senior life. For the furnishing the most cherished possessions of the members of the class are contributed—pet rug, claw-footed chair, or curiously carved settle. Sometimes the total effect is one of rare beauty, with the blending colors of stained windows, rugs and draperies, and the quaint shape of choice bits of furniture. The spot has pleasant associations for the daughters of Vassar, with its Sunday-afternoon music, its social gatherings, its quiet afternoons for reading. Universal privileges are accorded the Seniors at Vassar: the Senior vacation, for instance, a time of freedom before Commencement; Senior tables in the centre of the dining-room, where the "birthday-girl" always has an ovation; the Senior

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The '97 Class Tree.

corridor, and the sacred spot known as the Senior parlor. It all means for that last year closer acquaintance, comradeship of which pleasant memories are afterward carried to the ends of the earth.

Of formal organizations, devoted to pleasure or to profit, there are many at Vassar. The word society suggests a bewildering number of names. A student may, if she wishes to do so, belong to no fewer than thirteen. Philaletheis, the mother of societies at the college, is an old and honorable organization, born December 5, 1865. To this, with its four chapters, Alpha, Beta, Omega, Theta, and its list of non-chapter members, any student may belong. Philaletheis gives, during the year, four hall-plays. Each chapter, too, gives four plays or farces. Of the other societies, it is necessary only to speak. Their names betray them: The Contemporary Club, a literary organization connected with the English department, working this year on Russian literature; The Current Topics Club, connected with the department of history; The Shakespeare Club; The Dickens Club; the debating societies, Qui Vive and "T. and M.," the latter conducted in the manner of the House of Commons; The '97 Federal Debating Society; The College Glee Club; The Mandolin and Guitar Club; Civitas, and The Marshall Club, the former this year devoting itself to a study of the summer—Cuba, the yellow fever, and the Nashville Exposition.

Of societies that have no intellectual or artistic purpose there are several, to wit: eating-clubs, such as The Rabbits and The Nine Nimble Nibblers; social clubs, such as The New England Club, The Southern Club, Daughters of the American Revolution, and Society of the Granddaughters of Vassar, the last made up of children of alumnæ. To say that in the debating-societies current topics are discussed with zeal and with logic would be, perhaps, to give unnecessary information. To say that the eating-clubs centre in the chafing-dish, and that the chafing-dish means Sunday-night suppers, is perhaps to give desired information. The amount of trouble that girls are willing to bestow upon their small pleasures is cause for standing wonder. Given dormitories not designed for "light housekeeping," scant supply of domestic utensils, provision-shops, except for the small grocery at the rear of the main building, quite two miles distant, all this suggests difficulty in the way of elaborate repasts. It is but fair

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to say that the difficulties are nobly surmounted. Paper-knives play the part of silver in time of need. Scissors can be used in getting olives out of their bottles. With slight informalities like these in serving, goes often great dignity and gravity of conversation. The largest abstract themes can be exhausted at a sitting. The old discussions of "fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute" are giving way now to debates concerning the future of the working-man, but the tone of seriousness remains the same. Hints have been made that these repasts are less primitive than they used to be, that a more sophisticated social life has sprung up round the tea-kettle and the chafing-dish. If this is so, one can but say with Mary Lamb: "I wish the good old times would come again, when we were not so rich."

Perhaps more interesting than the organized diversion of society-life are the impromptu amusements. Chief among these is the dressing in costume. Certain evenings, Hallowe'en, Washington's Birthday, St. Valentine's Day, are always given

The Daisy Field Looking toward the Main Building.

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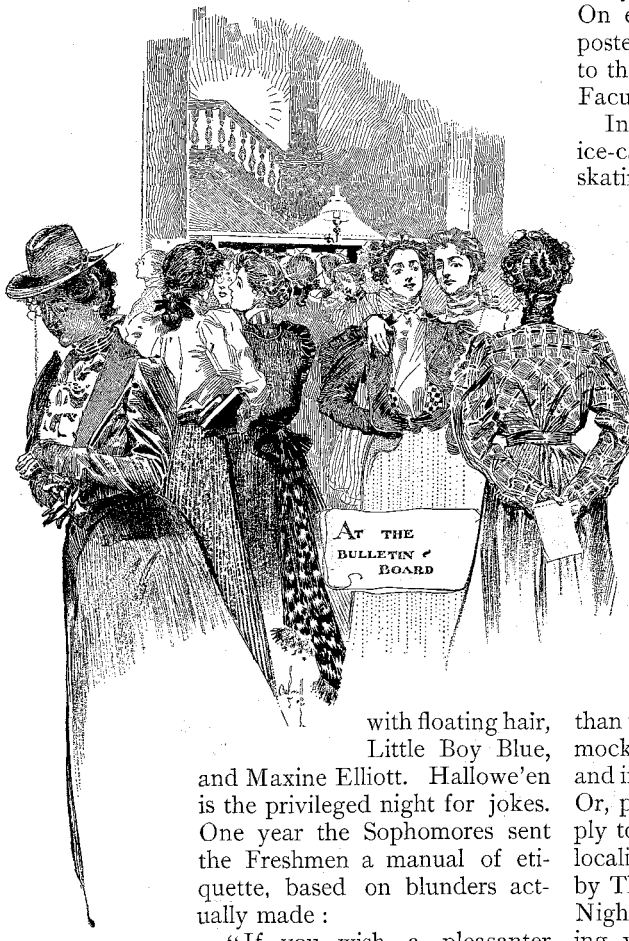
over to the Ladies of Misrule. Marvellous creative ability is shown in converting tissue-paper, cheese-cloth, and bits of ribbon into artistic creations. On these occasions outsiders are not admitted. In strict privacy the performers file into the dining-room. There are groups of Salem witches with peaked caps and with brooms, gypsies, minstrels, yellow kids, imps of darkness, ghosts, maidens dressed as bindings of books. Single figures have made themselves famous — Paderewski, irresistible



with floating hair, Little Boy Blue, and Maxine Elliott. Hallowe'en is the privileged night for jokes. One year the Sophomores sent the Freshmen a manual of etiquette, based on blunders actually made:

"If you wish a pleasanter room, offer to fee the Lady Principal."

"If your laundry-bag is late, take it to the President's office."

One year, the Juniors, wishing to satirize the docility of the Senior Class, led a live lamb down the Senior corridor. The Hallowe'en festivities end in a masquerade party.

On Washington's Birthday the costumes are colonial. Grandmothers' gowns and ancestral combs are brought forth for the occasion. Girls who take men's parts wear lace ruffles and queues. Those whose costumes are especially effective, sometimes come in late for dinner, walking slowly for the sake of applause. The dining-room is decorated. After the meal patriotic songs are sung. Last year the holiday on Washington's Birthday was denied. The students decided to protest. They wore their gala-day gowns to class. On each class-room door was found a poster, setting forth, in terms appropriate to the subject in hand, the cruelty of the Faculty on this occasion.

Interesting costumes are worn at the ice-carnival on the lake, held when the skating is at its best. Of course, it is at night. The lake is lighted by means of bonfires and Chinese lanterns. The costumes are in bright colors, made, perhaps, of red flannel decorated with cotton-batting, suggesting, at a distance, velvet and ermine. There are exhibitions of fancy skating. The entire company moves in procession round the lake, skating to music given by the band.

Sometimes the dressing in costume is used to point a bit of social criticism. Last year the Marlborough-Vanderbilt wedding was given with great *éclat*. The English guests were finely rendered, especially Queen Victoria, in crown and ermine, more life-like than tongue can tell. Sometimes there is a mock Faculty-meeting, where professors and instructors are represented in costume. Or, perhaps, the dressing-up is done simply to show the costumes of some special locality, as at the Plantation Party, given by The Southern Club on Thanksgiving Night. There was a darkey prayer-meeting, with a sermon on the work required at "Marse James Taylor's" plantation. The President was one of the guests. As he went out he was followed by calls of "Good-night, Marse James Taylor; good-night, Marse James Taylor!"

Another source of unfailing amusement is found in theatricals. Sometimes Shakespeare is attempted, "Twelfth Night" and

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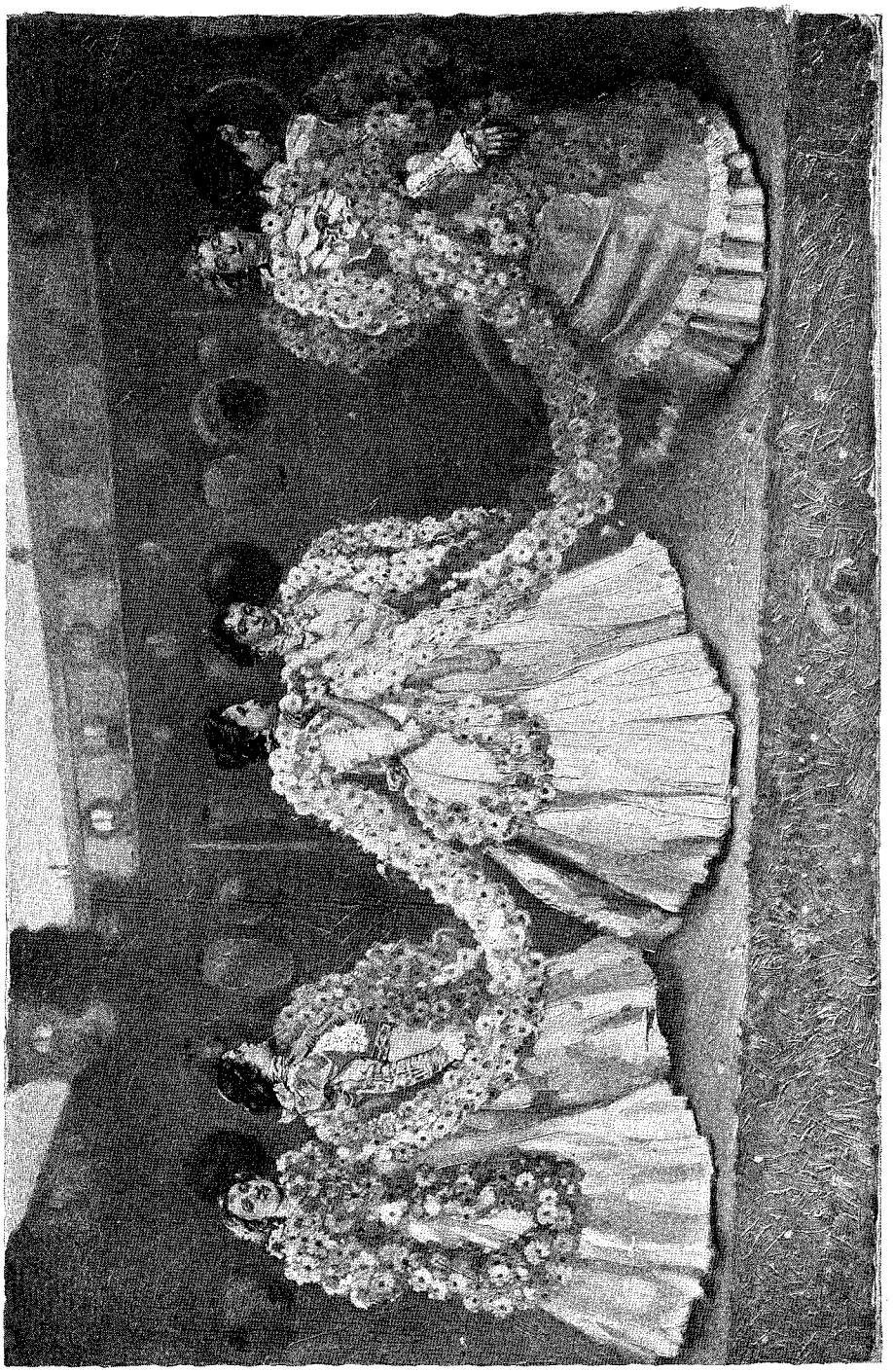

Class Day—the Daisy Chain.

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They're off!

"The Merchant of Venice" being the most recent. Through her Greek play Vassar made herself famous. The beauty and dignity of Antigone did not suffer even at the hands of the slim maidens who assumed the robes and the beards of Greek men. The ordinary hall-play is not ambitious, recent ones being: "A Russian Honeymoon," "The Heir at Law," "The Amazons," "Americans Abroad," "A Scrap of Paper," "Caste," "She Stoops to Conquer." There are people who can remember "The Private Secretary" at Vassar, done with great skill and having a convulsing effect.

Perhaps the most interesting theatrical entertainments are the minor farces done for chapter-meetings. These rarely meet public attention. One was a dramatization of "Alice in Wonderland" that would have delighted Alice herself. One was a burlesque of an over-heroic play, whose name shall not be given. The persecuted lovers were fleeing in a pasteboard boat over dark-green muslin waves. Crocodiles in horrid scales lay in wait, snapping with large mouths made of rapidly folding and unfolding hands. One of these crocodiles is now a missionary in the Orient; one is an eminent physician.

In the line of drama are the "Trig" ceremonies. The Sophomores in finishing trigonometry always write, for the benefit of the Freshmen, a play, in which their recent sufferings are set forth.

'Enery.

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A cause of much perplexity in this dramatic activity has been the question of proper costume for the actors who take men's parts. Compromise has been effected in the shape of short skirt and coat. That this lends at times an unintentional touch of the comic to a situation intended to be romantic does not always diminish the force of the play. There is apparently protest against this feminine limitation, as is seen in the following list from the '96 *Vassarion:*

Here they come!

ADVICE TO PLAYERS.

Chairman.—Be not too tame neither, but let the instructions of the English department be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the censorship of the Committee; with this special observance, that you outskirt not the dictate of the Faculty; for anything so overdone is not for the glory of this Society, whose end is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show beauty her own feature, *manliness* his own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the Freshman laugh, cannot but make the Faculty grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.

Of other characteristic amusements and customs at Vassar there is a long list. One is the Senior auction, held usually in the Senior corridor. Here the departing class disposes of its superfluous possessions, the proceeds being used to defray the expenses of the class-supper. Under-class girls, in spirit of true hero-worship, vie with one another in securing relics of the departing great ones. The efforts of the auctioneer are often masterpieces. This

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day is a day of privilege and of license. Even the Faculty may be laughed at, and the Faculty at Vassar can bear a joke at its expense. In 1886 dolls were dressed to personate these dignitaries, and the dignitaries came and purchased themselves in great glee. Professor Mitchell carried away with pride the doll whose modified Quaker costume, gray curls, and common-sense boots represented her own. New devices have sprung up for auction-day. Last year a circus and menagerie amused the bystander.

The Senior Parlor.

Growing interest in political matters takes picturesque forms among the girls. At the time of presidential campaigns there are always torchlight processions, long lines of bare heads standing out in relief against the darkness in the flickering light of the torches. Last campaign was an especially thrilling one. Each party had a mass-meeting, to which its prominent members came in costume. Eloquent speeches were made. There was a parade of laboring-men, a parade of Women's Rights Advocates. Proceedings were announced as follows :

REPUBLICANS, ATTENTION!

THE ARLINGTON WORKING-MEN'S MCKINLEY SOUND MONEY CLUB,

THE NEW WOMAN'S GOLD STANDARD BRIGADE,

THE ASSOCIATED MCKINLEYITES OF THE HAMMER AND ANVIL,

. . . . . .

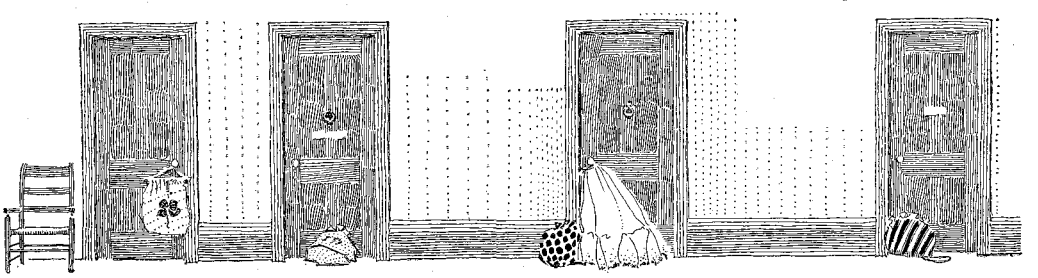
will call on Mr. McKinley at his home, No. 1, Lecture Row, Canton, Ohio, Friday evening, October 16th, at eight o'clock. All loyal Republicans are invited to be present.

MARCUS A. HANNA,
(per R. C. S.)

—From '97 Vassarion.

SENATOR JONES,
OF ARKANSAS,
INVITES ALL TRUE SILVERITES
TO PARTAKE OF
A SUMPTUOUS BANQUET
TO BE GIVEN IN HONOR OF
THE RT. HON. WM. J. BRYAN,
AND HIS CHARMING WIFE

(to be given at the White House at 8 P.M., Room K).



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The menu for the Silverites' banquet contained, among many others, the following items:

SOUPS.

McKinley in the Soup.

MEATS.

Stewed Tariff, *à la* Protection.

VEGETABLES,

Hashed-browned Gold Bugs.
Squashed Republican Hopes.

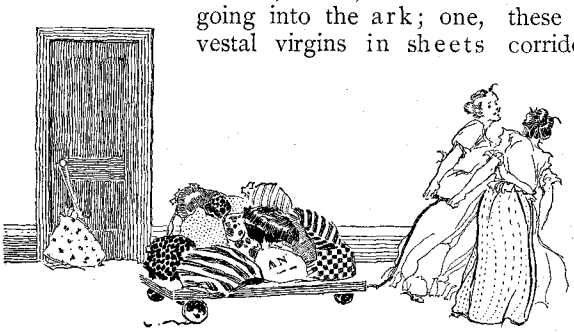
DESSERTS.

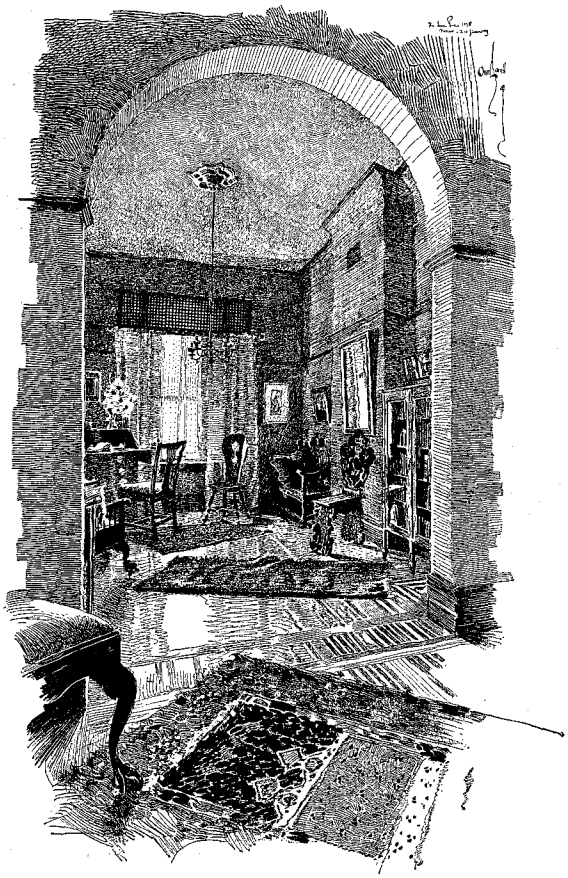
Floating Democracy in a sea of prosperity.
(Gold and Silver) cake.

The processions were most picturesque, the band carrying laboriously its big bass-drum and other instruments; the Women's Rights Advocates looking sharp-nosed and thin, wearing spectacles and little shawls; the laborers carrying spades, rakes, hods, purloined from the buildings in process of erection, and wearing hats and beards that suggested Bottom of "The Mid-summer Night's Dream." The election was carried on with all regularity, the result being as follows:

Republicans	293
Silverites	21
Gold Democrats	31
Prohibitionists	10

The tree-ceremonies at Vassar represent a custom that has all the fascination of mystery. These are held by the Sophomores at the time of the dedication of their class-tree. They meet in secret by night and march with lanterns to the chosen spot, where the solemn rites take place. The Freshmen find out about it all and try to interfere. On this occasion the Sophomores dress in costume. One year they were darkies; one, animals going into the ark; one, vestal virgins in sheets and pillow-cases. After the ceremonies an entertainment is held. On one occasion this consisted of waxworks, representing, with overwhelming effect, various college dignitaries.





The Other End of the Senior Parlor.

The formal social functions must not be forgotten. The two most important are "Phil." and "Founders," the names meaning large receptions to which the outside world comes in dress-coat. The dining-room is converted into a ball-room on these occasions. The long second-floor corridor is decorated with flowers and with lights, and is furnished with pillows, rugs, and chairs from the students' parlors. On other occasions formal courtesies are extended by one class to another. To the Freshmen, as they enter, the Sophomores give a reception, the only form of hazing known

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here. The Juniors, as has already been stated, give each year the "Junior Party," the Seniors being the guests of honor. Sometimes this takes the form of a trip down the river, hostesses and guests being for the time possessors of one of the river-steamers, and revelling in music, banquet, and scenery all at one time. Again, this festivity is a lawn-party, made picturesque by some device—hay-raking, archery, a May-pole dance, or illuminated tableaux.

Commencement time brings various social events. One of these is the class-suppers. This is sometimes held in the Senior corridor, where the iron fire-proof doors are drawn, and the long tables are prepared in strictest privacy. The waiters, listening in solemn appreciation to the toasts and jokes, make a dusky background for the lines of bright heads and bright dresses down the sides of the tables.

At Commencement time come the Class-day ceremonies. These have taken the prettiest possible form in the daisy-chain procession. The long line of white-robed girls, with the heavy daisy-chain passing over their shoulders and hanging in festoons, marches to the eastern side of the main building, where the exercises are held in the afternoon shade.

There are many small customs, many quiet corners, and some familiar figures at Vassar that would appeal perhaps to the memory of the alumnæ, but would hardly interest the world at large. Students of earlier days recall with pleasure Professor Mitchell at her famous "dome parties." Only the privileged students of astronomy were permitted to be present. The great lady sat in state among her instruments, her cats helping her receive, for the observatory cat and her kittens were honored members of the household. Rhymes for the dinner-cards were always written by Professor Mitchell herself, and great was her delight when she found it possible to make a rhyming pun upon the name of a guest. Dome parties have been revived in recent years.

Of out-of-the-way corners each student has her favorites. There are the catacombs, white-washed recesses under the main building, reaching out, arch upon arch. They are an excellent retreat for essay-writing. One sits upon a dusty trunk and composes treatises on the will. There is the cupola, known only to the adventurous few. A broad beam affords a resting-place for one's self and one's books. Outside are all the kingdoms of the world and the glory thereof—the Catskills, the Highlands, and the Shawangunk Mountains, beyond the city spires and the river.

There is the Founder's Room, of which the student may have glimpses if a guest of state is visiting her. Its antique furniture, and its portraits on the walls, wear an air of gracious and old-fashioned stateliness symbolic of that courteous and dignified manner that Vassar has kept through all the rush and hurry of college life.

There is the Art Museum, where the Venus de Milo used to stand with the somewhat unnecessary statement, on a placard at her feet, "Hands off!" Here, too, are the zoological collections, megatherium and ichthyosaurus being cheering company for a rainy day. Less scholarly but more comforting is the small shop at the rear of the main building, where crackers and grapes are dispensed to the hungry, and Smith's, in Poughkeepsie, a retreat for epicures.

Of familiar figures the most famous is 'Enery, the gardener, one of the pillars of Vassar. Many anecdotes cluster round his memory. The most famous is his scrubbing with whale-oil the spores from some rare tropical ferns just brought, with great care and trouble, to the botanical conservatory. 'Enery tells often the story of his walking twenty-five miles in his native England to see, at York, what he calls "a 'angin'." Asked if he considered the effort worth while, he answered reproachfully: "Ee was a friend of mine, Miss." It was 'Enery who, when conversing with one of the alumnæ, who had lost her husband, looked sympathetically at his auditor and said: "Ah, Miss! Ah, Miss! And so 'ard to get another!" There are hints that 'Enery at times regrets the femininity of his surroundings. As he was working in one of the garden-beds round the circle one day, a tramp accosted him, asking for fifty cents. 'Enery saw the president of the floral association approaching, and said:

"You'd better be off. That's my boss comin'."

The tramp eyed the slender lady, then turned to go, exclaiming with great con-

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tempt: "Well, before I'd have a woman for my boss!"

'Enery looked shamefacedly after the retreating tramp, and muttered:

"Some folks is so 'igh-minded."

The Vassar of to-day is like and unlike the older Vassar. Under the present vigorous administration, the college has been roused to keener life. The Hudson River valley is a proverbially drowsy place, and Irving did not discover all its Sleepy Hollows. In the last few years the old story of the wakening of Brunhilde has been re-enacted at Vassar, and the energy of the change shows in all the mental and physical life. A whole new campus has been developed toward the north, and more lights shine through the evergreen hedge. Raymond and Strong Halls have been built; also the gymnasium, the President's house, the professors' cottages, Recitation Hall. The new physical vigor shown in the growing interest in athletics is no more marked than the new mental vigor. This is no place to speak of the strong and steady mental training underlying this gayer side of student life just described. The hard brain-work goes on constantly. The college girl is learning how to work harder and to play harder at the same time, losing a little of the old feminine notion that her mental development is in direct proportion to the number of hours she spends over her books. At Vassar the student is winning greater freedom, too, in her domestic life, for the system of self-government throws the responsibility in regard to the order of the community upon the girls. Certain cardinal rules are submitted by the Faculty to the student body. If approved, they are adopted, and the police-force appointed to carry them out is made up of students. The change has brought greater freedom of speech and of action to the students, and the old gulf between the governing body and the populace is being bridged over.

This freedom of speech is evinced by the college publications, the *Miscellany*, a monthly magazine, and the Senior class-book, the *Vassarion*. This literary work, with its jokes, its bits of satire, its serious essays, stands half way between the amusements we have just been touching and the life of work which we have left in the background. There is no time to discuss the merits of these organs. They are fair specimens of college-work as one finds it in both men's and women's colleges. Good touches are found here and there. Take the following ironic library rules from the '97 *Vassarion:*

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"1. No student is allowed to use more than six reference-books at a time. She may read one, hold two in her hands, and sit on three.

"2. None but professors may talk aloud in the library."

Hints of true pathos creep into the verse in these publications:

"Anglo Saxon.
All are dead that wrote it,
All are dead that read it,
All are dead that learned it,
Blessed death, they earned it!"
'96 *Vassarion.*

This college life of intellectual stimulus, of hard work, and of play, preserves in the student a kind of freshness, attractive from the merely physical point of view. She is strong and girlish at a time when the society girl begins to fade. She is no blue-stocking, but is alive, interested in people about her, mentally keen, and serious enough to be able to smile at a joke without losing her dignity. Whatever may be the defects of her *alma mater*, its training, in the study of the laws that govern the outside world, means for her the learning of rule and order and coherence in things. This cannot fail to diminish the capriciousness, the living merely in the moment, of which the sex has so long been accused. Better still than the intellectual training is the companionship in work and in play, that sense of standing shoulder to shoulder with her fellows. Surely this will bring into women's lives, too long regarded from the merely personal point of view, a certain breadth and largeness.

GULISTAN

By R. H. Stoddard

THOU hearest the story of the nightingale,
That Spring is coming? 'Tis an old one here,
Where earlier and fairer than elsewhere,
In the white blossoms of the almond-tree
She suddenly is, or in the garden walks
Among the roses. Let us meet her there,
And pluck the roses with her sisters there—
Coy girls, with budding lips, from whose small ears
Dangle long pearls like trembling drops of dew,
And kiss those bright Sultanas of the hour,
Before their bloom is fled, or we have lost
The tender longing for it, which is love.
This is the story that the nightingale
Repeats in her sweet songs, and I in mine,
Nightingale of this rose-garden of the world!

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MISS JONES AND THE MASTERPIECE

By Anne Douglas Sedgwick

I

"MANON LESCAUT," Carrington repeated. He did not show any particular enthusiasm.

"Yes, Manon Lescaut. I see the thing. It would be really superb."

"You don't mean to say, my dear boy, that you are falling into anecdote? You are not going to degrade your canvas by painted literature?"

Carrington's voice betrayed some concern, for he took a friendly interest in my career.

"The title—a mere label—suggests it. But nothing of the sort. I am going to paint a portrait of Manon—and of her ilk."

"A portrait?"

"Yes; the portrait of a type."

Carrington smoked on, stretched comfortably in a chair. His feet were on another chair, and the broad soles of his slippers so displayed implied ease and intimacy.

"It will look like the portrait of an actress in character; a costume picture," he said, presently; "the label isn't suggestive to me."

"There will, I promise you, be no trace of commonplace realism in it. It will be Velasquez dashed with Watteau. Can you realize the modest flight of my imagination? Seriously, Carrington, I intend to paint a masterpiece. I intend to paint a woman who would sell her soul for pleasure—a conscienceless, fascinating egotist—a corrupt charmer—saved by a certain *naïveté*. The eighteenth century, in fact, *en grisette*."

"Manon rather redeemed herself at the end, if I remember rightly," Carrington observed.

"Or circumstances redeemed her, if you will. She had a heart, perhaps; it never made her uncomfortable. Her love was of the doubtful quality that flies out of the window as want comes in at the door. Oh! she was a sweet little *scélérate*. I shall paint the type—the little *scélérate*."

"Well, of course, everything would depend on the treatment."

"Everything. I am going to astonish you there, Carrington."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Carrington said, good-humoredly.

"I see already the golden gray of her dim white boudoir; the satins, the laces, the high-heeled shoes, the rigid little waist, and face of pretty depravity. The face is the thing—the key. Where find the face? I think of a trip to Paris on purpose. One sees the glancing creature—such as I have in my mind—there, now and then. I want a fresh pallor, and gay, lazy eyes—light-brown, not too large."

"I fancy I know of someone," Carrington said, meditatively. "Not that she's *dans le caractère*," he added; "not at all; anything but depraved. But—her face; you could select." Carrington mused. "The line of her cheek is, I remember, mockingly at variance with her staid innocence of look."

"Who is she? Manon could *look* innocent you know—was so, after a fashion. I should like a touch of childish *insouciance*. Who is she, and how can I get her?"

"Well," said Carrington, taking his pipe from his lips and contemplating the fine coloring of the bowl, "she's a lady, for one thing."

"Oh, the devil!" I ejaculated; "that won't do!"

"Well, it might."

"Shouldn't fancy it. Ill at ease on her account, you know. How could one tell a lady that she was out of pose—must sit still? How could one pay her?"

"Very simple, if she's the real article."

"I never tried it," I demurred.

"Well"—Carrington had a soothing way of beginning a sentence—"you might see her, at least. Her father is a socialist; a very harmless and unnecessary one, but that accounts for her posing."

"Do the paternal unconventionalities countenance posing for the *académie?*

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That savors of a really disconcerting latitude."

"The *académie?* Dear me, no! Oh, no; Miss Jones is a model of the proprieties. One indeed can hardly connect her with even such mild nonconformity as her father's socialism. He was a parson; had religious scruples and took to rather aimless humanitarianism and to very excellent bookbinding in Brompton. He binds a lot of my books for me; and jolly good designing and tooling, too. You remember that Petrarch of mine. That's really how I came to know him. It was the artist in him that wrestled with and overthrew the parson. He seems a happy old chap; poor as Job's turkey and absorbed in his work. He has rather longish hair—wavy, and wears a leather belt and no collar." Carrington added: "That's the first socialistic declaration of independence—they fling their collars in the face of conventionality. But the belt and the lack of collar are the only noticeable traces socialism seems to have left on Mr. Jones, except that he lets his daughter make money by posing. He must know about the people, of course. She usually sits for women. But I can give you a recommendation."

I felt, to a certain extent, the same lack of enthusiasm that Carrington himself had shown at the announcement of my "label," but I thanked him, and said that I should be glad to see Miss Jones.

"And her mother was French, too," he added, as a cogent afterthought. "That accounts for the rippled cheek-line." Miss Jones's cheek had evidently made an emphatic impression. Indeed, Carrington's enthusiasm seemed to wax on reflection, and, as interpreted by Miss Jones, my Manon became tangible.

"How's her coloring?" I asked.

"Pale; her mouth is red, very red; charming figure, nice hands; I remember them taking up the books—she was dusting the books. I've only seen her once or twice; but I noticed her, and she struck me as a type—of something."

The pale skin and red mouth rather pleased me, and it was arranged that Carrington should see Mr. Jones, and, if possible, make an appointment for Miss Jones to call on Monday afternoon at my studio.

Carrington had rooms next door, in the little court of artists' quarters in Chelsea.

Carrington wrote reviews and collected all sorts of expensive things, chiefly old books and Chinese porcelain. He and I had art-for-art sympathies, and, being lucky young men from a monetary point of view, we could indulge our propensities with a happy indifference to success.

I had painted now for a good many years, both in Paris and London, and had a pleasant little reputation among people it was worth while to please, and a hearty and encouraging philistine opposition. I had even shocked Mrs. Grundy in an Academy picture which wasn't at all shocking and was very well painted, and I had aroused controversy in the pages of the *Saturday Review*.

I felt Manon Lescaut.

This epitome of the soullessness of the eighteenth century whirled in its satin frivolity through all my waking thoughts.

On Monday I awaited Miss Jones, fervently hoping that her face would *do*.

Punctual to the minute came the young lady's rap at my door. I ushered her in. She was rather small; and self-possessed, very. In the cut of her serge frock and the line of her little hat over her eyebrows I fancied I saw a touch of the mother's nationality. With a most business-like air she removed this hat, carefully replacing the pins in the holes they had already traversed, took off her coat (it was February), and turned to the light. She would *do*. Evident and delightful fact! I at once informed her of it. She asked if she should sit that morning. I said that, as I had sketches to make before deciding on pose and effect of light, the sooner she would enter upon her professional duties the better.

The gown I had already discovered—a *trouvaille* and genuinely of the epoch; an enticing pink silk with glowing shadows.

Miss Jones made no comment on the exquisite thing which I laid lovingly on her arm. She retired with a brisk, calm step behind the tall screen in the corner.

When she reappeared in the dress, the old whites of the muslins at elbows and breast falling and folding on a skin like milk, I felt my heart rise in a devout ejaculation of utter contentment. The Manon of my dreams stood before me. The *ex-*

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pression certainly was wanting; I would have to encompass it by analogy. My imagination had grasped it, and I would realize the type with the aid of Miss Jones's pale face, narrowing to a chin the French would call *mutin*, her curled lips and curiously set eyes wide apart and with brows that swept ever so slightly upward. The very way in which her fair hair grew in a little peak on the forehead, and curved silky and unrippled to a small knot placed high, fulfilled my aspirations, though the hair must be powdered and in it the vibrating black of a bow.

Miss Jones stood very well, conscientiously and with intelligence. Pose and effect were soon decided upon, and in a day or two I was regularly at work, delighting in it, and with a sensation of power and certainty I had rarely experienced.

Carrington came in quite frequently, and, looking from my canvas to Miss Jones, would pronounce the drawing wonderfully felt.

"Dégas wouldn't be ashamed of the line of the neck," he said. "The turn and lift of her head as she looks sideways in the mirror is really *émouvant*, life; good idea; in character; centred on herself; not bent on conquest and staring it at you. Manon had not that trait."

Miss Jones on the stand gazed obediently into the mirror, the dim white of an eighteenth century boudoir about her. She was altogether a most *posée*, well-behaved young person.

One could not call her manner discreet; it was far too self-confident for that. Her silence was natural, not assumed. During the rests she would return to a book.

I asked her one day what she was reading. She replied, looking up with polite calm:

"'The Romance of Two Worlds.'"

"Oh!" was all I could find in comment. It did rather surprise me in a girl whose eyes were set in that most appreciative way and whose father, as a socialistic bookbinder, might have inculcated more advanced literary tastes. Still, she was very young; this fact seemed emphasized by the innocent white the back of her neck presented to me as she returned to her reading.

When I came to painting, I found that my good luck accompanied me, and that inspiring sense of mastery. Effort, yes; but achievement followed it with a sort of inevitableness. I tasted the joys of the arduous facility which is the fruition of years of toil.

The limpid grays seemed to me to equal Whistler's; the pinks—flaming in shadow, silvered in the light—suggested Velasquez to my happy young vanity; the warm whites, Chardin would have acknowledged; yet they were all my own, seen through my own eyes, not through the eyes of Chardin, Whistler, or Velasquez. The blacks sung emphatic or softened notes from the impertinent knot in the powdered hair to the bows on skirt and bodice. The rich *empâtement* was a triumph of supple brushwork. I can praise it impudently, for it was my masterpiece, and—well, I will keep to the consecutive recital.

Miss Jones showed no particular fellow-feeling for my work, and as, after a fashion, she too was responsible for it, and had a right to be proud of it, this lack of interest rather irritated me.

Now and then, poised delicately on high heels and in her rustling robes, she would step up to my canvas, give it a pleasant but impassive look, and then turn away, resuming her chair and "The Romance of Two Worlds."

It really irked me after a time. However little value I might set upon her artistic acumen, this silence in my rose of pride pricked like a thorn.

Miss Jones's taste in painting might be as philistine as in literature, but her reserve aroused conjecture, and I became really anxious for an expression of opinion.

At last, one day, my curiosity burst forth:

"How do you like it?" I asked, while she stood contemplating my *chef-d'œuvre* with a brightly indifferent gaze. Miss Jones turned upon me her agate eyes—the eyelashes curled up at the corners—and it was difficult not to believe the eyes too roguish.

"I should think you had a great deal of talent," she said. "Have you studied long?"

Studied? It required some effort to adjust my thoughts to the standard implied; but perceiving a perhaps lofty conception of artistic attainment beneath the query, I replied:

"Well, an artist is never done learning,

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is he? And in the sense of having much to learn, I am still a student, no doubt."

"Ah, yes," Miss Jones replied.

She looked from my picture up at the skylight, then round at the various studies, engravings, and photographs on the walls. This discursive glance was already familiar to me, and its flitting lightness whetted my curiosity as to possible non-committal depths beneath.

"Inspiration, now," Miss Jones pursued, surprising me a good deal, for she seldom carried on a subject unprompted, "that, of course, is not dependent on study."

I felt in this remark something very derogatory to my Manon — an inspiration, and in the best sense, if ever anything was. Did Miss Jones not recognize the intellectual triumphs embodied in that presentment of frail womanhood? I was certainly piqued, though I replied very good-humoredly:

"I had rather flattered myself that my picture could boast of that quality."

Miss Jones's glance now rested on me rather seriously.

"An inspired work of art should elevate the mind."

I really could not for the life of me tell whether she was really rather clever or merely very banal and commonplace.

"I had hoped," I rejoined, politely, "that my picture—as a beautiful work of art—would also possess that faculty."

Miss Jones now looked at the clock, and remarked that it was time to pose. She mounted the low stand and I resumed my palette and brushes, feeling decidedly snubbed. Carrington sauntered in shortly after, his forefinger in a book and a pipe between his teeth. He apologized to Miss Jones for the latter, and wished to know if she objected. Miss Jones's smile retained all its unabashed clearness as she replied:

"It *is* a rather nasty smell, I think."

Poor Carrington, decidedly disconcerted, knocked out his pipe and laid it down, and Miss Jones, observing him affably while she retained her pose to perfection, added: "I have been brought up to disapprove of smoking, you see; papa doesn't believe in tobacco."

Miss Jones's aplomb was certainly enough to make any man feel awkward, and Carrington looked so as he came up beside me and examined my work.

"By Jove! Fletcher," he said, "the resemblance is astonishing—*and* the lack of resemblance. That's the triumph—the material likeness, the spiritual unlikeness."

Indeed, Miss Jones could lay no claim to the "inspiration" of my work; in intrinsic character the face of my pretty *scélérate* was in no way Miss Jones."

"Charming, charming," and Carrington's eye, passing from my canvas, rested on Miss Jones.

"Which?" I asked, smiling, and, of course, in an undertone.

"It depends, my dear boy, on whether you ask me if I prefer Phryne or Priscilla—pagan or puritan; both are interesting types, and the contrast can be very effectually studied here in your picture and your model.

"Yet Priscilla lends herself wonderfully to the interpretation of Phryne."

"Or, rather, it is wonderful that you should have imagined Manon into that face."

In the next rest, when Carrington had gone, Miss Jones said:

"Mr. Carrington walked home with me yesterday. Papa thinks rather highly of him. It is a pity his life should be so pointless."

It began to be borne in upon me that Miss Jones had painfully serious ethical convictions.

"I suppose you mean from the socialistic standpoint," I said.

"Oh, no—not at all; I am not a socialist. Papa and I agree to differ upon that as upon many other questions. Socialism, I think, tends to revolt and license."

I did not pursue the subject of Carrington's pointlessness nor proffer a plea for socialism. I was beginning to rather wince before Miss Jones's frankness.

On the following day she again came and stood before my picture.

"I posed for Mr. Watkins, R.A., last year," she said. "The picture was in the Academy. Did you see it? It was beautiful."

The mere name of Mr. Watkins ("R.A.") made every drop of æsthetic blood in my body curdle. A conscienceless old prater of the soap and salve school, with not as

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much idea of drawing or value as a two-year Julianite.

"I don't quite remember," I said, rather faintly; "what was—the picture called?"

"'Faith Conquers Fear,'" said Miss Jones. "I posed as a Christian maiden, you know, tied to a stake in the Roman amphitheatre and waiting martyrdom. The maiden was in a white robe, her hair hanging over her shoulders (perhaps you would not recognize me in this costume), looking up, her hands crossed on her breast. Before her stood a jibing Roman. One could see it all; the contrast between the base product of a vicious civilization and the noble maiden. One could read it all in their faces; hers supreme aspiration, his brutal hatred. It was superb. It made one want to cry."

Miss Jones, while speaking, looked so exceedingly beautiful that I almost forgot my dismay at her atrocious taste; for Watkins's "Faith Conquers Fear" had been one of the jokes of the year—a lamentably crude, pretentious presentation of a hackneyed theatrical subject reproduced extensively in ladies' papers and fatally popular.

At the same moment, and as I looked from Miss Jones's gravely enwrapt expression to Manon's seductive graces, I experienced a sensation of extreme discomfort.

"I think a picture should have high and noble aims," Miss Jones pursued, seeing that I remained silent and evidently considering the time come when duty required her to speak and to speak freely. "A picture should leave one better for having seen it."

I could not ignore the kind but firmly severe criticism implied; I could not but revolt from this Hebraistic onslaught.

"I don't admit a conscious moral aim in art," I said. "Art need only concern itself with being beautiful and interesting; the rest will follow. But a badly painted picture certainly makes me feel wicked, and when I go to the National Gallery to have a look at the Velasquezes and Veroneses I feel the better for it."

"Velasquez?" Miss Jones repeated, ignoring my Spanish pronunciation. "Ah, well, I prefer the old masters—I mean those who painted religious subjects as no one since has painted them. Why did not Velasquez, at least, as he could not rise to the ideal, paint beautiful people? I never have been able to care for mere ugliness, however cleverly copied."

I felt buffeted by her complacent crudity.

"Velasquez had no soul," she added.

"No soul! Why he paints *life*, character, soul, everything! *Copied!* What of his splendid decorativeness, his color, his atmosphere?" My ejaculations left her calm unruffled.

"Ah, but all that doesn't make the world any better," she returned, really with an air of humoring a silly materialism; and as she went back to her pose she added, very kindly, for my face probably revealed my injured feelings:

"You see I have rather serious views of life."

"Miss Jones—really!" I laid down my palette. "I must beg of you to believe that I have, too—very serious."

Gently Miss Jones shook her head, looking, not at me, but down into the mirror. This effect of duty fulfilled, even in opposition, was most characteristic.

"I cannot believe it," she said, "else why, when you have facility, talent, and might employ them on a higher subject, do you paint a mere study of a vain young lady?"

This interpretation of Manon startled me, so lacking was it in comprehension.

"Manon Lescaut was more than a vain young lady, Miss Jones."

"Well," Miss Jones lifted her eyes for a moment to smile quietly, soothingly at me. "I am not imputing any wrong to Miss Manon Lescaut; I merely say that she is vain. A harmless vanity no doubt, but I have posed for other characters, you see!" Her smile was so charming in its very fatuity that the vision of her lovely face, vulgarized and unrecognizable in "Faith Conquers Fear," filled me with redoubled exasperation. Her misinterpretation of Manon stirred a certain deepening of that touch of discomfort—a sickly unpleasantness. I found myself flushing.

Miss Jones's white hand—the hand that held the mirror with such beauty in taper finger-tips and turn of wrist—fell to her side, and she fixed her eyes on me with quite a troubled look.

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"I am afraid I have hurt your feelings," she said; "I am very sorry. I always speak my mind out; I never think that it may hurt. It is very dull in me."

At these words I felt that unpleasant stir spring suddenly to a guilty misery. I felt, somehow, that I was a shameful hypocrite, and Miss Jones a priggish but most charming and most injured angel.

"Miss Jones," I said, much confused, "sincerity cannot really hurt me, and I always respect it. I am sorry, very sorry, that you see no more in my picture. I care for your good opinion" (this was certainly, in a sense, a lie, and yet, for the moment, that guilty consciousness upon me, I believed it), "and I hope that though my picture has not gained it, I, personally, may never forfeit it."

Still looking at me gravely, Miss Jones said:

"I don't think you ever will. That is a very manly, a very noble way of looking at it."

But the thought of Manon Lescaut now tormented me. I had finished the head; my preoccupation could not harm that; but this lovely face looking into the mirror, with soulless, happy eyes, seemed to slide a smile at me, a smile of malicious comprehension, a smile of *nous nous entendons*, a smile that made a butt of Miss Jones's innocence and laughed with me at the joke.

I soon found myself rebelling against Manon's intrusion. I wished to assure her that we had nothing in common and that, in Miss Jones's innocence, I found no amusing element.

That evening Carrington came in. He wore a rather absorbed look, and only glanced at my picture. After absent replies to my desultory remarks, he suddenly said, from his chair:

"I walked home with Miss Jones this afternoon." Carrington, with his ultra-æsthetic sensibilities, must find Miss Jones even more jarring than I did, and his act implied a very kindly interest.

"That was nice of you," I observed, though at the mention of Miss Jones that piercing stab of shame again went through me, and my eyes unwillingly, guiltily sought the eyes of my smiling Manon.

"She was rather troubled about something she had said," Carrington pursued, ignoring my approbation, "about the picture. Of course she doesn't know anything about pictures."

"No," I murmured, "she doesn't."

"By Jove!" added Carrington, "that's the trouble. She doesn't understand anything!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that she could never see certain things from our standpoint; she is as ignorant and as innocent as a baby. She's never read 'Manon Lescaut'—that came out *en passant*—and, by Jove, you know, it *does* seem a beastly shame! A girl like that! A snow-drop!"

Carrington cast a look of unmistakable resentment at my poor Manon.

"Well," I said, lamely—indeed I felt maimed—"how was I to know? And what am I to do?"

"Why, my dear fellow," and Carrington spoke with some fierceness, "you've nothing to do with it! *I'm* to blame! I told you about her. Said she had the type! Dull, blundering fool that I was not to have seen the shrieking incongruity! The rigidly upright soul of her! That girl couldn't tell a lie nor look one; and *Manon!*"

Carrington got up abruptly; evidently his disgust could not be borne in a quiescent attitude.

"You said at the first that her face was innocent," I suggested, in a feeble effort to mitigate this self-scorn; "we neither of us misjudged the girl for one moment, though we overlooked her ignorance."

"Yes, and her ignorance makes all the difference. Another girl—as good, to all intents and purposes—might know and not object; but this one! I really believe it would half kill her!"

Carrington gave another savage glance at my unlucky picture, and his gaze lingered on it as he added:

"If it's kept from her all's well—as well as a lie can be."

And then, if only for a moment, the Greek gained its triumph over this startling exhibition of Hebraism.

"It is a masterpiece!" said Carrington, slowly, adding abruptly as he went, "Good-night!"

But my night was very bad. Whatever Miss Jones might say or think, I *did* take life seriously.

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II

A FEW days followed in which Miss Jones showed herself to me in a sweet and softened mood, the mood that wishes to make amends for salutary harshness. My meekness under reproof had evidently won her approbation. In the rests she talked to me. She gave me her opinions upon many subjects, and very admirable they were and very commonplace. One thing about Miss Jones, however, was not commonplace. She would certainly act up to her opinions. Her sense of duty was enormous; but she bore it pleasantly, albeit seriously. She had a keen *flair* for responsibilities. I began to suspect that she had assumed my moral well-being as one of them.

Her priggishness was so unconscious—so sincere, if one may say so—that it staggered one. Her calmly complacent truisms confounded any subtleties by marching over them—utterly ignoring them. One could not argue with her, for she was so sublimely sure of herself that she made one doubt the divine right of good taste, and wonder if flat-footed stupidity were not right after all.

And, above all, however questionable her mental attributes might be, her moral worth was certainly awe-inspiring. The clear, metallic, flawlessness of her conscience seemed to glare in one's eyes, and poor every-day manhood shrunk into itself, painfully aware of spots and fissures.

"Yes," Miss Jones said, leaning back in her incongruous robes; "yes, the longer I live the more I feel that, as Longfellow says—

Life is real, life is *earnest*.

She emphasized the quotation with solemnity: "We can't trifle with our lives; we can't play through them. We must *live* them. We must make something of them."

"Each man after his own nature," I suggested, feebly, for I felt sure that "we can't *paint* through them" was implied, and wished to turn from that issue, with which I felt myself incapable of grappling.

But Miss Jones was not to be balked of her moral.

"We build our own characters," she said, and her look held kind warning. "We must not act after our own nature if that nature is base or trivial."

"Dear me!" I murmured.

"It is only by holding firmly to an ideal that we rise, step by step, beyond our lower selves."

Beyond "Manon Lescaut" to "Faith Conquers Fear" this might mean.

"And ideals we must have," she pursued. Then rising, her little air of guide and counsellor touched with a smile: "But I must not preach too much, must I?"

It was comforting to dwell on the ludicrous aspects of this mentorship, for, when my thoughts led me to a contemplation of Miss Jones's ideals, I felt my position to be meanly hypocritical, if not "base." Manon was almost finished. Ah! it was superb!—but even my joy in Manon rankled and had lost its savor. Manon was there under false pretenses, her presence a subtle insult to Miss Jones. Miss Jones in her flaming gown took on symbolical meanings. An unconscious martyr wearing, did she but know it, the veritable robe of Nessus! A sense of protectorship, tender in its self-reproach, grew upon me—a longing for atonement. I had sacrificed Miss Jones to my masterpiece, and its beauty was baleful, vampire-like.

It was indeed a small thing to take Miss Jones's homilies humbly. Indeed, for this humility I could claim no element of expiation, for I really liked to hear her; she looked so pretty when she talked. It was all so touching and so amusing.

I am not sure that she had read Dante, but if she had she no doubt saw herself something in the guise of a Beatrice stooping from heights of wisdom to support my straying, faltering footsteps. She brought me one day a feeble little volume of third-rate verse, with a page turned down at a passage she requested me to read. The badly constructed lines, their grandiloquent sentimentality, jarred on me; but in them I perceived a complimentary application that might imply much encouragement. Miss Jones evidently thought that I was rising, step by step, and put this cordial to my lips. I thanked her very earnestly—feeling positively

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shrivelled—and then, turning from the subject with a haste I hoped she might impute to modesty—and indeed modesty of a certain humiliating kind did form part of it—I told her that Manon would only require another sitting after that day.

"Ah! is it finished then?"

She went to look at it.

"*Is* my left eye as indistinct as that?" she asked, playfully. "Can't you see my eyelashes? That is impressionism, I suppose." I felt my forehead growing hot.

"The left eye is in shadow," I observed.

"I am afraid shadows are convenient sometimes, aren't they? I like just a plain, straightforward telling of the truth, with no green paint over it! You accept a little well-meant teasing, don't you?"

I accepted it as I had to accept her various revelations of stupefying obtuseness, and smiled over the sandy mouthful.

"Yes," she pursued, carefully looking up and down the canvas—certainly a new sign of interest in me and my work—"you will need quite two days to finish it; the hands especially, they are rather sketchy about the finger-tips." She might have been a genial old professor giving me advice mingled with the good-humored *raillerie* of superiority. The hands were finished; but I kept a cowardly silence.

"And the dress must be a good bit more distinctly outlined; I can't see *where* it goes on this side; and then the details of the background—I can hardly tell what those dashes and splashes on the dressing-table are supposed to represent."

"I think you are standing a little too near the canvas," I said, in a voice which I strove to free from a tone of patient long-suffering. "If you go farther away, you will get the effect of the *ensemble*."

"No, no!" she laughed; she evidently thought that her ethical relationship justified an equally frank æsthetic helpfulness, and her air of competence was bewildering. "No, we must not run away from the truth! A smudge is a smudge from whatever standpoint one looks at it, and a smear a smear."

The masterly treatment of porcelains, ivories, and silver on the dressing-table, glimmering and gleaming from the soft shadow, to be qualified in such terms!

"You are rather severe," I said. My discomfort was apparent, but she naturally took it to be on my own behalf, not, as it was, on hers.

"Oh! you mustn't think *that!* I hope I am never unduly severe. You will easily mend matters to-day and to-morrow and polish over that rather careless look. And, as far as that goes, I am at your service as long as you need me."

"As model *and* critic," I observed, with a touch of bitterness.

"As model *and* critic," she repeated, brightly. "Do you know," she added, mounting the stand, "I found 'Manon Lescaut' on a bookshelf this morning. I didn't know that it was a French book. I am going to read it this evening."

I was struck dumb. This possibility had never presented itself to me.

"I shall find the scene you have painted," she continued, looking down at her gown and patting a fold into place; "I shall see whether you have illustrated it conscientiously."

"The book wouldn't interest you at all! Not at all!" I burst out, conscious of a feverish intensity in the gaze I bent upon her. "*It is*—it is decidedly *dull!*"

"Is it?" said Miss Jones, indifferently. "Now I can't quite believe that. You evidently didn't think it too dull to illustrate. There must be some nice bits in it, and I mean to find the bit where the heroine, in a pink silk gown, looks at herself in a mirror."

"Well, you'll find no such bit. I haven't illustrated it!" I strove to keep my voice fairly cool. "I merely took the heroine's name as indicative of a class, and chose the epoch as characteristic. The book is dull, old-fashioned, *démodé*."

"Ah, but I might not agree with you there. Is it an historical novel? I like them, even if they are rather slow. One gets all sorts of ideas about people of another age."

"It isn't historical." Despite my efforts my voice was growing sharply anxious, and Miss Jones was beginning to notice my anxiety. "And the characters in it are not people you would care to have ideas about. It is merely one of the first attempts to write a psychological study, in the form of romance, made in France."

"Oh, but that is exceedingly interesting."

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"You would only find the rather crude analysis of a—a disagreeable girl."

"You think *I* am like a disagreeable girl, then!" said Miss Jones, still laughing. "From the first I have had a bit of a grudge against you for finding me so suitable. I am sure I am not vain."

"Manon was more than vain. She was heartless, a liar." I felt myself stumbling from bad to worse. "Not in the least like you in anything, except that she was beautiful." My explanation, with this bald piece of tasteless flattery, had hardly helped matters. Indeed, Miss Jones became rather coldly silent. I painted on, my mind in a disturbing whirl of conjecture. I felt convinced that I had merely whetted her curiosity and that she would go straight home to the perusal of "Manon;" and to expect from her the faintest literary appreciation of the distinction and the delicacy of the book was hopeless. She would fasten with horror on the brazen immorality of a character she had been chosen to embody. The blood surged up to my head as I painted.

As Miss Jones was preparing to go, I held out my hand.

"Good-by," I said, feeling very badly.

"Good-by? Am I not coming to-morrow?" She had paused in the act of neatly folding her umbrella, which had been thoughtfully left open to dry while she posed. It had now stopped raining.

"Yes—yes, of course," I stammered.

She secured the elastic band and then looked at me.

"Miss Jones," I blurted out, abruptly, "don't read 'Manon Lescaut'; please don't."

Her glance became severely penetrating:

"I really don't understand you," she said, and then added: "I most certainly shall read it."

"Well, if you do"—my urgent tone delayed her going—"try to judge it from an artistic standpoint, you know. A study—a type. Don't apply—ah—*modern* standards."

"I shall apply *my* standards. I know no other method of judging a book."

"Well, then"—my manner was becoming pitiful—"remember that the physical resemblance between you was merely in my imagination."

"I have always believed the face indicative of the character, and I'm sorry that mine should have suggested to you the character of a liar," said Miss Jones. It was evident that already she was hurt and, disregarding my reiterated "It did not! It did not! upon my honor," she opened the door to go. I still detained her.

"Miss Jones," I said, standing before her, "I know that you are going to misjudge me, and that because you see certain things from an ethical and I from a purely æsthetic point of view."

"I can't admit the division. But no; I hope I shall never *misjudge* you." She gave me a brief little smile and walked quickly away.

Carrington did not come in that evening, and I was glad that my mental anguish had no observer.

The next afternoon at two I awaited Miss Jones. My picture, virtually finished, stood regally dominant in the centre of the studio.

I hated and I adored it. I saw it with Miss Jones's eyes and I saw it with my own; but her crude ethics had, on the whole, poisoned my æsthetic triumph.

At two came the familiar rap. Miss Jones entered. I was sitting before the picture and rose to meet her. Her face was very white and very cold, and from under the tipped brim of the little hat her eyes looked sternly at me. I looked back at her silently.

"I have read 'Manon Lescaut,'" said Miss Jones. I found nothing to say.

"You will understand that I cannot sit to-day. You will understand that I never should have sat for you at all had I *known*," Miss Jones pursued.

I said that I understood.

"I have come to-day to bring you back the money that I have earned under false pretences."

She laid the little packet down upon the table. I turned white. "And to ask you"—here Miss Jones observed me steadily—"whether you do not feel that you owe me apologies."

"Miss Jones," I said, "I have unwittingly, unintentionally, given you great pain; that with my present knowledge of your exceptional character, I now see to have been inevitable. I humbly beg your pardon for it, but I also beg you to be-

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lieve that from the first I never thought of you but with respect and admiration."

Miss Jones's face took on quite a terrible look.

"Respect! Admiration! While you were looking from me to *that!*" She pointed to Manon. "While I was clothing your imagination, personifying to you that vile creature!"

I tried to stop her with an exclamation of shocked denial, but she went on, with fierce dignity:

"*Exceptional!* You call it exceptional to feel debased by that association? Can I ever look at my face again without thinking: 'The face of Manon Lescaut?' Can I ever forget that we were thought of as one? No"—she held up her hand—"let me speak. Do you suppose I cannot see now the cleverness, yes the diabolical cleverness, of your picture of me there? The likeness is horrible; and there I will stand for the world to gaze at as long as the canvas lasts and as long as people look at any pictures. There *I* will be, gibbeted in that woman's smile! No, I have not done! There will be no escape possible. Somewhere—I shall always feel it like a hot iron searing me—somewhere that other I will be all my life long, and when I am dead, and for centuries perhaps, she will smile on, and my image will be looked at as a type of vice! I see it now," and with a sort of grandeur of revelation she turned upon Manon, "I see that it is a masterpiece!"

I placed myself between her and it.

"Miss Jones," I said, "this is rather a supreme moment for me, more supreme than you will ever understand. I forgot you for my picture; I will now forget my picture for you." The icy fire of her eyes followed me while I went to the table and took up a sharp, long dagger which lay beside the little packet of money. I returned to the picture and, giving it one long look, I ripped the canvas from top to bottom. Miss Jones made neither sound nor sign. With dogged despair I pierced the smiling face, I hacked and rent the exquisite thing. The rose-colored tatters fell forward; in five minutes "Manon Lescaut" was dead, utterly annihilated, and Miss Jones surveyed the place where she had been. I turned to her, and I have no doubt that my face expressed my exultant misery.

"And now!" I exclaimed.

"Now," said Miss Jones, looking solemnly at me, "you have done right, you have done *nobly*, and you will be the happier for it."

"Will I?" I said, approaching her. "Will I?"

"Yes. I can confidently say it. That bad thing would have poisoned your life as it would have poisoned mine." I ignored the misstatement.

"Miss Jones," I said, "for your sake I have destroyed the best thing in my life; may I hope for a better? I love you."

Her pale and beautiful face looked very little less calm, but certainly a little dismayed, certainly a little sorry.

"The best thing has been this act of sacrifice," she said; "don't spoil that by any weak regret. You have gained my admiration and my respect; but for better things, if better there are, I accepted Mr. Carrington last night."

Perhaps I don't regret. Though she was a prig, I had loved her in the half hour's exaltation. I am certainly not sorry that she married Carrington. They seem to be very happy. But the chivalrous moment was worth while—*perhaps*. However that may be, since then I have never painted anything as good as Manon Lescaut.

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A NEW YORK DAY
BY C.D. GIBSON
"MORNING"

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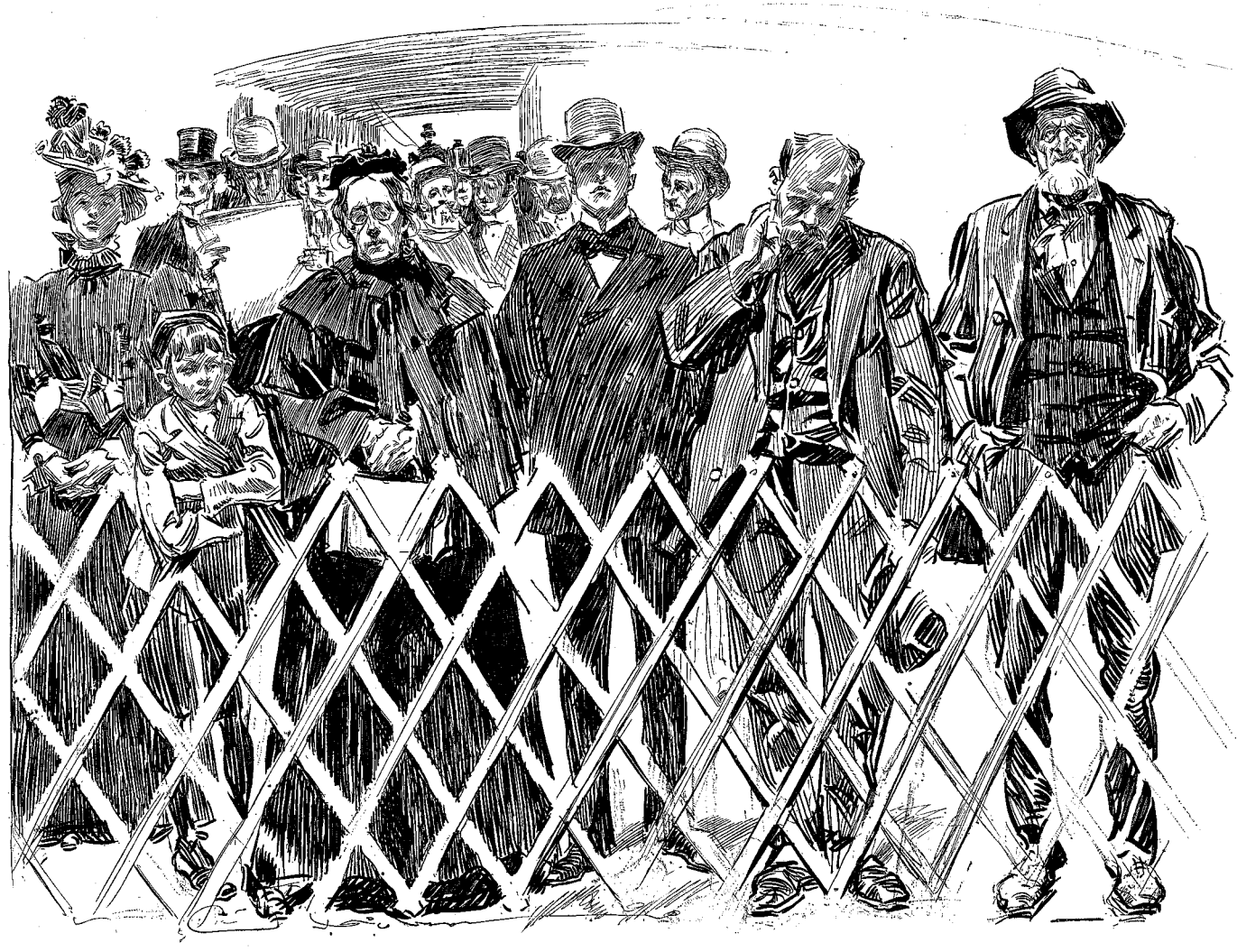

On the Ferry.

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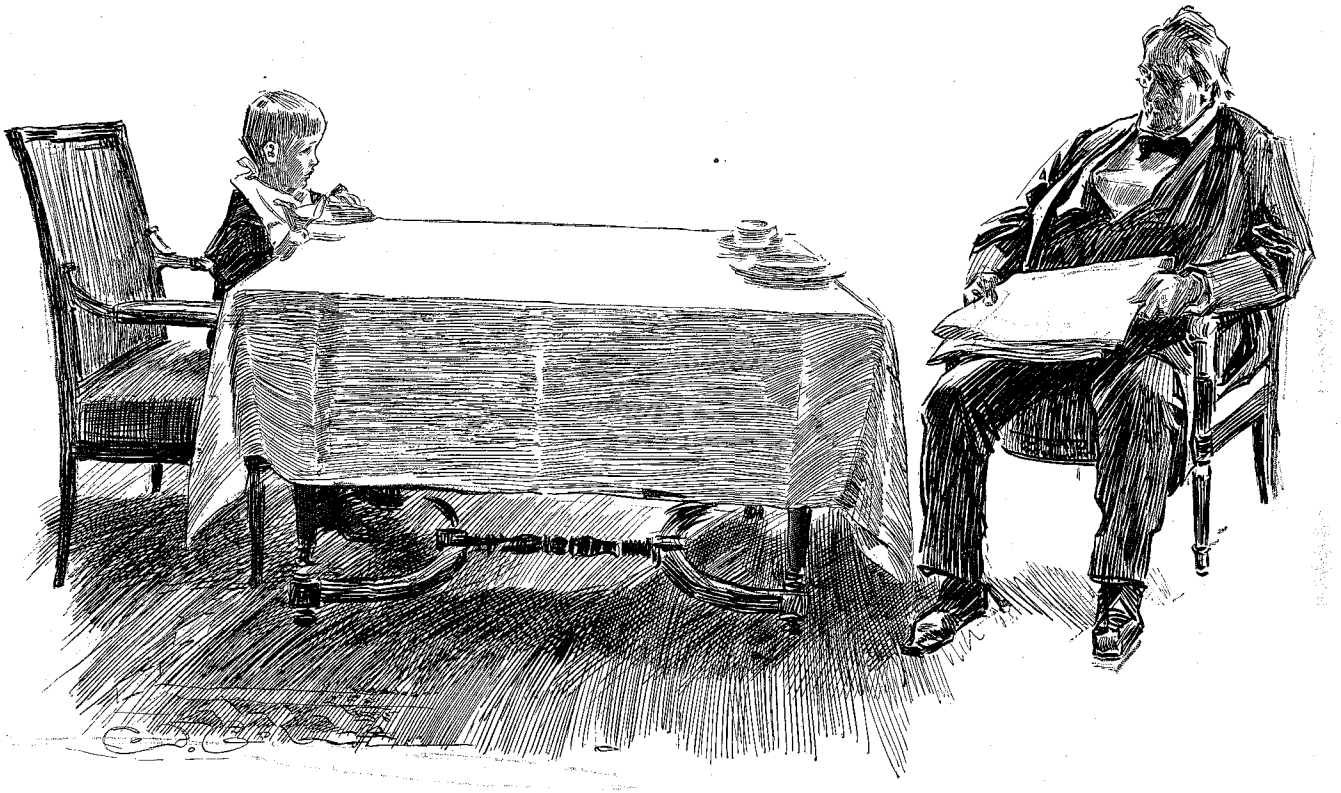

Breakfast—Oatmeal and the Morning Paper.

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Down-town Side of Elevated Station.

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The Morning Note.

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SEASIDE PLEASURE-GROUNDS FOR CITIES

By Sylvester Baxter

Illustrations by Walter Appleton Clark

NO maritime city, it is evident, should fail to take advantage of its natural opportunities for the establishment of favorably located seaside open spaces for public recreation. The freshest, most invigorating air is to be found at the seashore; the action of winds, waves, and tides, and the ever-varying spectacle of maritime life, present features of unfailing interest to the multitude. Unlike the din and confusion of city traffic, the incessant activities of commerce on the water, the fascinating movements of ships and boats, the flashing of white sails and the trailing smoke of steamers, exert a restful, soothing charm upon the spirit of the beholder. There is all the more reason why our great seaports should make ample provision for popular recreation by the water-side from the fact that the changes in the methods of modern commerce have deprived the people of one of their most precious privileges. Formerly the wharves were open, and formed favorite places of resort for the enjoyment of the aquatic life of the port. But the wharf-life has gone the way of many of the other picturesque features of ocean commerce. The average city boy of to-day hardly knows what a wharf is. The wharves are now all covered with great sheds and are barred against trespassers. In Boston, for instance, for many years there has been hardly a spot along the entire water-front of the old city, on the harbor side—barring the bridges—with so much as a free glimpse of the water and the shipping.

Boston, however, presents an excellent example of what a great city should do in the creation of public open spaces by the seaside. Recreation by and on the salt water found an early place in the city's comprehensive scheme of park development. These features of the park system have been increased until now they exist to an unprecedented extent. Besides the important grounds on the Charles and Mystic Rivers, there are now six public open spaces on the shores of Boston Harbor and Boston Bay, either laid out or projected. Each of these has an individuality and a special function of its own.

First in order comes Strandway. This is a seaside drive and promenade of something like two miles, on the southerly side of the South Boston peninsula, along the shallow waters of Dorchester Bay and Old Harbor. Dorchesterway, a parkway, together with the boulevard of Massachusetts Avenue, connects it with the inland features of the park system. The prevailing summer winds blow fresh from the water, and there is a glorious prospect to the southward, with the Blue Hills range rising above the expanse of the bay. Here and there the way expands into little park-like spaces. At one point the conformation of the shore permits the retention, as an invaluable feature of the park system, of the celebrated L Street Bath, the most popular public bath in the country, and the first free municipal bath established in the United States. It is a beach-bath, and the spectacle of thousands of men

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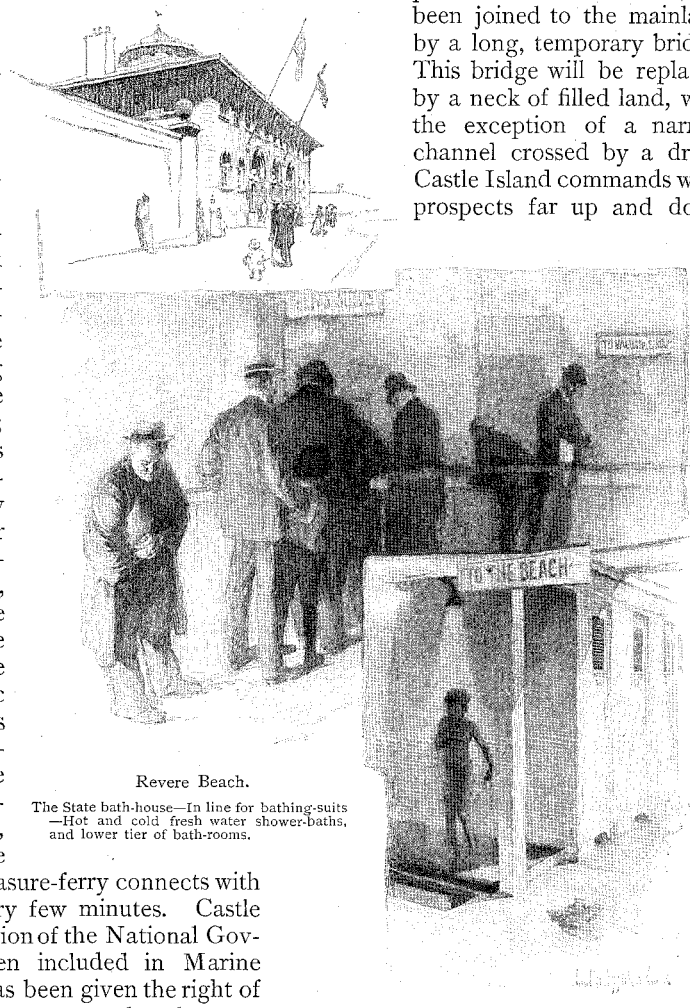
and boys, of all sorts and social conditions, disporting in the open water in entire nudity, here to be witnessed daily throughout the summer, is one of the famous sights of the city. A little bay is to be formed here by enclosing artificial peninsulas; these, with the screen of shrubbery and the long, low bath-house structure, with its hundreds of dressing-rooms, will effectually hide the bath from the parkway.

Strandway enters Marine Park at City Point, commanding a remarkable view of the greatest yachting rendezvous on the Atlantic seaboard; here space has been reserved between Strandway and the water for the houses of several yacht-clubs, which lease the ground from the Park Board. There is also a public landing for yachts and boats; provision is made for the letting of sail-boats, row-boats, etc., at moderate prices, while a pleasure-ferry connects with Castle Island every few minutes. Castle Island, by permission of the National Government, has been included in Marine Park; the city has been given the right of occupation and improvement, but the ownership remains with the nation, which reserves the right to its use in case of emergency. A long iron pier for promenading, etc., on one side, and the island on the other, nearly enclose a "pleasure-bay" which, being almost landlocked, and of ample depth at low water, offers safe aquatic enjoyment at nearly all times. The bay has a graceful horseshoe curve and a long, shelving beach of gravel. At the head of the pier stands a large, picturesque structure devoted to refectory and bath-house uses for beach-bathing. There are nearly a thousand dressing-rooms. Castle Island, the site of the "Castle" of colonial and revolutionary days, with the now-dismantled Fort Independence as its successor, has been joined to the mainland by a long, temporary bridge. This bridge will be replaced by a neck of filled land, with the exception of a narrow channel crossed by a draw. Castle Island commands wide prospects far up and down the harbor and over the bay. The main ship-channel, with its passing craft, is close at hand. The old parade-ground before the fort gateway is a pleasant green, well shaded by large elms, and swept by sea-breezes from every direction.



Revere Beach.

The State bath-house—In line for bathing-suits—Hot and cold fresh water shower-baths, and lower tier of bath-rooms.

The harbor-side park at the North End is a Marine Park in miniature. All of these water-side pleasure-grounds established by

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The Stairway at Revere Beach.

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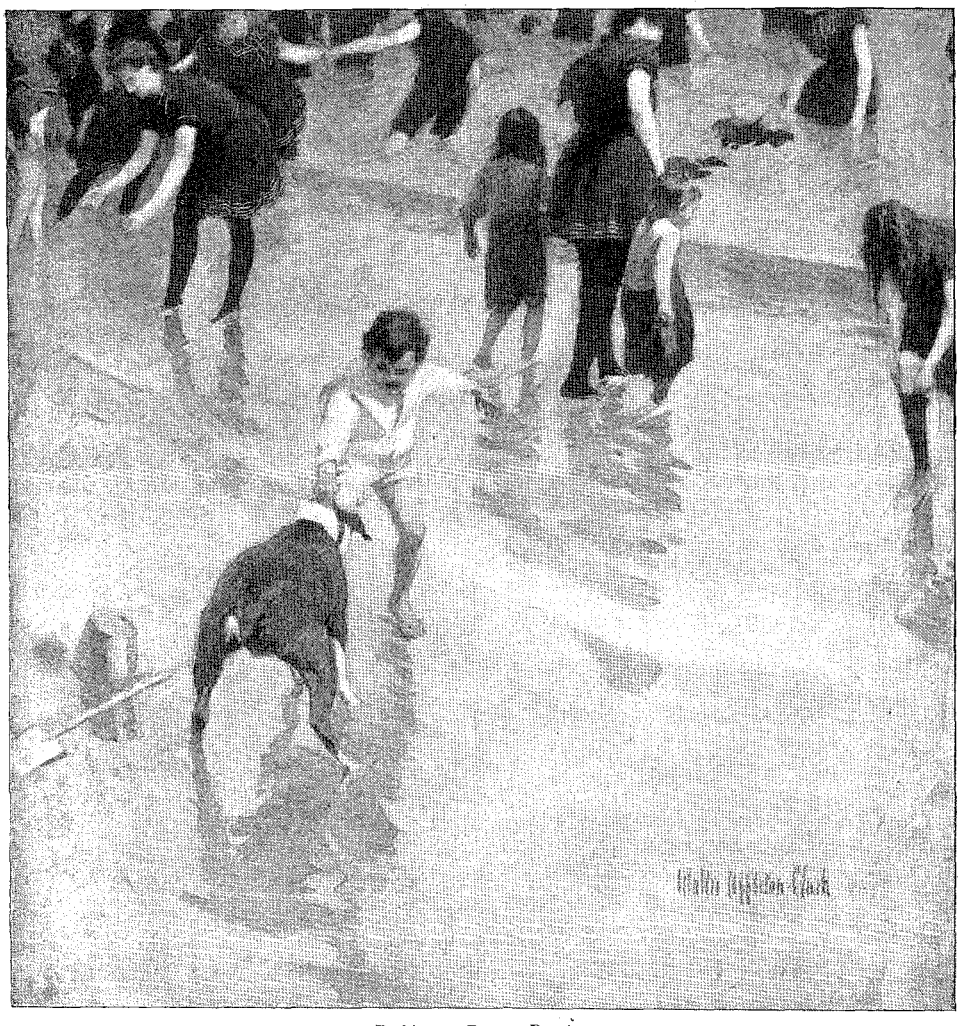
the Boston Park Commission are, it should be said, fruits of Mr. Frederic Law Olmsted's versatile genius. The skill of that great artist in deriving such a wealth of beauty and recreative utility from the conditions of a given site proceeds very largely from his great-hearted sympathy with the life of the common people. Marine Park being entirely novel in its design as a popular maritime pleasure-ground, its character naturally suggested the manner of treatment adopted for the North End open space, which, however, was established to meet purely local necessities. At the North End, which has long been a densely peopled tenement district, a playground and breathing-space has been sadly needed. The only place hitherto available was the historic Copp's Hill Burying-ground, near the Old North Church, where for some years past children have been allowed to play among the ancient gravestones.

A pleasure-ground for this district having been determined upon, a water-side site was chosen after careful deliberation. Not only was the land the cheapest, but such a location afforded the best recreative opportunities. Some old wharf property was therefore purchased for the purpose. There were some strong remonstrances against this step, for it reduced by so much the limited wharfage facilities of the city proper. But it appeared that, although the commerce of the port was expanding



Bathing at Revere Beach.

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rapidly, wharf property hereabouts had been depreciating in value; notwithstanding the exceptional depth of water, these wharves could not be adapted to the demands of modern commerce, for their length was slight and could not well be extended. So the action of the Park Board was justified.

The design of this park, the compact manner in which a very small space has been made to serve a diversity of recreative purposes, particularly deserves careful attention from the student of municipal affairs. The commonplace solution of the problem would have been to build a sea-wall at the harbor-line and fill in the space, adorning it with grass and trees. But Mr. Olmsted made the ancient burying-ground hard by the starting-point for his design. Already used for recreation to a limited extent, its evident destiny is ultimately to be entirely converted to such a purpose, like so many of the old burying-grounds of London. From the hill-side here there is a strikingly beautiful prospect through the trees across Charles River to the Navy Yard and up the Mystic to the hills of Chelsea. So the steep slope between the burying-ground and Commercial Street was cleared of its ramshackle tenements and built into three handsome, paved terraces, supported by massive walls, connected by stone steps, and provided with seats, where hundreds may sit and enjoy the peaceful, pleasant scene before them. These terraces are flanked and bordered by grassy banks with trees and shrubbery. The middle terrace has a large promenade.

This terraced space, named Copp's Hill Terraces, is the connecting-link between the burying-ground and the water-park, called North End Beach. From the middle terrace a bridge was designed to cross Commercial Street and continue in an elevated walk, forming the westerly boundary of the park. This walk was to terminate at the upper deck of a great promenade pier that bounds the park at the harbor-line, and encloses a little cove making in from the harbor. The space beneath the elevated walk is devoted to a bath-house for men and boys. A modification of the plan was required by the prospective building of an elevated railway through Commercial Street. The building of the bridge from the terraces to the beach has been deferred until the plans for the railway are more definitely formulated.

Across the cove, on the easterly side of the park, is a bath-house for women and girls, so that bathing in the open cove is permitted to both sexes at the same time, the accommodations being entirely separated. Another pier borders the easterly side of the park, a channel between the two piers connecting the cove with the harbor. This second pier affords a landing for excursion steamers, etc., making a convenient starting-point for trips down the bay in summer. There is also at this pier a float for boats, steam-launches, etc. The shore of the cove forms a beach, where hundreds of children may play in the sand. Bordering the beach is a pretty lawn space, with seats along the walks, where mothers may rest and watch their children. Between the lawn and the street is a screening background of shrubbery.

A second local seaside pleasure-ground is Wood Island Park, in East Boston. Here a tract of forty-six acres, comprising a "marsh island" with adjacent salt marshes, has been transformed from a desolate expanse to an attractive park with a variety of recreative uses. A parkway approach, Neptune Avenue, continues through the park as a drive, making a circuit along the shore. The greater portion of the area is designed for playground purposes. An open-air gymnasium for men and boys, enclosed by a running-track, adjoins a large playground of rolled gravel, overlooked by a grand-stand for spectators. Between the playground and the gymnasium is the field-house, a handsome edifice for dressing-rooms, lockers, baths, etc. On the shore near by is a beach-bath, with convenient dressing-room accommodations. The opposite side of the park is designed for an open-air gymnasium for women and girls, adjoined by a greensward playground for little children, the whole surrounded by a large running-track, and effectually screened by shrubbery on all sides.

The feature of greatest magnitude in the Boston scheme of seaside recreation is Revere Beach. This is the first ocean beach near a great city which, in the history of public parks, has been set aside to be governed by a public body for the

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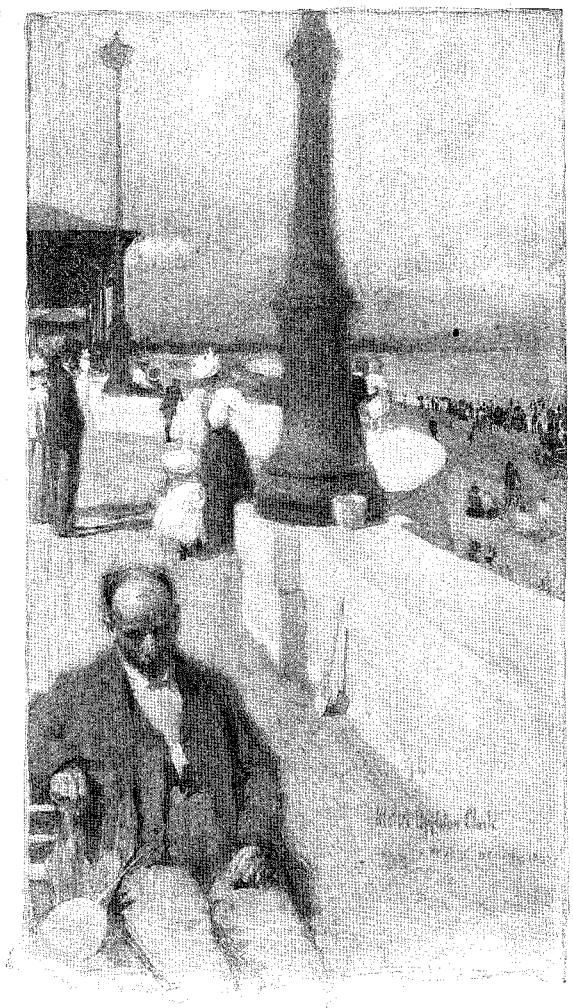
enjoyment of the common people. Its shaping to this end has therefore been a novel and difficult problem, but it has been satisfactorily solved by the studies of the late Charles Eliot, the associate of the Olmsteds, father and sons, as landscape architect. This great work is due to the project of metropolitan park improvement recently organized to meet the needs of the large group of municipalities comprised in Greater Boston, and which, for this purpose, were constituted a Metropolitan Parks District. At the inception of this magnificent undertaking, which has increased the area of Greater Boston's open spaces to something like fourteen thousand acres, it was recognized that, besides the great wilderness reservations proposed, ample provision for recreation on the ocean-shore was essential to the completeness of the metropolitan scheme. Revere Beach, being within twenty minutes of the heart of Boston, was naturally selected for this purpose.

This beach had long been a popular resort, but, as was inevitable under private ownership of the shore and its unrestricted occupancy, had been greatly abused. Originally a remarkably beautiful stretch of ocean-shore, its three miles of gradually curving beach, sweeping from the headlands near the entrance of Boston Bay almost to the threshold of Lynn, had been covered with a mass of squalid-looking shanties devoted to the various purposes for which such structures are erected at a cheap shore-resort—liquor-selling, eating-houses, gambling, and the like.

The cost of converting the beach to public uses has proved greatly in excess of the estimate. But it will be worth many times the cost. Over a million dollars has been devoted to making Revere Beach a worthy public ocean-front for Greater Boston. The land-damages were very large. The crest of the beach was occupied by a narrow-gauge railroad, the Boston, Revere Beach & Lynn, and a suitable new location had to be found for this. The law forbade the crossing of the new line by highways at grade, and the building of costly bridges had to be charged to the improvement. The railway, to be sure, might have been left in its original location, and merely the shore taken between that and the water, clearing the beach of its shanties. But it was wisely decided that it was the truest economy to



Revere Beach.

Looking toward Lynn from the northern terrace, showing the crescent shape of the beach and the Point of Pines beyond.

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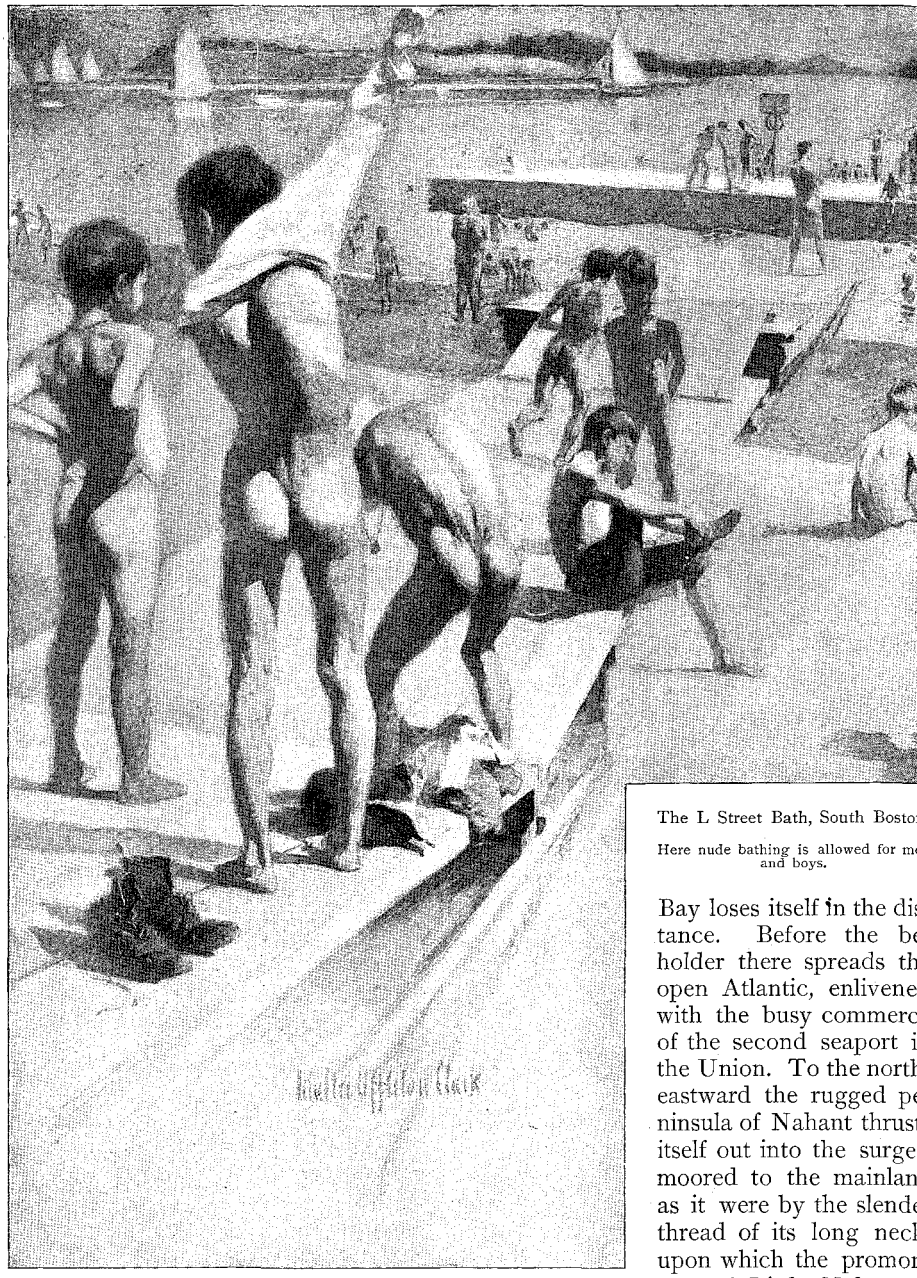

The L Street Bath, South Boston.

Here nude bathing is allowed for men and boys.

do the thing thoroughly and well at the start.

The bed of the railway has therefore been converted into a magnificent ocean-shore parkway, running uninterruptedly along the line of the breakers for something like three miles. To the southward, the long, south shore of Massachusetts Bay loses itself in the distance. Before the beholder there spreads the open Atlantic, enlivened with the busy commerce of the second seaport in the Union. To the northeastward the rugged peninsula of Nahant thrusts itself out into the surges, moored to the mainland as it were by the slender thread of its long neck, upon which the promontory of Little Nahant is strung like a bead ; to the northward is Lynn, backed by a rugged range of rock hills—a picturesque combination of maritime, urban, and wilderness landscape.

The problem of devising adequate approaches to the beach and its panorama, and providing all conveniences for the use of the visiting public without destroying

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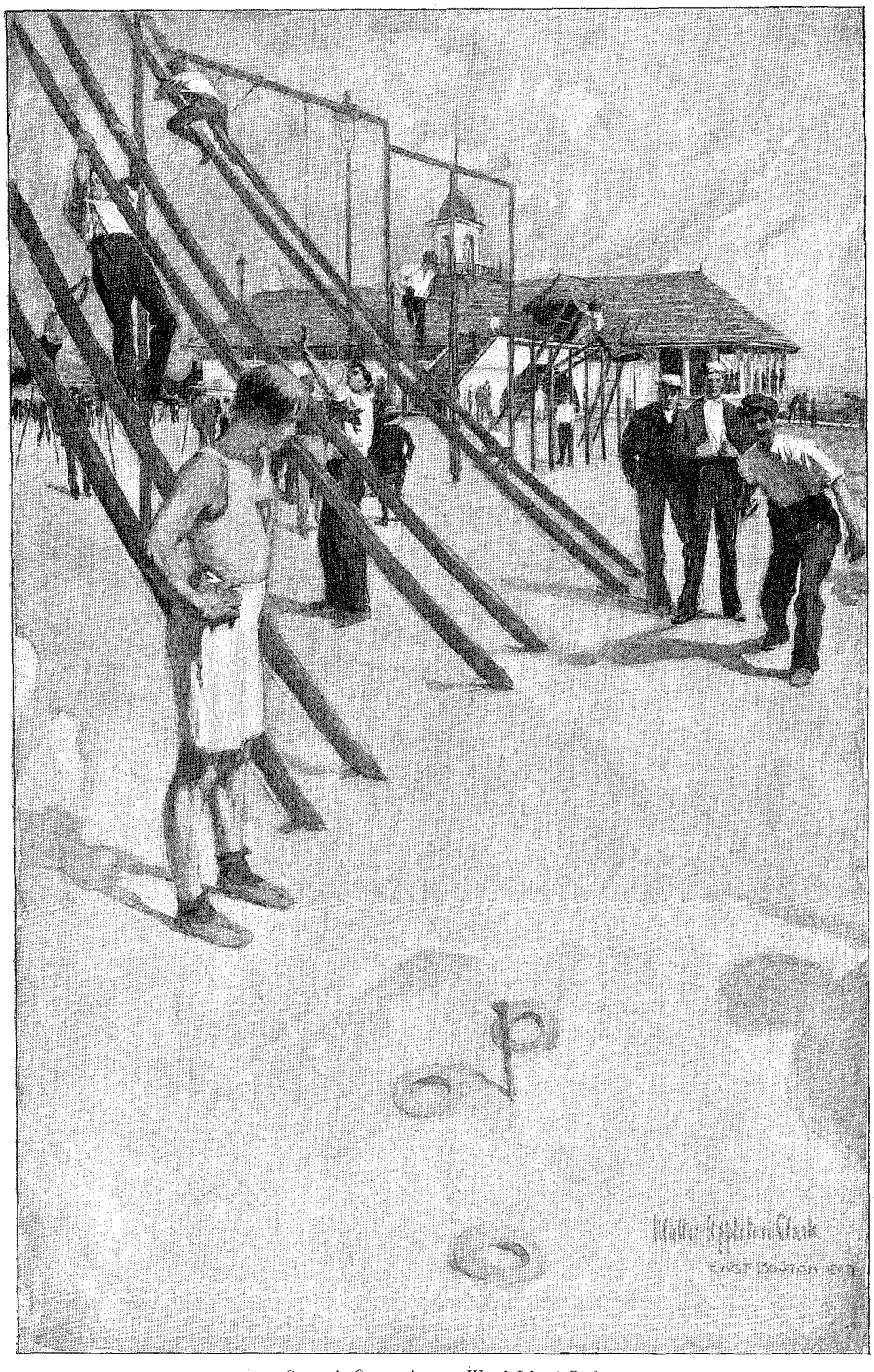

Open-air Gymnasium at Wood Island Park.

On the other side of the field-house is a gravel playground large enough for several base-ball games.

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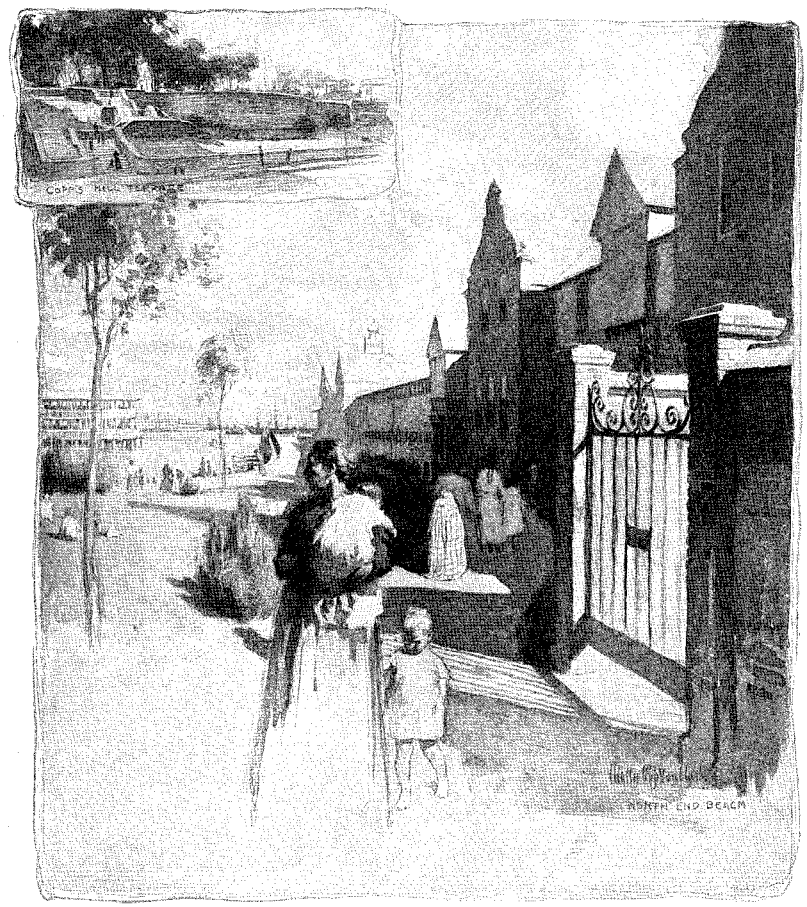

Copp's Hill Terrace, and North End Beach.
Showing the end of the recreation pier, on the left; women's bath houses, etc., on the right.

or even impairing the complete openness and continuity in which its value consists, has been admirably solved. Not a marring obstruction has been permitted to break the openness of this view from the drive and promenade. At the same time the public uses of the place have been carefully regarded. These uses are extensive, for the place is extraordinarily popular. The character of the multitudes resorting hither at once improved notably when the beach became a public possession. In August, 1896, there were something like two hundred thousand visitors in a single week, and so orderly that not a single arrest was made.

To accommodate these multitudes, a great bathing-establishment has been built by the Metropolitan Park Commission. It contains a thousand dressing-rooms, and there are extensive provisions for checking bicycles. The architecture is tasteful and unobtrusive. The bath-house is on the inner side of the driveway, and bathers pass to and from the beach through subways under the road and promenades communicating with a long terrace on the seaward side, where, beneath broad, low-roofed shelters, hundreds of spectators may enjoy the view and watch the bathers. Similar shelters are located on another portion of the beach, and a second bathing-establishment will probably be needed in the near future.

The bath-house was opened on August 1, 1898, and the season lasted about six weeks. For accommodations that surpass those of any private bathing-establishment on the coast, including bathing-suit, towel, and dressing-room, the charge was only

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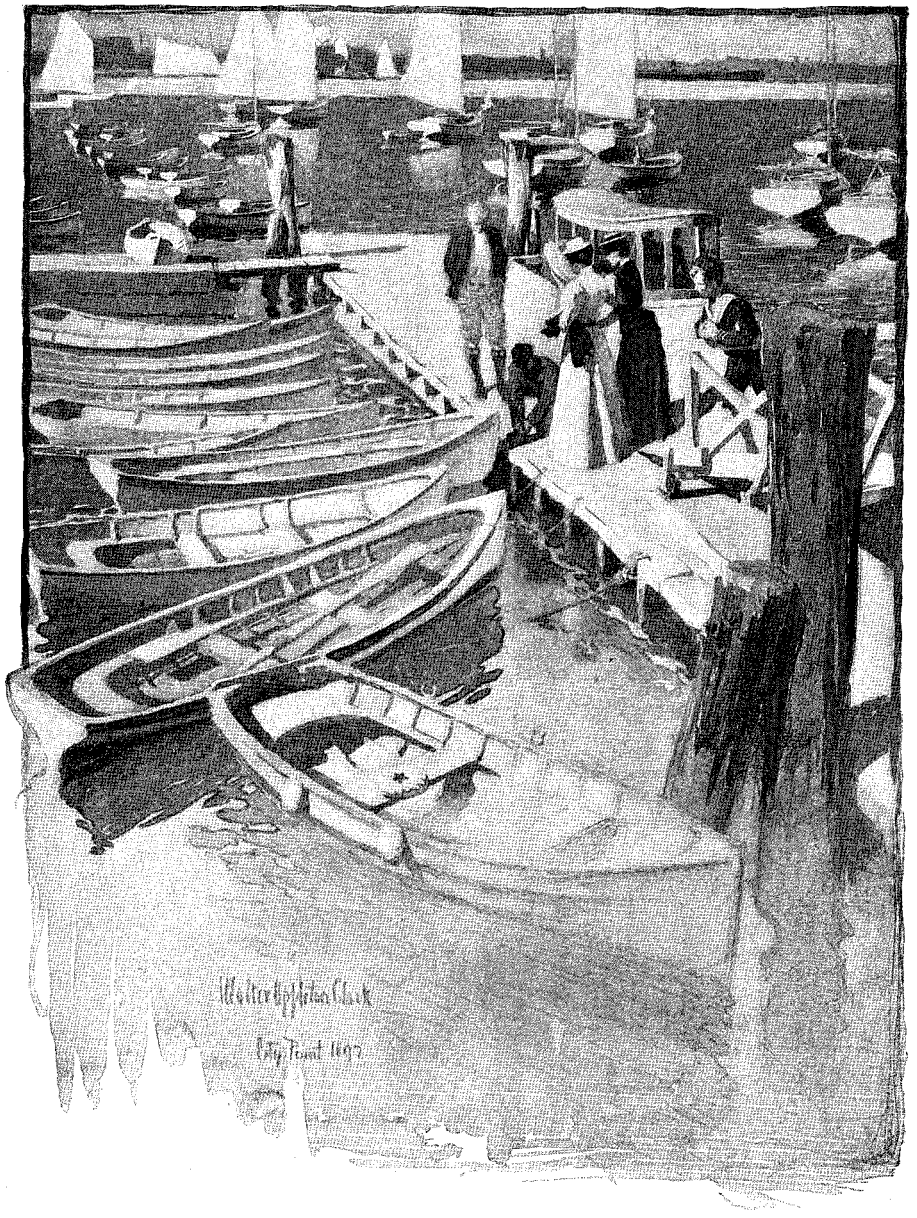
fifteen cents; and for children, ten cents. The total receipts were $10,643.75, and the expenses $8,901.25. Residents are permitted to bathe from their own houses, but all others must resort to the metropolitan bath-house.

The scene at Revere Beach on a warm day in summer is one to be remembered. The style of development is so different from that common to American shore-resorts as to produce a European effect. All the construction is strikingly substantial. The long driveway—smooth and level, a paradise for wheelmen—follows the gradual sweep of the beach in a curve, which Mr. Eliot impressed the engineers should be geometrically faultless, and great pains were taken to make it so. The ex-



Fleet of Small Boats at Marine Park.

Showing causeway to Castle Island and shipping on the river beyond.

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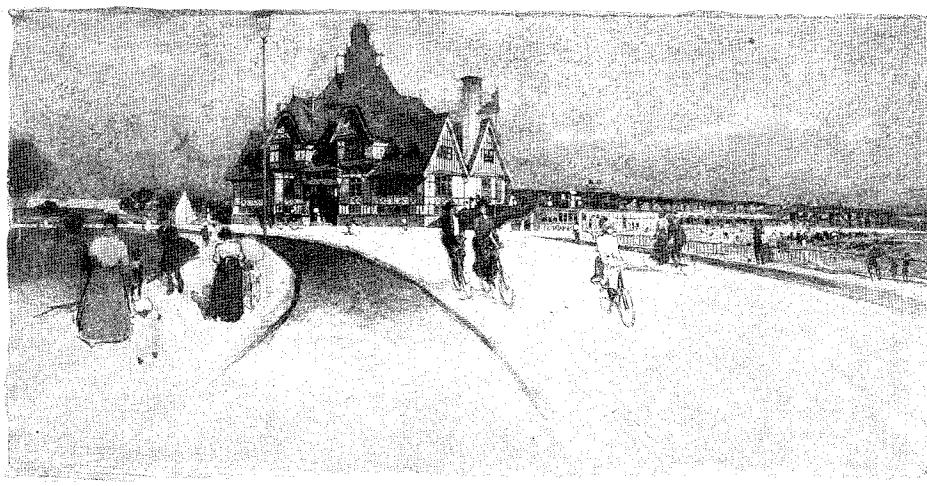

Marine Park, City Point, from Strandway, showing Castle Island on the Left.
"Head House," recreation pier, and one of the beaches.

quisite shape of this curve is accented by the clean, whitish lines of the curbing and gutters of artificial stone that bound the wide sidewalk and the promenade along the beach, another line of this stone separating the promenade from the gravelly slope of the shore. This delicate curve has an effect upon the eye that may be likened to that produced by the subtle, latent curves in Greek architecture. The terraces that were built for the shelters on the beach have massive retaining walls of artificial stone that closely resembles granite. These terraces have drinking-fountains and decorative lamp-posts, and one of them has a band-stand. At night the scene is fairy-like, with the long line of electric lights along the beach, the clustering lamps that adorn the great bath-house, and the yellow glow in the sky reflecting the hundreds of lights in the courts where the dressing-rooms are. An artist who lives near says the scene is too spectacular for reality!

Almost the entire ocean-front of the town of Revere is thus dedicated to public uses, and a proposed extension of the reservation along the shore to the southward as far as the entrance to Boston Bay will likewise take nearly the entire ocean-front of the adjoining town of Winthrop.

The greater part of the water-front of yet another municipality of the Greater Boston group is destined to recreative uses—the shore of Quincy Bay forming an irregular though generally curving line of sand-beach on the water-side of the city of Quincy. But as Quincy Bay is a shallow subdivision of Boston Bay, navigable only by small pleasure-craft, the conversion of its shore into a public recreation-ground is no more of a loss to commerce than the taking of the Revere and Winthrop shores for similar purposes, the latter lying on the open sea. The scenery of the Quincy shore has a charm of its own. Rounded islands rise from the water, and in contrast to the rather level and tranquil character of the water-front of marsh, field, and meadow, is the rugged promontory of Squantum Head, at the northerly end of the bay, the only rocky headland inside of Boston Light. A short distance inland, to the westward, the Blue Hill range shows up grandly. Connecting with the shore is the beautiful Merrymount Park, a gift to Quincy from the Hon. Charles Francis Adams.

The late Charles Eliot, under whose advice the magnificent system of metropolitan parks for the Boston vicinage took enduring shape, gave in the last of his reports to the Metropolitan Commission, printed shortly before his death, some sound reasons for the public ownership and control of non-commercial strips of land along river-banks and sea-shores. This, he said, was something very different from the public ownership of ordinary "parks." While regarding the latter as valuable, indeed, he said that river-side

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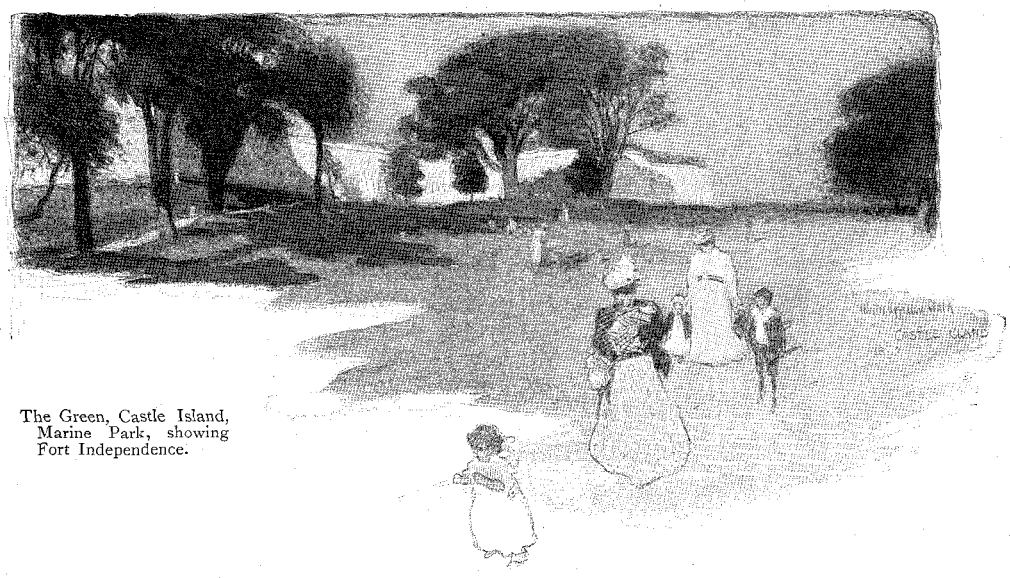
and sea-shore strips provide access to great stores of fresh air and refreshing scenery without removing any large area from the tax-lists. "They do, indeed, quickly pay for themselves, because practically the whole value of the lands acquired is added to the next adjacent private lands. They negatively prevent the depreciation of the potential values of surrounding lands, which is so generally caused by 'cheap building' on fresh-water and tidal shores. They place the control of the trunk lines of surface drainage under public authority, and so forfend the public from such costly expenditures as Boston has been driven to along Stony Brook in Jamaica Plain and Roxbury. Reservations of this class are primarily desirable, not for æsthetic or sentimental but for eminently practical reasons, while their first cost is properly to be regarded as an intelligent investment rather than an extravagant expenditure."

The situation of New York gives exceptional facilities for the provision of this class of recreation-grounds. The city has already done much in this direction. The famous Battery is one of the oldest of municipal pleasure-grounds, and the noble Riverside Park overlooks one of the world's lordliest landscapes. Then there is the large, undeveloped park of Pelham Bay on Long Island Sound; and several delightful small parks have lately been created along the East River. But the opportunities given by the magnificent extension of the metropolitan limits just made are priceless, and should not be neglected. There are many such natural pleasure-ground sites along the shores of the bay in Brooklyn and on Staten Island, and on the Long Island side of the East River and the Sound. The example of Boston at Revere Beach should be followed by the appropriation for public enjoyment of as much of the ocean-shore as may possibly be secured on the south side of Long Island. Brooklyn made a good start when, years ago, the fine pleasure-drive was built between Prospect Park and Coney Island, but, unfortunately, a most essential feature of the scheme was neglected, and the beach was left in private hands.

Of other seaboard cities, San Francisco has done the wise thing in the establishment of its Golden Gate Park. In the South, Charleston has its beautiful Battery. On the Great Lakes, Chicago and Milwaukee have taken due advantage of their water-fronts, and Cleveland has done something in the same direction. On the Atlantic coast, cities like Portland, Salem, New Bedford, New London, and New Haven have enviable opportunities for seaside pleasure-grounds, and they should not neglect to cultivate them, as Bridgeport has so admirably done with its beautiful Seaside Park.



The Green, Castle Island, Marine Park, showing Fort Independence.

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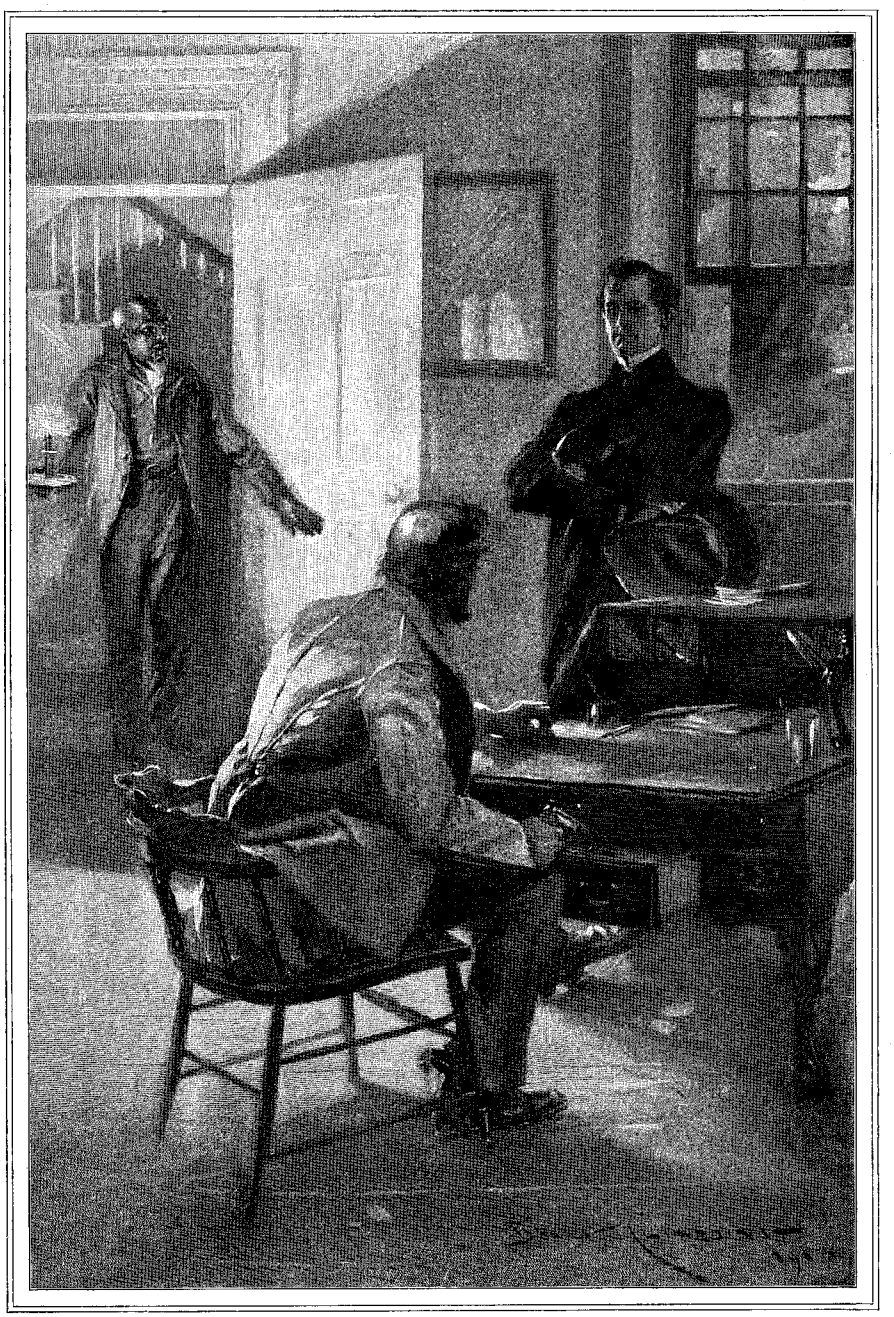

Drawn by B. West Clinedinst.

Before him stood, tall and gray, the Indian-killer.—Page 692.

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RED ROCK

A CHRONICLE OF RECONSTRUCTION

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY B. WEST CLINEDINST

CHAPTER XXII

JUST then Jacquelin Gray returned home. His ship had reached port only a few days before, and he had planned to take them all by surprise, and without giving any notice had at once started for home. The surprise was complete. The first to recognize him was Waverley, who had been sent to the railroad by Mrs. Gray to try and get news of him.

"Well, b'fo' de Lord! ef dat ain't—!" He paused, and took another scrutinizing look, and with a bound forward broke out again: "Ef 'tain't, sure enough! Marse Jack, whar you come f'um? You done riz f'um de dead. Ef I didn' think 'twuz my ole master—er de Injun-killer! Bless de Lord!—you's jes' in time. My mistis sen' me down fur a letter—she say she 'bleeged to have a letter to-day—but dis de bes' letter could 'a' come in dis wull fur her. Yas, suh, she'll git well now." He took in the whole crowd confidentially. He was wringing Jacquelin's hand in an ecstasy of joy, and the welcome of the others was not less warm if less voluble. Under it all was something that struck Jacquelin, and went to his heart—a something plaintive, different from what he had expected. The people looked downcast; their countenances had changed; their tone, formerly jovial and cheery, was bitter. The negroes, too, had changed. The hearty laughter had given place to something that had the sound of bravado in it. The shining teeth were not seen as of old when they laughed. Old Waverley's words sent a chill through him. What could they mean?

"How was his mother? And aunt—and all the others?—at Birdwood and everywhere?" he asked.

His mistress had been "mighty po'ly, mighty po'ly, indeed," the old fellow said—"been jes' pinin' fur you to git back. What meck you stay so long, Marse Jack? Hit mus' be a long ways roun' de wull! But she'll be all right now. De Doctor say you de bes' physic she could git. All de others is well."

"And all at Birdwood?" asked Jacquelin.

"'Tain't Budwood you's axin' 'bout?—Washy Still, he's at Budwood. Dem you want know 'bout is at Miss' Bellers's. Washy Still thought he wuz gwine git one o' dem whar wuz at Budwood; but he ain't do it. Rich or no rich, dee tun up de nose at him—and all he git wuz de nest arter de bud done fly. Dee look higher'n him, I knows. But I mighty glad you come. Marse Steve, he's dyah. He's a big man now."

What could this mean?

As Jacquelin drove homeward with the old man he found out what it meant; for Waverley was not one to take the edge from a blow.

"Marse Jack, de deble is done broke loose, sho!" he wound up. "De overseer is in de gret house, and de gent'man's in de blacksmiff-shop. I wonders sometimes dat old Injun-killer don' come down out de picture sho 'nough—like so many o' dem dead folks what comin' out dey graves."

"What's that?" asked Jacquelin.

"Dat's what dee tells me," protested Waverley. "De woods and roads full on 'em at night. An' you can't git a nigger to stir out by hisself arter dark. I b'lieves it, and so does plenty o' urrs." He gave a little nervous laugh.

"What nonsense is this?"

"'Tain' no nonsense, Marse Jack. 'Tis de fatal truf—since sich doin's been goin' on de graves won' hole 'em. De's some

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knows 'tain' no nonsense. Dee done been to de house o' several o' dese sarsy niggers whar done got dee heads turned and gin 'em warnin' an' a leetle tetch o' what's comin' to 'em. Dee went to Moses's house turr night an' gin him warnin'. Moses wa'n't dyah; but dee done lef him de wud—cut three cross-marks in de tree right side he do'; an' he wife say dee leetle mo' drunk de well dry. One on 'em say he shot in the battle nigh heah, and was cut up in de ole horspittle, and dat he jes' come from torment to gi' Moses an' Sherrod an' Nicholas Ash warnin'. Dee say he drink six water bucketfuls, and hit run down he guzzle sizzlin' jes' like po'in' 't on hot stove. Moses say he don' mine 'em; but I tell you he better." A sudden gleam of shrewdness crossed the old man's face.

"Things had done gone pretty bad, Marse Jack," the old man went on, confidentially. "Hiram Still and Major Leech, dee owned ev'ything, and ef you didn't do what dee say, you couldn' turn roun'. Hiram he turned me out my shop jes' soon as he got our place; an' soon as he fine he couldn't git my young mistis he turned de Doctor out. Dee done put dee cross-marks 'ginst Hiram too. Some say 'twus de Injun-killer. Leech he don' mine 'em—he's gwine to be Gov'ner, an' he say he'll know how to settle 'em. But Hiram, since he fine dat mark on de porch and on de tree, he walks right smart lighter'n he did."

So old Waverley enlightened Jacquelin as they made their way home together.

The change in the aspect of the county in the few years of his absence further impressed him. It seemed to him greater than even that which had taken place during the war. The fields were more grown up, the houses more dilapidated. But as much as these warned him, Jacquelin was not prepared for the change which, on his arrival at Dr. Cary's, he found had taken place.

His mother's appearance struck a chill to his heart. All had changed, all had aged, but his mother had become an old woman. He was shocked at the change which illness had made in her, and all that he could do was to try and conceal his anguish.

He sought Dr. Cary and had a long talk with him, but the Doctor could not hold out to him any hope. It was simply a general break-down, he told him—the effect of years of anxiety. Jacquelin ground his teeth in speechless self-reproach.

"Ah! my dear Jacquelin, there are some things that even you could not have changed," said the Doctor, with a deep sigh.

As Jacquelin looked at him the expression on his face went to the young man's heart. "Yes, I know," he said, softly. "Ah, well, we'll pull through."

"You young men, perhaps—not we old ones. We are too broken to weather the storm. Your father was the fortunate one."

As the young man went out from this interview he met Blair. She had just come in from her school and she gave him a warm hand-clasp, and her eyes, after the first glance into his, fell. He was sure from what he had heard that she was engaged to Steve, and he had rehearsed a hundred times how he would meet her. Bygones should be bygones. How like a puff of wind went all his strong resolutions. A fresh sense of her charm came over him as if he had just discovered her. Her presence seemed to him to fill all the place. She was blushing and laughing and running away from Steve, who had met her outside and told her of Jacquelin's arrival, and who was calling to her through the door to come back. But after shaking hands with Jacquelin she sped on upstairs, with a side-glance at him as she ran up. She had never appeared so beautiful to him, and his heart leaped up in him at her charm. What would he not give for her love! He followed her with his eyes. As she turned at the top of the stairs his heart sank, for, leaning down over the banisters, she gave Steve a look so full of meaning that Jacquelin took it all in in an instant.

"I'm going to tell him," called Steve, teasingly.

"No; you promised me you would not, Steve," and she was gone.

Jacquelin turned to the door as Steve called him.

"Jack, Jack—come here."

But Jacquelin could not stand seeing him at that moment. He wanted to be alone, and he went out to meet the full realization of it all by himself.

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Jacquelin made up his mind at once. Although Doctor and Mrs. Cary pressed him to stay with them, he felt that he could not live in the house with Blair. How could he sit by and see her and Steve, day by day? Steve was as a brother to him, and Blair, from her manner, meant to be a friend; but he could not endure it. He declared his intention of starting at once to practise law, for which he had been preparing himself. Steve offered him a partnership, meeting Jacquelin's objection that it would not be fair with the statement that he would make Jacquelin do all the work, as he proposed to be a statesman.

So, as the Doctor had said that a change and occupation in household duties might do Mrs. Gray good, Jacquelin rented a small place between the Carys's and the old hospital-place on the river. His mother and Miss Thomasia moved in, and it was furnished with the assistance of Mrs. Cary and Blair and other neighbors; the old bits of furniture and other odds-and-ends giving, as Miss Thomasia said, "a distinction which even the meanness of the structure itself could not impair. For, my dear," she said to Blair, who was visiting them the evening after they had made their exodus from Dr. Cary's, "I have often heard my grandfather say that nothing characterized gentle people more than dignity under misfortune." And she smoothed down her faded dress and resumed her knitting with an air which Blair in vain tried to reproduce to her father on her return.

Mrs. Gray, however, did not long survive the change. The strain had been too much for her. She had lived only until Jacquelin's return, and she died within a few months after his arrival. To the last, her heart was on her old home. And one of her constant thoughts was: "If she could only have lain there."

Jacquelin told her that if God prospered him she should some day be buried there, and she died in that assurance.

The day she died, Dr. Cary wrote a note to Still, on Jacquelin's behalf, though without his knowledge, indicating Jacquelin's wish to bury his mother beside her father, and saying that it would not be held to affect the question of ownership at issue between them.

To this Still replied, that, "whilst he should be very glad to do anything that Dr. Cary or *any member of his family* asked for *themselves*, he would not permit any *outsider* to be buried on his place, especially one who had insulted him; that he did not acknowledge that any question existed as to his title; and that he was prepared to show that, if so, it was unfounded; for he was going to remove the tomb-stones; cut down the trees; clear up the place, and get rid of the old graveyard altogether."

A part of the letter was evidently inspired by a lawyer.

Dr. Cary felt that he could not withhold this notification from Jacquelin; so he broke the matter to him. To his surprise Jacquelin took it very quietly; he did not say anything, or appear to mind it a great deal.

Mrs. Gray was buried in what had been part of the church-yard of the old brick church, where many of her family lay, and Jacquelin, walking with his arm around Rupert, was as quiet as Miss Thomasia.

That afternoon he excused himself from the further attendance of his friends, left his aunt and Rupert, and walked out alone. He went first to the house of his neighbor Stamper. Him Jacquelin told his purpose. Stamper wished to accompany him; but he would not permit that. He was not armed, he said; he only wanted him to know, in case anything should happen. Then he walked away in the direction of Red Rock, leaving little Stamper leaning on the bars, looking after him rather wistfully until he had disappeared.

It was after sunset, and Hiram Still was sitting alone in the hall at Red Rock by a table in the drawers of which he kept his papers. He never liked to sit in the dark, and had just called for a light. He was not in a good-humor, for he had had something of a quarrel with Leech, and his son Wash had taken the latter's side. The young Doctor was always taking sides against him these days. They had made him write Dr. Cary that he was going to clear up the graveyard, and he was not at all sure that it was a good thing to do; he had always heard that it was bad luck to break up a graveyard, and now they had left him alone in the house. Even the drink of whiskey he had taken had not restored his spirits.

Why did not the light come? He

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roared an oath toward the open door. "D—n the lazy niggers!"

Suddenly there was a step, or something like a step, near him—he was not sure about it, for he must have been dozing—and he looked up. His heart jumped into his throat. Before him in the hall stood, tall and gray, the Indian-killer, his eyes looking like coals of fire.

"Good God!" he gasped.

No, he was speaking—it was a man. But it was almost as bad. He had not seen Jacquelin before in two years. And he had never noticed how like the Indian-killer he was. What did he want?

"I have come to see you about the graveyard," he said.

Still wanted to apologize to him; but he could not speak, his throat was dry. There was a pistol in the drawer before him and he pulled it open and put his hand on the weapon, quietly. The cold steel recalled him to himself and he drew it toward him, to have it handy if he needed it, his courage reviving. Jacquelin must have heard the sound; he was right over him.

"If you attempt to draw that pistol on me," he said, quietly, "I will kill you right where you sit."

Whether it was the man's unstrung condition; or whether it was Jacquelin's resemblance to the fierce Indian-killer, as he stood there in the dusk, with his eyes burning and his strong hands twitching; or whether it was his unexpected stalwartness and fierceness as he towered above him, the overseer sank back with a whine.

A negro entered at a side-door with a light, but stood still, amazed at the scene, muttering to himself: "Good Lordy!"

Jacquelin went on speaking. He told Still that if he cut down so much as a bush in that graveyard until he had a decision of court authorizing him to do so, he would kill him, even if he had the whole Government of the United States around him.

"Now, I have come here to tell you this," he said, in the same quiet, strange voice, "and I have come to tell you one thing more, that you will not be in this place long. We are coming back here, the living and the dead."

Still turned even more livid than before. "What do you mean?" he gasped.

"What I say," said Jacquelin. "We are coming back." He swept his eye around the hall, turned on his heel, and walked toward the picture over the fireplace. Just then a flaw of wind blew out the lamp which the negro held, leaving the hall in gloom. When he came back with it, according to the story that he told, Still was raving like a madman, and he drank whiskey and raved all night.

Neither Still nor Jacquelin ever spoke of the interview; but a story got abroad in the neighborhood that the Old Indian-killer had appeared to Still the night of Mrs. Gray's burial and threatened him with death if he should ever touch the graveyard. Still said he had never meant to touch it anyhow, and that Leech had made him put it in the letter for a joke.

For a time there was quite a coolness between the friends; but they had too much in common to be able to afford to quarrel, so it was made up.

CHAPTER XXIII

Other changes than those already recorded had taken place in the years that had passed since the day when Middleton and Thurston, on their way to take command of a part of the conquered land, had found Jacquelin Gray outstretched under a tree at the little country-station in the Red Rock county. In this time Middleton had won promotion in the West, and a wound, which had necessitated a long leave of absence and a tour abroad, and finally his retirement from the service.

Reely Thurston, who was now a captain himself, declared that Middleton's wound was received in the South, and not in the West, and that if such wounds were to be recognized, he himself ought to have been sent abroad. The jolly little officer, however, if he wished to boast of wounds of that nature, might have cited a later one; for he had for some time been a devoted admirer of Miss Ruth Welch, who had grown from a romping girl to a lively and very handsome young lady, and had, as Reely said of her, the warmest heart toward all mankind except a man in love with her, and the coldest toward him of any girl in the world. Miss Welch declared that she liked Thurston better than any man except her father and a half-dozen other men, all of whom labored un-

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der the sole disadvantage of being married, and she finally, as the price of the continuance of this somewhat measurable state of feeling, bound the Captain by the most solemn pledges never so much as to hint at any desire on his part for a higher degree of affection.

The little Captain would have sworn by all the gods, higher and lower, to anything that Ruth proposed, for the privilege of being her slave; but he no more could have stopped bringing up the forbidden subject when in her presence than he could have stopped the breath in his plump bosom.

No doubt the game had additional zest for Thurston from the disapproval with which Mrs. Welch always regarded him, which had thrown him into a state of rather chronic opposition to the good lady.

He had even ventured to express open scepticism as to the wisdom of the steps Mrs. Welch and her society had been taking in their philanthropic efforts on behalf of the freedmen, giving expression to the heretical doctrine that, in the main, the negroes had been humanely treated before the war, and that the question now should be dealt with from an economical rather than from a sentimental stand-point. He gave it as his opinion that the people down there knew more about the negro and the questions arising out of the new conditions than those who were undertaking to settle those questions at a distance, and that if let alone they would settle themselves; whilst as to Leech, the correspondent of Mrs. Welch's society, he would not believe anything he said.

Nothing could have scandalized Mrs. Welch more than such an utterance. And it was probable that this attitude on Thurston's part did as much as her real kindness of heart to establish her in the extreme views she held.

For some time past there had been appearing in the *Censor*, the chief paper in the city where the Welches lived, a series of letters giving a dreadful account of the outrages that were taking place in the South, which, if true, were certainly terrible. According to the writer, the entire native white population were engaged in the systematic murder and mutilation of unoffending negroes and Northern settlers, who were on their side wholly without blame, and received this persecution with the most Christian and uncomplaining benevolence.

The author's name was not given, because, it was stated in the letters, if it were known who he was, he would at once be murdered.

As the letters were from the very section, indeed from the very neighborhood, that of Red Rock, which Thurston always cited as evidence of the beneficent effect of his theory of moderation, Mrs. Welch, who was the head of the organization to which Leech had written them, saved them up for the purpose of confounding, and once for all disposing of, Thurston's arguments, together with himself.

So one morning when Thurston was calling on Ruth, she brought the whole batch of papers in and plumped them down before him with a triumphant air.

"Now, read every word before you express an opinion," she said, decisively.

Whilst Thurston read, Mrs. Welch annotated each letter with running comments. These impressed Ruth greatly; but Thurston wilily kept his face from giving the slightest clew to his thoughts. When he was through, Mrs. Welch drew a long breath of exultation.

"Well, what do you say to that?"

"I don't believe it."

"What!" Mrs. Welch was lifted out of her chair by her surprise.

"The writer of that is Jonadab Leech, one of the most unmitigated——"

"Captain Thurston! You do not know what you are talking about."

"Do you mean to say Leech is not the writer of those letters?"

"No, I did not say that —" said Mrs. Welch, who would have cut out her tongue before she would have uttered a falsehood.

"I would not believe Leech on oath," said the Captain, blandly.

"Oh, well, if that's the stand you take, there's no use reasoning with you." And with a gesture expressive both of pity and sorrow that she must wash her hands of him, Mrs. Welch gathered up her papers and swept indignantly from the room.

When Thurston went away that day he had intrusted Ruth with an apology for Mrs. Welch capable of being expanded as circumstances might require, for Ruth had

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explained to him how dear to her mother's heart her charities were. But he had also given Ruth such sound reasons for his views about the people down in the old county, that, however her principles remained steadfast, the sympathies of the girl had gone out to those whom he described as laboring under such difficulties.

Miss Welch was greatly interested, for several other reasons. Her father's health had not been very good of late, and he had been thinking of getting a winter-home in the South, where he could be most of the time out of doors, as an old wound in his chest still troubled him sometimes, and the doctors said he must not for the present spend another winter in the North. And he had been in correspondence with this very Mr. Still, who was spoken of so highly in those letters, about a place right where this trouble was.

Besides, a short time before this conversation with Thurston, Major Welch had received a letter from Middleton, who was still abroad, asking him to look into his affairs for him. He had always enjoyed a large income; but of late it had, he stated, fallen off, owing, as Mr. Bolter explained, to temporary complications growing out of certain extensive investments Bolter had made for him on joint account with himself in Southern enterprises. These investments, he said, Mr. Bolter assured him were perfectly safe and would yield in a short time immense profits, being guaranteed by the State, and managed by the strongest and most successful men down there, who were themselves deeply interested in the schemes. But it had happened that the very names Bolter had given him as a guarantee of the security of his investment had aroused his anxiety, and though he had no reason to doubt Bolter, he did doubt Leech and Still, the men Bolter had mentioned.

Major Welch had made an investigation. Bolter gave Major Welch, when he called on him, what struck the latter as an "audience," though, when he learned the Major's business, he suddenly unbent and became much more confidential, explaining everything with promptness and clearness.

Bolter was a strong-looking, stout man, with a round head and a strong face. His brow was rather low; but his eyes were keen and his mouth firm. As he sat in his inner business-office, with his clerks in outer pens, he looked the picture of a successful, self-contained man of business.

"Why, they fight a railroad coming into their country as if it were a public enemy," he said to Major Welch.

"Then they must be pretty formidable antagonists," smiled Major Welch.

"And I have received letters warning me and denouncing the men who have planned and worked up the matter, and would carry it through, if they would let them, as if they were thieves."

He rang a bell and sent for the letters, and laid them before Major Welch. They were unquestionably earnest enough. Among them was one from Dr. Cary and another from General Legaie. Though strangers, they said, they wrote to him, as one reported to be interested, and protested against the scheme of Still and Leech, who were destroying the State and pillaging its people. They contrasted its condition before the war and at the present time. Dr. Cary's letter stated that "for purposes of identification" he would say that both his father and grandfather had been Governors of the State.

"What are you going to do with such people?" exclaimed Mr. Bolter. "They abuse those men as if they were pickpockets, and they are the richest and most influential men in that county, and Leech will without doubt be the next Governor." He handed Major Welch a newspaper containing a glowing account of Leech's services to the State, and a positive assertion that he would be the next Governor of the State.

"What did you write them in reply?" asked Major Welch, who was taking another glance over the letters before him.

"Why, I wrote them that I believed I was capable of conducting my own affairs," said the capitalist, "and if they would stop thinking about their grandfathers and the times before the war, and think a little more about their children and the present, it would be money in their pockets."

"And what did they reply to that?"

"Ah—why, I don't believe I ever got any reply to that. I suppose the moss had covered them by that time," he laughed. Major Welch looked thoughtful, and the capitalist changed his tone.

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"In fact, I had already made the investments. Major Leech is very friendly to me. It was through him that we were induced to go into the enterprise—through him—and because of the opportunities it offered at the same time that it was made perfectly safe by the guarantee of both the counties and the State. He used to be in my—in our employ, and he is a very shrewd fellow. That's the way we came to go in—and it doesn't do to swap horses in the stream."

"Mrs. Welch thinks very highly of him," said Major Welch, meditatively. "But Captain Middleton had some sort of trouble with this man and has always had a dislike for him. And I think I shall go South and look into matters there."

"Oh, well, that's nothing," broke in Bolter, hotly. "What does Middleton know about business? That's his trouble. These military officers don't understand the word. They are always stickling for their d—d dignity, and think if a man ain't willing to wipe up the floor for 'em he's bound to be a rascal."

It was as much the sudden insolence in the capitalist's tone as his words that offended Major Welch. He rose to his feet.

"I am not aware that being officers and having risked their lives to save their country necessarily makes men either more narrow or greater fools than those who stayed at home," he said, coldly.

The other, after a sharp glance at him, was on his feet in an instant, his whole manner changed.

"My dear sir, you have misunderstood me. I assure you, you have." And he proceeded to smooth the Major down with equal shrewdness and success; delivering a most warm and eloquent eulogy on patriotism in general and on that of Captain Lawrence Middleton in particular. He wound up by making Major Welch a proposal that he should go South and represent his interests as well as Middleton's.

"If he's going there he'd better be on my side than against me, and his hands would be tied then, anyhow," reflected Bolter.

"You will find our interests identical," he said, seeing the Major's hesitation. "We are both in the same boat, and I have taken every precaution—of that you may be sure; and we are bound to win. We have the law with us—the men who make and the men who construe the law—and against us only a few old moss-backs and sore-heads. If they can beat that combination, I should like to see them do it."

The only doubt in Major Welch's mind as to the propriety of a move to the South was on account of his daughter.

The condition of affairs there made no difference to him; for he felt that he had the Union behind him—or even, he knew, to Mrs. Welch. She had been working her hands off for two years to send things to the negroes through her agents Still and Leech. But with Ruth, who was the apple of her father's eye, it might be another matter.

But when, on the matter being broached to Ruth, she chimed in and sketched, with real enthusiasm, the delights of living in the South—in the real country—amid palm and orange groves, the Major's mind was set at rest. He only cautioned her against building her air-castles too high, as there were no orange-groves where they were going, and though there might be palms, he doubted if they were of the material sort or very easy to obtain.

Ruth's ardor, just then, however, was not to be damped.

"Why, the South is the land of romance, papa."

"It will be if you are there," smiled her father.

It was decided that Major Welch and Ruth should go on ahead and pick out a place which they could rent until they should find one that exactly suited them, and then Mrs. Welch, as soon as she could finish packing the furniture and other things which they should want, would follow them.

A week later, therefore, Ruth and her father found themselves in the Red Rock county, and almost at their journey's end, in a region which, though as far as possible from Ruth's conception of palm and orange groves, was to the girl, shut up as she had been all her life in a city, not a whit less romantic and strange.

It was far wilder than she had supposed it would be. The land lay fallow or was cultivated only in patches; the woods were real forests, and seemed to stretch intermi-

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nably; the fields were growing up in bushes and briers. She was already beginning to feel something of the charm of which her cousin, Larry Middleton, and Captain Thurston were always talking. Perhaps she would see, some time, Blair Cary, about whom Reely Thurston was always hinting in connection with Larry Middleton, and she tried to picture to herself what she would be like. Small and dark and very vivacious, or else haughty, no doubt. She was sure she should not like her.

On her father, however, the same surroundings that pleased Miss Ruth had a very different effect. Major Welch had always carried in his mind the picture of this section as he remembered it when he rode through it first, when it was filled with handsome plantations and pleasant homesteads, and where even during the war the battle in which he was wounded had been fought amid orchards and rolling fields and pastures. It was growing late, and a vague sense that they had missed their road was being borne in on him.

At length, at the top of the hill, they came to a fork, where Major Welch thought he remembered there had been a church; but there was no church there, only a great thicket, of an acre or more in extent, and the field behind it was nothing but a wilderness.

"We've missed the road, just as I supposed," said Major Welch. "We ought to have kept nearer to the river, and I will take this road and strike the other somewhere down this way. I thought this country looked very different; and yet—?" He gazed all around him, at the open fields filled with bushes and briers, the rolling hills beyond, and the line of blue spurs across the background.

"No, we must have crossed Twist Creek lower down this morning." He turned into the road leading off from the one they had been travelling, and drove on. This way, however, the country appeared even wilder, and they had driven two or three miles before they saw anyone. Finally they came on a man walking along, just where a footpath left the road and turned across the old field. He was a small, sallow fellow, very shabbily dressed, the only noticeable thing about him being his eyes, which were both keen and good-humored. Major Welch stopped and inquired as to their way.

"Where do you want to go?" asked the man, politely.

"I want to go to Mr. Hiram Still's," said the Major.

The countryman gave him a quick glance.

"Well, you can't git there this way," he said, his voice changed a little. "The bridge is down on this road, and don't nobody travel it much now. You'll have to go back to Old Brick Church and take the other road. There's a new bridge on that road, but it's sort o' rickety since these freshes, and you have to take to the old ford again—one of Hiram's and Jonadab's jobs," he explained, with a note of hostility in his voice. Then, in a more friendly tone, added: "The water's up still from last night's rain, and the ford ain't the best no time, so you better not try it unless you have somebody as knows it to set you right. I would go myself, but—" He hesitated, a little embarrassed, and the Major at once protested.

"No, indeed. Just tell me where is Old Brick Church."

"That fork back yonder where you turned is what's called Old Brick Church," said the man. "That's where it used to stand."

"What has become of the church?"

"Pulled down during the war."

"Why don't they rebuild it?" asked Major Welch a little testily over the man's manner.

"Well, I s'pose they ain't got the money; they think it's cheaper to cut down bushes," said the man, dryly.

"Is there any place where we could spend the night?" the Major asked, with a glance up at the sky.

"Oh, Hiram Still, he's got a big house. He'll take you in—if he gits a chance," he said, half grimly.

"But I mean if we get overtaken by night this side the river. You tell me the bridge is shaky and the ford bad. I have my daughter along and don't want to take any chances."

"Oh, papa, the idea! As if I couldn't go anywhere you went," put in Ruth, suddenly.

At the Major's mention of his daughter the man's manner changed.

"There's Doct'r Cary's," he said, with a return of his first friendly tone. "They

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take everyone in. You just turn and go back by the Old Brick Church, and keep the main plain road till you pass two forks on your left and three old gates on your right; then turn in at the third you come to on your left and go down a hill and up another, and you're right there." The Major and Ruth were both laughing; their director, however, remained grave.

"Ain't no fences nor gates to stop you. Just keep the main plain road, like I tell you, and you can't git out," he assured them.

"I can't? Well, I'll see," said the Major, and after a glance at the man he turned and drove back.

"What bright eyes he has," said Ruth. But her father was pondering.

"It's a most curious thing, but that man's face and voice were both familiar to me," said he, presently. "Quite as if I had seen them before in a dream. Did you observe how his whole manner changed as soon as I mentioned Still's name? They are a most intractable people."

"But I'm sure he was very civil," defended Ruth.

"Civility costs nothing and often means nothing. Ah, well, we shall see." And the Major drove on.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE sun had already set some little time, and the dusk was falling, when they came to a track leading off from "the main plain road," which they agreed must be that described to them as the road to Dr. Cary's. They turned in, and after passing through a skirt of woods came out into a field beyond which, at a little distance, they saw a light shining. They drove on; but as they mounted the hill from which the light had shone Ruth's heart sank, for, as well as they could tell through the gathering dusk, there was no house there at all, or, if there was, it was hidden by the trees around it. On reaching the crest, however, they saw the light again, which came from a small structure at the far side of the orchard. "Well, we've missed Dr. Cary's after all," said Major Welch. It was too late now, however, to retrace their steps, so they picked their way through the orchard and drove up to the open door from which the light was shining.

At the sound of their vehicle a tall form descended the low steps and came to them. And Major Welch stated their case as belated travellers.

Ruth's heart was instantly warmed by the cordial response.

"Ah, my dear, here are a lady and gentleman who want to stay for the night." This to a slender figure in white who had come out of the house and joined them. "My daughter, Blair, madam; my daughter, Blair, sir."

Ruth, who had been wondering at the softness of these farmer-voices, recollected herself just in time to take the hand which she found held out to her in the darkness in instinctive friendliness.

"I am Major Welch," said that gentleman, introducing himself, not to be behind his host in politeness. "And this is my daughter."

"We are glad to see you," repeated the young girl, simply, to Ruth, in her charming voice, as if the introduction required a little more formal greeting.

"Ah, Major, glad to see you," said the host, heartily; "are you any relation to my old friend General Welch, who was with Johnston?"

"I don't think so," said Major Welch.

"Ah!—I knew a Major Welch in the artillery, and another in the Sixth Georgia, I think," hazarded the host. "Were you either of those?"

"No," said the Major, with a laugh, "I was not. I was on the other side. I was in the Engineer Corps under Grant."

"Oh!" said the host, in such undisguised surprise that Ruth could feel herself grow hot, and was sensible even in the darkness of a change in her father's attitude.

"Perhaps it may not be agree—I mean convenient, for you to take us in to-night," said Major Welch, rather stiffly.

"Oh, my dear sir," protested the other, "the war is over, isn't it? Of course it is convenient; it is always convenient to take in wayfarers." And he led the horse off, while his daughter, whose quiet voice soothed Ruth's ruffled spirit, conducted them into the house.

When Ruth entered she had not the slightest idea as to either the name or appearance of their hosts. They had evident-

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ly assumed that the travellers knew who they were when they applied to spend the night, and it had been too dark outside for her to see their faces. She only knew that they had rich voices and cordial, simple manners, such as even the plainest farmers appeared to have in this strange land, and she had a mystified feeling. As she entered the door her mystification was only increased. The room into which she was conducted from the little veranda was a sitting or living room, lower in pitch than almost any room she had ever been in, while its appointments appeared curiously incongruous to her eyes, dazzled as they were from coming in suddenly from the darkness. Ruth took this in rather than observed it, as she became accustomed to the light; for the first glance of the two girls was at each other. They were both about the same age and the same size, with perhaps a slight advantage in height in favor of the visitor; but Ruth found herself astonished at the appearance of her hostess. Her face was so refined and her figure so slim that it occurred to Ruth that she might be an invalid. Her dress was simple to plainness, plainer than Ruth had ever seen the youngest girl of her circle wear, and her breastpin was nothing but a brass button, such as soldiers wear on their coats; yet her manners were as composed and gracious as if she had been in society for years.

"Why, she looks like a lady," thought the girl, with a new feeling of shyness coming over her, and she stole a glance around for something which would enable her to decide her hosts' real position. The appointments of the room, however, only puzzled her the more. A plain white board book-case, filled with old books, stood on one side, with a gun resting in the corner against it; two or three portraits of bewigged personages in dingy frames, and as many profile portraits in pastel, hung on the walls, with a stained print or two, and a number of photographs of soldiers in uniform among them. A mahogany table with carved legs stood in the centre of the room, piled with books, and the chairs were a mixture of home-made split-bottomed ones and old-fashioned straight-backed arm-chairs.

"How curious these farmers are," she thought. When her hostess excused herself and went out for a moment, Ruth took advantage of her absence to whisper to her father with genuine enthusiasm: "Isn't she pretty, father? What are they?"

"I don't know, but I suspect—" Just what it was that he suspected, Ruth did not learn; for at that moment their host stepped in at the door and made them another little speech, as if being under his roof required a new welcome. Major Welch began to apologize for running in on them so unceremoniously, but the host assured him that an apology was quite unnecessary, and that they were always glad to welcome strangers who came.

"We are told to entertain strangers, you know; for thereby, they say, some have entertained angels unawares. And though we cannot exactly say that we have ever done it yet," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "we may be beginning it now—who knows?" He made Ruth a bow with an old-fashioned graciousness, which set her almost to blushing.

At supper they were waited on by an old negro woman, whom both their host and hostess called "Mammy," and treated not so much as a servant, as if she were one of the family; and though the china was old and cracked and mostly of odd pieces, her young hostess presided with an ease which filled Ruth with astonishment. "Why, she could not do it better if she had lived in a city all her life, and she is not a bit embarrassed by us," she thought to herself. She observed that the only two pretty and sound cups were given to her and her father. The one she had was so dainty and unusual that she could not help looking at it closely, and was a little taken aback on glancing up to find her hostess's eyes fixed on her. The smile that came into them, however, reassured her, and she ventured to say, half apologetically, that she was admiring the cup.

"Yes, it is pretty, isn't it?" assented the other girl. "It has quite a history; you must get my father to tell it to you. There used to be a set of them."

"It was a set which was presented to one of my ancestors by Charles the Second," said the father, thus appealed to, much as if he had said, "It is a set that was given me yesterday by a neighbor." Ruth looked at him with wide-open eyes and a

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little uncomfortable feeling that he should tell her such a falsehood. His face, however, wore the same calm look.

"If you inspect closely, you can still make out the C. R. on it, though it is almost obliterated. My ancestor was with his father at Carisbrooke," he added, casually, and Ruth, glancing at her father took in that it was true, and at the same moment took in also the fact that they had reached the place they were looking for; and that this farmer—as she had supposed him to be—was none other than Dr. Cary, and the young girl whom she had been patronizing was Larry Middleton's Blair Cary, a lady like herself. How could she have made the mistake! As she looked at her host, the thoughtful high-bred face and air, the aquiline nose, calm eyes and pointed beard suddenly seemed to belong to a Van Dyke portrait. She blushed with confusion over her stupidity, and devoutly hoped within herself that no one had noticed her mistake.

After supper Major Welch and Dr. Cary fell to talking of the war. After a little she heard her father ask about the man he had come South to see, Mr. Hiram Still. "Do you know him?" he asked their host.

"Oh, yes, sir, I know him. We all know him. He was overseer for one of my friends and connections, who was, perhaps, the wealthiest man in this section before the war—Mr. Gray, of Red Rock. He was killed at Shiloh. Still lives at his old place. It turned out that he owed a great deal of money to Still for negroes he had bought to stock a large plantation in one of the other States; at least, the overseer gave this explanation, and produced the bonds, which proved to be genuine, though at first it was thought they must be forged. And I suppose it was all right, though some people thought not; and it looked strange to have that fellow living in Gray's house."

"But he bought it, did he not?" asked Major Welch.

"Oh, yes, he bought it—bought it at a forced sale," said Dr. Cary, slowly. "But I don't know— To see that fellow living up there looks very strange."

"Still lives somewhat lower down, I believe?" said Major Welch.

"No, sir, he is not very far off," said Dr. Cary. "He is just across the river a few miles. Do you know him?"

"No, I do not. Not personally, that is. What sort of a man is he?"

"Well, sir, he does not stand very well," answered Dr. Cary, deliberately.

"Ah! Why? If I may ask?" Major Welch was stiffening a little.

"Well, he went off to the Radicals," said Dr. Cary, slowly; and Ruth was amused at the look on her father's face.

"But surely a man may be a Republican and not be utterly bad?" said Major Welch.

"Yes, I suppose so—elsewhere," admitted the other, doubtfully. "In fact, I have known one or two gentlemen who were—who thought it best to accept everything and begin anew. I did myself at first. But I soon found it impossible. It does not do down here. You see— But perhaps you are one yourself, sir?" very politely.

"I am," said Major Welch; and Ruth could see him stiffen.

"Ah!" Their host leaned a little back. "Well, I beg your pardon. Perhaps we will not discuss politics," he said, with great courtesy. "We should only disagree, and—you are my guest."

"But surely we can talk politics without becoming—ah—we have been discussing the war?" said Major Welch.

"Ah, my dear sir, that is very different," said Dr. Cary. "May I ask, have you any official—ah—do you expect to stay among us?"

"Do you mean, am I a carpet-bagger?" asked Major Welch, with a smile. But the other was serious.

"I would not insult you under my roof by asking you that question," he said, gravely. "I mean, are you thinking of settling among us as a gentleman?"

"Well, I can hardly say yet; but, perhaps, I am—thinking of it," said Major Welch. "At least, that is one reason why I asked you about that man Still."

"Oh, well, of course, if you ask as my guest, I will take pleasure in giving you any information you may wish."

"Is he a gentleman?" interrupted Major Welch.

"Oh, no—certainly not that, sir. He is hand-in-glove with the carpet-baggers, and the leader of the negroes about here.

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He and a carpet-bagger named Leech, and a sort of a negro preacher named Jim Sherwood, who was one of my own negroes, and a negro named Ash, who belonged to my friend General Legaie, and a sort of trick-doctor named Moses—whom, by the way, I saved once from hanging—are the worst men in this section."

Major Welch had listened in silence, and now he changed the subject; for from the reference to Leech he began to think more and more that it was only prejudice which made these men objects of such narrow dislike.

When Ruth went up to bed she was in a sort of maze.

As she dropped off to sleep she could still hear the hum of voices below her, where Dr. Cary and her father were keeping up their discussion of the war.

CHAPTER XXV

Ruth Welch on awaking, still, perhaps, had some little feeling about what she understood to be her host's attitude on the question of Northerners, but when on coming downstairs she was greeted on the veranda by her young hostess, who presented her with a handful of dewy roses, and looked as sweet as any one of them, or all of them put together, her resentment vanished, and, as she expressed it to her mother afterward, she "went over to the enemy, bag and baggage." Her hostess took her around the yard to show her her rose-bushes, particularly one which she said had come from one that had always been her mother's favorite, at their old home.

"We have not always lived here?" Her voice had a little interrogation in it as she looked at Ruth, much as if she had said, "You know?" And just as if she had said it, Ruth answered softly, "Yes, I know."

"It was almost entirely destroyed once during the war, when a regiment of cavalry camped in the yard," continued the young hostess, "and we thought it dead; but to our delight a little sprig put up next spring, and some day I hope this may be almost as good as the old one." She sighed, and her eyes rested on the horizon far away.

Ruth saw that the roses she had given her had come from that bush, and she would have liked to stretch out her arms and take her into a bond of hearty friendship.

Just then her father appeared, and a moment later breakfast was announced. When they went into the little plain dining-room there were other roses in an old blue bowl on the table, and Ruth saw that they not only made the table sweet, but were arranged deftly to hide the cracks and chipped places in the bowl. She was wondering where Dr. Cary could be, when his daughter apologized for his absence, explaining that he had been called up in the night to go and see a sick woman; and then in his name she invited them to remain as their guests as long as might be convenient to them. "They might find it pleasanter than to stay at Mr. Still's." This hospitality they could not accept, but Ruth appreciated it, and she would have appreciated it yet more could she have known that her young hostess, sitting before her so dainty and so fresh, had cooked their breakfast that morning. When they left after breakfast, Miss Cary came out to their vehicle, giving them full directions as to their road and the ford, which, she said, was somewhat difficult. Had her father been at home, she said, he would have taken pleasure in conducting them himself as far as the river. "Uncle Tarquin will tell you about the ford." She indicated a tall old colored man with bushy hair, and a manner as dignified as Dr. Cary's, who was holding their horse.

As they drove along they passed a small house, a little back from the road, hardly more than a double cabin, but it was set back amid fruit-trees, and one great oak sheltered it, and there was an air of quietude and peace about it which went to Ruth's soul. An old lady in a black frock, with a white cap on her gray hair and a white kerchief on her shoulders, was sitting out on the little veranda, knitting, and Ruth was sure that as they drove by she bowed to them.

The sense of peace was still on the girl when they came upon a country-store, at a fork in the road a mile below. There was a well off to one side, and a group of negroes stood around it, two or three of them with old muskets in their hands, and one with a hare hung at his waist. Another of

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them, who stood with his back to the road and had a twisted stick in his hand, and an old army haversack over his shoulder, was, at the moment the wagon drew up, talking loudly and with vehement gesticulation, and as Major Welch stopped to ask a question, Ruth caught the end of what he was saying :

" Jim Sherwood's wife may die or she may git well ; but he's on his way to de graveyard. When I puts my mark agin a man he's gone, whether he's a man or a ooman, and I'se done set it aginst him in a gum-tree."

The little wagon stopping attracted someone, and the speaker turned, and then, quickly, as if to make amends for his loud speech, pulled off his hat and came toward the vehicle with a curious cringing motion.

" My master ; my mistis," he said, bowing lower with each step, until his knees almost touched the ground. He was a somewhat strongly built, dark mulatto, perhaps a little past middle age and of medium height, and as he came up to the vehicle Ruth thought she had never seen so grotesque a figure, and she took in by an instinct that this was the trick-doctor of whom Dr. Cary had spoken. His teeth, with the exception of two or three yellow stumps, were gone, and, as he grinned, nothing showed but two lines of gums, which were as blue on the edges as if he had painted them. His nose was so short and the upper part of his face receded so much that the nostrils were unusually wide and gave an appearance of a black circle in his yellow countenance. His forehead was so low that he had evidently shaved a band across it, which ran around over the sides of his flat head, leaving a tuft of coarse hair right in the middle, and on either side of it were certain lines which looked as if they had been tattooed. Immediately under these were a pair of little furtive eyes which looked in different directions and yet moved so quickly at times that it almost seemed as if they were both focused on the same object, and it was only when it was discovered that they had entirely different expressions that one saw they were not.

Major Welch, having asked his questions, drove on, and Ruth, who had been sitting very close to her father, fascinated by the negro's gaze and curious appearance, could hardly wait for him to get out of hearing before she whispered :

" Oh, father, did you ever see such a repulsive-looking creature in all your life? "

The Major admitted that he was an ugly fellow, certainly ; and then, as a loud guffaw came to them from the rear, he added, with that reasonable sense of justice which men possess and which they call wisdom, that he seemed to be very civil and, no doubt, was a harmless, good creature.

" I don't know," said Ruth, doubtfully. " I only hope I shall never set eyes on him again. I should die if I were to meet him alone."

" Oh, nonsense! " said her father, reassuringly. " They are the most good-natured, civil, poor creatures in the world. I used to see them during the war."

CHAPTER XXVI

It was still early in the day when they drove up to Red Rock. Though there were certain things which showed that the place was not kept up as it had formerly been, it was far handsomer, and appeared to be more extensively cultivated than any place they had yet seen. A long line of barns and stables lay at some little distance behind the mansion, half screened by the hill, and off to one side stretched a large garden with shrubbery, at the far end of which was a grove or great thicket of evergreens and other trees.

A tall man with a slight stoop in his shoulders came down the steps and advanced to meet them as they drove up.

" Is this Colonel Welch? "

" Well, not exactly, but Major Welch," said that gentleman, pleasantly ; " and you are Mr. Still? "

" Yes, sir, I'm the gentleman ; I'm Mr. Still—Colonel Still, some of 'em calls me ; but I'm like yourself, Colonel ; I don't care for titles. The madam, I suppose, sir? " he smiled as he handed Ruth down.

" No, my daughter, Miss Welch," said the Major, a little stiffly.

" Ah! I thought she was a leetle young for you, Colonel ; but sometimes we old fellows get a chance at a fresh covey and we most always try to pick a young bird.

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We're real glad to see you, madam, and to have the honor of entertainin' so fine a young lady in our humble home. My son Wash, the doctor, ain' at home this mornin', but he'll be back to-night, and he'll know how to make you have a good time. He's had advantages his daddy never had," he explained.

There was something in his allusion to his son and his recognition of his own failure to measure up to his standard which made Major Welch overlook his vulgarity and his attempt to be familiar. He decided that Hiram Still was not half as black as he had been painted, and that the opposition to him was nothing but prejudice.

As they entered the house, both Major Welch and Ruth stopped on the threshold with an exclamation. The picture of the man in the space just over the great fireplace caught Major Welch. It seemed to turn back the dial ten years, and brought back vividly the whole of his former visit.

Ruth, impressed by the expression of her father's face, and intensely struck by the picture, pressed forward to her father's side.

"I see you're like most folks, ma'am; you're taken first thing with that picture?" said Still, "and I must say, I don't like it much myself."

He went off into a half revery. The Major was examining the frame curiously. He put his finger on a dim red smear on the bottom of the frame. Memory was bringing back a long train of recollections. Hardly more than ten years before he had stood on that same spot and done the same thing. How different the circumstances were then! This hall was thronged with a gay and happy company; he himself was an honored guest. His gracious host was standing beside him, telling him the story. He remembered it all clearly. Now they were all gone. It was as if a flood had swept over them. These inanimate things alone had survived. He ran his hand along the frame.

The voice of his host broke in on his reflections.

"That thar red paint I see you lookin' at got on the frame one day the picture fell down before the war," said Still, moved by the Major's gravity. "A nigger was paintin' the hairth right below it. It wa'n't nailed then, and a gust of wind come up sudden and banged a door, and the picture dropped right down in the paint. I had jest come back from down South the day befo' and was a-talkin' to Mr. Gray in the hall here that minute. 'Well,' says I, 'if I was you, I'd be sort o' skeered to see that happen—because thar's a story about it.' 'No,' he says, 'Hiram (he always called me Hiram), I'm not superstitious; but if anything should happen, I have confidence in you to know you'd still be a faithful—a faithful friend to my wife and boys,' he says, in them very words. And I says to him, 'Mr. Gray, I promise you I will be faithful.' When a man trusts Hiram Still he needn't be afraid he'll ever go back on him. And that's what I've done, Major—I've kept my word, and yet see how they treat me! So after I got the place I nailed the picture in the wall, or, rather, just before that," he said, in his former natural voice, "and it ain't been down since, an' it ain't comin' down, neither."

His speech seemed to Major Welch like an echo from the past. He had heard almost the same words from the former owner of the mansion, years before.

"But does that keep him from coming on his horse, as they say? Has he ever been seen since you nailed the frame to the wall?" Ruth asked.

"Well, ma'am, I can only tell you that I ain't never seen him," said their host, with a faint little smile. "Some says he's still a-ridin', and every time they hears a horse nicker at night around here they say that's him, but I can't say as I believes it."

"How like he is to a picture I saw at Dr. Cary's, that they said was a young Mr. Gray who still lives about here," said Ruth, recurring to the picture. She turned and was surprised to see what a change had come over her host's face. He suddenly changed the subject.

"Well, I'm glad you've come down, Colonel, only I'm sorry I didn't know just when you were coming. I'd have sent my carriage for you. And I've got the prettiest place in the country for you," he said. He nodded over in the direction of the river. "The house ain't big, but the land's as rich as low-grounds. And you're the very sort of man we want here, Colonel; your name will be worth a heap to

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us. Between ourselves, you can conjure with a gover'ment title like a trick-doctor. Now, this fall, if you just go in with us—How would you like to go to the legislature?" he asked, his voice lowered the least bit, and interrupting himself in a way he had.

"Not at all," said Major Welch; "no politics for me. Why, I'm not eligible. Even if I settle here, I suppose there are some requirements in the way of residence and so forth?"

"Oh, requirements ain't nothin'! We've got the legislature, you see, and we—. There's some several been elected ain't been here as long as you'll be here when the election comes off," he interrupted himself again. "The fact is, Major," he continued, in a somewhat lower key, "we've had to do some things a little out of the regular run—to git the best men we could. You know there is rascals in every party, Major," he explained in an apologetic voice. "But if we could get a gentleman like yourself——"

"No, I'm not in politics," said Major Welch, decisively. "I've neither experience nor liking for it, and I've come for business purposes——"

"Of course, you are quite right, Major; you're just like me; but I didn't know what your opinion was. You've come to the right place for business. It's the garden-spot of the world; the money's layin' round to waste on the ground, if folks had the sense to see it. All it wants is a little more capital."

As Major Welch was desirous to get settled as soon as possible, they rode over that afternoon to take a look at the place Still had spoken of. A detour of a mile or so brought them around to a little farmhouse with peaked roof and dormer windows, amid big locust-trees, on top of a hill. Behind it, at a little distance, rose the line of timbered spurs that were visible from the hall-door at Red Rock, and in front a sudden bend brought the river into view, with an old mill on its nearer bank, and the comb of water flashing over the dam. Ruth gave an exclamation of delight. She sketched rapidly just what they could do with the place. Still observed her silently, and when Major Welch inquired what price was asked for the place, told him that he could not exactly say that it was for sale. The Major looked so surprised at this, however, that he explained himself.

"It was this way," he said; "it was for sale, and it was not."

"Well, that's a way I do not understand. Whose is it?" said Major Welch, so stiffly that the other changed his tone.

"Well, the fact is, Colonel, to be honest about it," he said, "I was born on this here place—not exactly in this house, but on the place—an' I always thought 't if anything was to happen—if my son Wash, the doctor, was to git married or anything, and take a notion to set up at Red Rock, I might come back here and live—you see."

The Major was mollified. He had not given him credit for so much sentiment.

"Of course, if you really wants it," began Still. But the Major said no, he would not insist on a man making such a sacrifice; that such a feeling did him credit.

So the matter ended in Still's proposing to lease the place to him, which was accepted, Major Welch agreeing to the first price he named, only saying he supposed it was the customary figure, which Still assured him was the case.

CHAPTER XXVII

As Major Welch was anxious to be independent, he declined Still's invitation to stay with him, and within a week he and Ruth were "camping out" at the Stampers's place, which he had rented, preparing it for the arrival of Mrs. Welch and their furniture.

No one had called on the new-comers while they remained at Still's; but they were no sooner in their own house than all the neighbors round began to come to see them.

Ruth found herself treated as if she were an old friend, and as if she had known them all her life. One came in an old wagon and brought two or three chairs, which were left until theirs should come; another sent over a mahogany table; a third brought a quarter of lamb—all accompanied by some message of apology or friendliness which made the kindness appear rather done to the senders than by them. In the contribution which the Carys brought, Ruth found the two old cups with

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the royal mark on them, which she packed up and returned with the sweetest note she knew how to write.

As soon as he was settled, Major Welch went to the Court-house to examine the records. He intended to have gone alone, and had made arrangements the afternoon before with a negro near by to furnish him a horse next day. That evening, however, Still, who appeared to know everything that was going on, rode over and asked if he could not take him down in his buggy. He had to go there on some business, he explained, and Mr. Leech would be there and had told him he wanted to see the Major and talk over some matters, and wanted him to be there too.

The Major would have preferred to go first without Still, but there was nothing else to do but at least accept the offer he made of his company, though he preferred to ride the horse he had hired; and the next morning Still drove over and they set out together.

They had not been gone very long, and Ruth was busying herself out in the yard trimming the old rose-bushes into some sort of shape, when she heard a step, and looking up saw the small man they had met in the road, and who had told them the way to Dr. Cary's, coming across the grass.

He "wasn't so very busy just then," he said, "and had come to see if they mightn't like to have a little hauling done when their furniture came."

Ruth thought that they had about arranged with Hiram Still to have it done.

"Hiram—I s'pect he's chargin' you some'n'?"

Ruth supposed so.

"Well, if he ain't directly, he will some way. The best way to pay Hiram is to pay him right down."

He asked her if she would mind his going in and looking at the house, and when she assented, he walked around silently, looking at the two rooms which she showed him—their sitting-room and her father's room—then asked if he could not look into the other room also. This was Ruth's room, and for a second she hesitated to gratify curiosity carried so far; but reflecting that he was a plain countryman, and might possibly misunderstand her refusal and be wounded, she nodded her assent, and stepped forward to open the door. He opened it himself, however, and walked in, stepping on tip-toe. He stopped in the middle of the room and looked about him, his gaze resting presently on a nail driven into a strip in the wall just beside the bed.

"I was born in this here room," he said, as much to himself as to her; then, after a pause, "right in that thar cornder; and my father was born in it befo' me, and his father befo' him; and to think that Hiram owns it! Hiram Still! Well, well, things do turn out strange, don't they? Thar's the very nail my father used to hang his big silver watch on. I b'lieve I'd give Hiram a hoss for that nail, ef I knowed where I could get another one to plough my crop." He walked up and put his hand on the nail, feeling it softly; then walked out.

"Thankee, miss; will you tell your pa Sergeant Stamper 'd be glad to do what he could for him, and ef he wants him jist to let him know?" He had gone but a few steps when he turned back: "And will you tell him I say he's got to watch out for Hiram?"

The next moment he was gone, leaving Ruth with a sinking feeling about her heart. What could he mean?

Meantime, Major Welch and Mr. Still had reached the county-seat. During their ride Still gave Major Welch an account of affairs in the county, and of most of those with whom he would come in contact. Steve Allen he described as a terrible desperado.

When they arrived at Leech's house Major Welch found it a big modern affair, set in the middle of a treeless lot. To Major Welch's surprise Leech was not at home. Still appeared much disconcerted. As they crossed the court-yard the Major observed a sign over a door:

"ALLEN AND GRAY. LAW OFFICE."

"If necessary, we could secure their services," he said, indicating the law office.

Still drew up to his side, and looking around, lowered his voice. They were the lawyers he had told him of, he said. "That was that fellow, Allen, the leader in all the rows that went on."

"Who's Gray?" The Major was still scanning the sign.

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Still gave a curious little laugh.

"He's the one as used to own my place —Mr. Gray's son. He's a bad one, too. He's just come back and set up as a lawyer. Fact is, I believe he's set up as one more to devil me than anything else."

Major Welch said that he did not see why his setting up as a lawyer should bedevil him. Still hesitated.

"Well, if he thinks he could scare me——?"

"I don't see how he could scare you. I would not let him scare me," said Major Welch, dryly.

"You don't know 'em, Colonel," said Still. "You don't know what we Union men have had to go through. They won't let us buy land and they won't let us sell it. They hate you because you come from the North, and they hate me because I don't hate you. I tell you all the truth, Major, and you don't believe it; but you don't know what we go through down here. We've got to stand together. You'll see." The man's voice was so earnest and his face so sincere that Major Welch could not help being impressed.

"Well, I'll show him and everyone else pretty quickly that that is not the way to come at me," said he, gravely. "When I get ready to buy I'll buy where I please, and irrespective of anyone else's views except the seller's." And he walked up to the door without seeing the look on Still's face.

The only occupants of the office were two men. One was evidently the clerk, an old man, with a bushy beard, and keen eyes gleaming through a pair of silver spectacles. The other was a young man, with broad shoulders, a strongly chiselled chin, and a grave and somewhat melancholy face. He was seated in a chair directly facing the door, examining a bundle of old chancery papers which were spread out on his knee and on a chair beside him. As the visitors entered the door he glanced up, and Major Welch was struck by his fine eyes and the changed look that suddenly came into them. Still gave his arm a convulsive clutch, and Major Welch took in by instinct that this was the man of whom Still had just spoken.

If Jacquelin Gray really was the sort of man Still had described him to be, and held the opinions Still had attributed to him, he played the hypocrite well; for he not only spoke to Major Welch very civilly, if distantly, but even rose from his seat at some little inconvenience to himself, as to do so he had to gather up the papers spread on his knee. It is true that he took not the least notice of Still, who included him as well as the clerk in his greeting, the only evidence he gave of being aware of Still's presence being contained in the elevation of his head and a certain quiver of the nostrils as Still passed him.

Major Welch was introduced by Still to the clerk, and stated his errand, wondering at the change in his companion's voice.

"He's afraid of that young man," he thought to himself, and he stiffened a little as the idea occurred to him; and at the first opportunity he glanced at Jacquelin again, who was busy once more with his bundle of papers, in which he appeared completely absorbed. Still was following the clerk, who, with his spectacles on the tip of his long nose, was looking into the files of his deed-books, but Major Welch saw that his eyes were fastened on the young lawyer on the other side of the room. Following Still's gaze, he glanced across at Jacquelin, who had taken several long narrow slips of paper out of the bundle and was at the instant examining them curiously, oblivious of everything else. Major Welch looked back at Still, and he was as white as a ghost. Before he could take it in, Still muttered something and turned to the door. Major Welch, thinking he was ill, followed him.

Outside, the air revived Still somewhat, and a drink of whiskey, which he got at the tavern-bar and told the barkeeper to make "stiff," set him up a good deal. He had been feeling badly for some time, he said; "thought he was a little bilious."

Just as he came out of the bar they saw young Gray cross the court green and go over to his office.

They returned to the clerk's office, and the Major was soon running over the deeds, while Still, after looking over his shoulder for a moment or two, took a seat near Mr. Dockett and began to talk to him. He appeared much interested in the old fellow, his family, and all that belonged to him, and Major Welch was a little amused at the old man's short replies.

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His attention was attracted by Still saying casually that he'd like to see the papers in that old suit of his against the Gray estate.

"They're in the 'ended causes;' Mr. Jacquelin Gray was just looking over them as you came in," the clerk said, as he rose to get them.

"Well, let him look," Still growled, with a sudden change of tone; "he can look all he wants, and he won't git around them bonds."

"Oh, no; I don't say as he will," the clerk answered.

"I'd like to take 'em home with me," Still began, but the clerk cut him short.

"I can't let you do that. You'll have to look at 'em here in the office."

"Why, they're nothin' but—I want Colonel Welch here to look at 'em. They'll show him how the lands come to me. I'll bring 'em back——"

"I can't let you take 'em out of the office." His tone was as dry as ever.

"Well, I'd like to know why not. They don't concern nobody but me, and they're all ended."

"That's the very reason you can't take 'em out; they're part of the records of this office."

"Well, I'll show you if I can't before the year is out, Mr. Dockett. I'll show you who I am." He rose with much feeling.

"I know who you are." The old fellow turned and shot a piercing glance at him over his spectacles, and Major Welch watched to see how it would end.

"Well, if you don't, I mean to make you know it; I'll show you you don't own this county. I'll show you who is the bigger man, you or the people of this county. You think because you've been left in this office that you own it; but I'll——"

"No, I don't," the old man said. "I know you've got niggers enough to turn me out if you want to; but I tell you that until you do, I'm in charge here and I run the office according to what I think is my duty, and the only way to change is to turn me out. Do you want to see the papers or not? You can look at 'em here, just as everybody else does."

"That's right," said Major Welch, meaning to explain to Still that it was the law. Still took it in a different sense, however, and quieted down. He would look at them, he said sulkily; and taking the bundle, he picked out the same slips which Gray had been examining.

"You're so particular about your old papers," he said, as he held up one of the slips, "I wonder you don't keep 'em a little better; you got a whole lot o' red ink smeared on this bond."

"I didn't get it on it." The clerk got up and walked across the room to look at the paper indicated, adjusting his spectacles as he walked. One glance sufficed for him.

"That ain't ink; and if 'tis it didn't get on it in this office. That stain was on that bond when Leech filed it. I remember it particularly."

"I don't know anything about that. I know it wasn't on it when I give it to him, and I don't remember of ever having seen it before," Still persisted.

"Well, I remember it well—I remember speaking of it to him, because we thought 'twas finger-marks, and he said 'twas on it when you gave it to him."

"Well, I know 'twa'n't," Still repeated, hotly; "if 'twas on thar when he brought it here he got 't on it himself, and I'll take my oath to it. Well, that don't make any difference in the bond, I s'pose. It's just as good with that on it as if 'twa'n't?"

"Oh, yes; that's so," said Mr. Dockett. "If it's all right every other way, that won't hurt it."

Still looked at him sharply.

As they drove home, Still, after a long period of silence, suddenly asked Major Welch within what time after a case was ended a man could bring a suit to upset it.

"I don't know what the statutes of this State are, but he can generally bring it without limit on the ground of fraud," said the Major, "unless he is stopped by laches."

"What's that?" asked Still, somewhat huskily; and the Major started to explain, but Still was taken with another of his ill turns.

That afternoon a little before Major Welch's return, Ruth was walking about the yard, looking every now and then down the hill in the direction of Red Rock, from which her father should shortly be coming, when, as she passed near a cherry-tree, she observed that some of the fruit was already ripe. One or two branches

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were not very high. She had been feeling a little lonely, and it occurred to her that it would be great fun to climb the tree. She had once been a good climber, and she remembered the scoldings she had received for it from her mother, who regarded it as "essentially frivolous."

"Dear mamma!" she thought, with a pang of homesickness; "I wish she were here now." This only made her more lonely, and, to break up the feeling, she turned to the tree.

"I could climb that tree easily enough," she said, "and there's no one to know anything about it. Even mamma would not mind that—much. Besides, I could see papa from a greater distance; and I'll get him some cherries for his tea."

Five minutes later she was scrambling up the tree. Higher and higher she went up, feeling the old exhilaration of childhood as she climbed. What a fine view there was from her perch—the rolling hills, the green low-grounds, the winding river, the blue mountains behind; and away to the eastward, the level of the tidewater country, almost as blue at the horizon as the mountains behind her to the westward! How still it was, too! Every sound was distinct; the lowing of cows far away toward Red Rock; the notes of a thrush in the thicket, and the cheep of a sparrow in an old tree. She wished she could have described it as she saw it, or, rather, as she felt it; for it was more feeling than seeing, she thought. The best cherries were out toward the ends of the limbs; so she secured a safe position and set to work gathering them. She was so engrossed in this occupation that she forgot everything else until she heard the trampling of a horse's feet somewhere. It was quite in a different direction from that in which she expected her father, but, supposing that it was he, she gave a little yodel with which she often greeted him when at a distance, and at the same moment she climbed out on a limb that she might look down and see him. Yes, there he was coming round the slope just below her; but how was he going to get across the ditch? If only that bough were not in the way. Ah! now she had the bough and could pull it aside. Heavens! It was a stranger, and he was near enough for her to see that he was a young man. What should she do? Suppose he should have heard her! At the moment she looked he was putting his horse at the ditch; a splendid jump it was. She let the bough go and edged in toward the body of the tree, listening to him and half seeing him below through the leaves as he galloped up into the yard. Perhaps he had not seen her! She crouched down. It was a vain hope. The next instant he turned his horse's head toward the tree and drew him in almost under her.

"I say, is anyone at home?" he asked. The voice was a very deep and pleasant one. Although Ruth was sure he was speaking to her, she did not answer.

"I say, little girl, are Colonel Welch and his daughter at home?"

This time he looked up. So Ruth answered, "No, they were not at home." Her voice sounded curiously wavering.

"Ah! I'm very sorry. When will they be home? Can you tell me?"

"Ah—ur—not exactly," crouching still closer to the tree-trunk and gathering in her skirts.

"You have some fine cherries up there!"

Oh, heavens! why didn't he go away!

To this she made no answer, hoping he would go. He caught hold of a bough, she thought, to pull some cherries; wrapped his reins around it, and the next moment stood up in his saddle, seized a limb above him, and swung himself up. In her astonishment Ruth almost stopped breathing.

"I believe I'll try a few—for old times' sake," he said to himself, or to her, she could not tell which, and swung himself higher.

"I don't suppose Colonel Welch would object?" The next swing brought him immediately below Ruth, and he turned and looked up at her where she sat in the fork of the limb. She could not help being amused at the expression which came into his eyes. Astonishment, chagrin, and amusement were all stamped there, mingled together.

"What on earth—! I beg your pardon!" he began. The next instant he burst out laughing, a peal so full of real mirth that Ruth joined in and laughed too.

"I'm Captain Allen—Steve Allen—and you are——?"

"Miss Welch—when I'm at home."

He pulled himself up to the limb on

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which she sat and coolly seated himself near her.

"I hope you will be at home, Miss Welch, for I am. I used to be very much at home in this tree in old times, which is my excuse for being here now; though I confess I never found quite such fruit on it as it seems to bear now."

The smile in his gray eyes and a something in his lazy voice reminded Ruth of Reely Thurston. The last part of his speech to her sounded partly as if he meant it, but partly as if he were half poking fun at her and wished to see how she would take it. She tried to meet him on his own ground.

"If you had not made yourself somewhat at home you would not have found it now." She was very demure.

Steve lifted his eyes to her quickly, and she was rather nettled to see that he looked much amused.

"Exactly. You would not have had me act otherwise, I hope? We always wish our guests to make themselves at home. You Yankees don't want to be behind us?"

She saw his eyes twinkle, and felt that he had said it to draw her fire, but she could not forbear firing back.

"No, but sometimes it does not seem necessary, as you *Rebels* appear inclined to make yourselves at home, sometimes even without an invitation." Her chin went up a point.

Steve burst out laughing.

"A good square shot. I surrender, Miss Welch."

"What! So easily! I thought you rebels were better fighters. I have heard so."

Steve only laughed.

"'He that fights and runs away,' you know? I can't run, so I surrender. May I get you some cherries? The best are out on the ends of the limbs and I am afraid you might fall." His voice had lost the tone of badinage, and was full of deference and protection.

She said she believed that she had all she wanted.

Steve looked at her.

"You want to get down." This an assertion rather than a question.

"Yes." Defiantly.

"And you can't get down unless I let you."

"N—n—I thought you had surrendered?"

"Can't a prisoner capture his captive?"

"Not if he has given his parole, and is a gentleman."

Steve whistled softly. His eyes never left her face.

"Will you invite me in?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because——"

"I see."

"Because my father is not at home."

"Oh! All the more reason for your having a protector."

"No. And I will make no terms with a prisoner."

With a laugh Steve let himself down to the limb below. Then he stopped, and, turning, looked up at her.

"May I help you down?" The tone was almost humble.

"No, I thank you; I can get down," very firmly.

"I must order your father to stay at home," he smiled.

"My father is not one to take orders: he gives them," she said, her head rising.

Captain Allen looked up at her, the expression of admiration in his eyes deepened.

"I think it likely," he said, with a nod. "Well, I don't always take them so meekly myself. Good-by. Do you require your prisoner to report at all?" He held out his hand.

"Good-by—I—don't know. No."

He smiled up at her. "You don't know all your privileges. Good-by. I always heard you Yankees were cruel to prisoners."

It was said in such a way that Ruth did not mind it, and did not even wish to fire back. The next minute he was on his horse cantering away without looking back, and, curiously, Ruth, still seated on her leafy perch, was conscious of a feeling of blankness.

As Ruth reached the ground she saw her father far across the field, coming up the same road along which her visitor was going away. When they met they stopped and had a little talk, during which Ruth watched with curiosity to see if her visitor would return. He did not, however. It

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was only a moment, and then he cantered on, leaving Ruth with a half-disappointed feeling, and wondering if he had told her father of their meeting.

When Major Welch arrived, Ruth waited with some impatience to discover if he had been told. He mentioned that he had met Mr. Allen and thought him striking-looking and rather a nice fellow; that he had invited him to return; but he said he could not; that he had seen her, and regretted having missed him.

"He is a gentlemanly fellow, but is said to be one of the most uncontrollable men about here—the leader in all the lawlessness that goes on."

Ruth wished to change the subject.

"Did he say where we met?" asked she, laughing and blushing.

"No; only said he had met you."

"He caught me up in a cherry-tree."

"What! Well, he's a nice fellow," said her father, smiling; and Ruth began to think so too.

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

FABIUS

THE intimate connection between the northern campaign against Burgoyne and that conducted at the same time by the main army, under Washington, has been too much overlooked. If the English army in the south had been able or ready to push forward to Albany at all hazards, nothing could have stayed the success of Burgoyne and the consequent control by the British of the line of the Hudson. Lord George Germain's pigeon-holed order and country visits counted for something in delaying any British movement from New York; but if the main army had been free and unchecked, not even tardy orders or the dulness of Howe and Clinton would have prevented an effective advance in full force up the Hudson instead of the abortive raid of a comparatively small detachment. The reason that relief did not reach Burgoyne from the south was simply that the British army there was otherwise engaged and could not come. Washington had entire confidence, after the British reached Ticonderoga, that the whole expedition would end in failure and defeat. He was confident, because he understood all the conditions thoroughly. He had been a backwoods fighter in his youth, he had seen Braddock routed, in the midst of that disaster he had saved the remnants of the shattered, panic-stricken army, and he knew that the people of New England and New York, rising in defence of their homes, and backed by the wilderness, would sooner or later destroy any regular army with a distant base and long communications. For this success there was only one absolutely indispensable condition. No army from the south must be allowed to meet the invaders from the north. That they should not, depended on him, and hence his confidence in Schuyler's measures and in the ultimate destruction of Burgoyne. Yet the task before him was a severe one, in reality far graver and more difficult than that wrought out so bravely and well by the people of the north.

Washington, in the first and chief place, had no wilderness as an ally. He was facing the principal English army, better equipped, better disciplined, much more numerous than his own, and operating in a settled country and over good roads. His enemy controlled the sea, and a seaport was their base of supplies. They therefore

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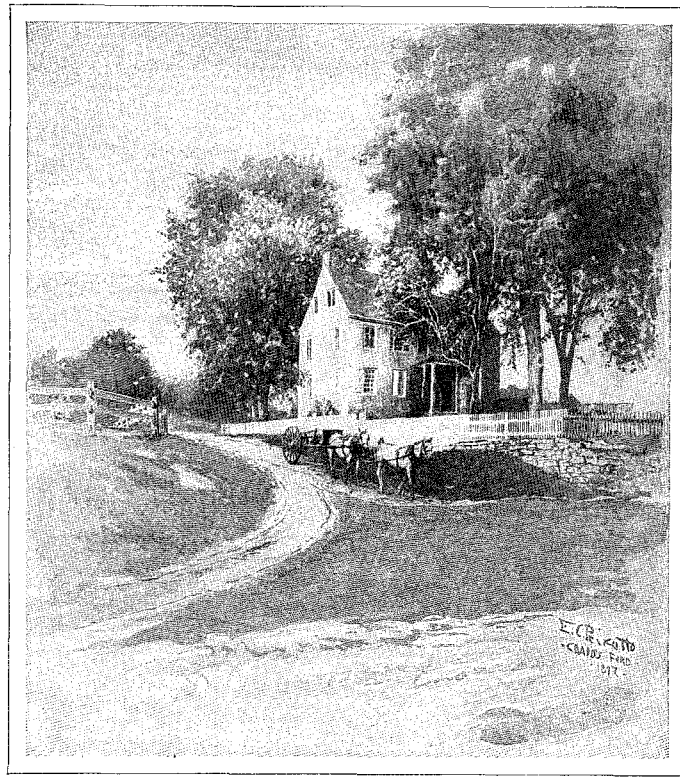

Washington's Head-quarters, near Chad's Ford, at the Time of the Battle of the Brandywine.

had no long line of communications, were not obliged, and could not be compelled, to live off the country, were in no danger of starvation, and were quartered in towns where a large proportion of the inhabitants were loyal to the crown. Washington's problem was to hold the main British army where they were and make it impossible for them to march north while the season permitted. This he had to do by sheer force of his own skill and courage with a half-formed, half-drilled army, an inefficient government behind him, and meagre and most uncertain resources. To succeed, he had, at all hazards, to hold his army together and keep the field, so that the British would never dare to march north and leave him in their rear. In order to accomplish this he would have to fight again and again, keep the enemy in check, employ them, delay them, consume time, and no matter what reverses might befall him, never suffer a defeat to become a rout, or permit his army to break and lose its spirit. The story of the campaign of 1777 on the northern border has been told. The way in which Washington dealt with his own problem and faced his difficulties is the story of the other campaign which went on all through that same spring and summer in the Middle States, and upon which the fate of Burgoyne so largely turned.

After his victory at Princeton, at the beginning of the year, Washington withdrew to Morristown, and there remained in winter quarters until May. His militia, as usual, left him as their terms of enlistment expired, his army at times was reduced almost to a shadow, but still he kept his ground and maintained his organization, which was the one great problem of the winter. In the spring the needed levies came in, and Washington at once took the field and occupied a strong position at Middlebrook. Howe came out from Brunswick, looked at the American position, decided that it was too strong to be forced, and withdrew to Amboy. He made another effort when he heard the American army was at Middletown, but Washington

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Battle of the Brandywine.

Many of the Americans were unskilled militia but they repelled charge after charge of the infantry, chasseurs and grenadiers.

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Lafayette.

From a portrait painted by C. W. Peale, in 1780, for Washington. Now owned by General G. W. C. Lee, Lexington, Va.

eluded him, and Howe then passed over to Staten Island and abandoned New Jersey entirely.

Washington saw so plainly what the British ought to do that he supposed Howe would surely make every sacrifice to unite with Burgoyne and would direct all his energies to that end. He therefore expected him to move at once up the Hudson, and therefore advanced himself to Ramapo, so that he might be within striking distance of New York. He was determined at all costs to prevent the junction with Burgoyne, which he knew was the one vital point of the campaign. For six weeks he remained in ignorance of Howe's intentions, but at last, on July 24th, he learned that Howe had sailed with the bulk of the army, and that the entire fleet was heading to the south. Thereupon he marched toward Philadelphia, but hearing that the fleet had been seen off the capes of the Delaware and had then been lost sight of, he concluded that Howe was bound for Charleston, and made up his mind to return to New York, for he felt that the troops still there would certainly be used to reach Burgoyne, if the American army on any pretext could be drawn away.

He had not entirely fathomed, however, the intelligence of the British commanders. That which was clear to him as the one thing to be done, had not occupied Howe's mind at all. He was not thinking of Burgoyne, did not understand the overwhelming importance of that movement, and had planned to take Philadelphia from the south, having failed to get Washington out of his path in New Jersey. So when he sailed he was making for Philadelphia, an important town, but valueless in a military point of view at that particular juncture. Definite news that the British were in the Chesapeake reached Washington just in time to prevent his return to New York, and he at once set out to meet the enemy. His task at last was clear to him. If possible, he must save Philadelphia, and if that could not be done, at least he must hold Howe there, and stop his going north after the capture of the city. He therefore marched rapidly southward, and passed through Philadelphia, to try by his presence

Lafayette's Head-quarters, near Chad's Ford, during the Battle of the Brandywine.

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to encourage the loyal, and chill the disaffected in that divided town. The intention was excellent, but it is to be feared that his army could not have made a very gratifying or deep impression. The troops were ill-armed, poorly clothed, and almost destitute of uniforms, and the soldiers were forced to wear sprigs of green in their hats to give them some slight appearance of identity in organization and purpose.

Brandywine. Here he determined to make a stand and risk a battle, although he had only 11,000 effective men, and Howe had brought 18,000 from New York. Possessing the advantage of position, he had a chance to win, and he meant to take every chance. With the main army he held Chad's Ford. The lower fords were held by the Pennsylvania militia on the left, while Sullivan, in command of the right

Birmingham Meeting-house, near Chad's Ford.

Old Quaker meeting-house used as a hospital during the battle of the Brandywine, and to which Lafayette was carried when wounded.

Nevertheless, poorly as they looked, their spirit was good; they meant to fight, and when Washington halted south of Wilmington, he sent forward Maxwell's corps and then waited the coming of the enemy.

Howe having tarried six weeks in New York, with no apparent purpose, had consumed another precious month in his voyage, and did not finally land his men until August 25th. This done, he advanced slowly along the Elk, and it was September 3d when he reached Aitken's Tavern, and encountered Maxwell, who was driven back after a sharp skirmish. Howe pressed on, expecting to take the Americans at a disadvantage, but Washington slipped away from him and took a strong and advantageous position at Chad's Ford on the

wing, was to guard those above the main army. This important work Sullivan failed to do, or did imperfectly, and from this failure came defeat. On the 11th, Knyphausen, with 7,000 men, came to Chad's Ford and made a feint of crossing. Meantime, Cornwallis and Howe, with an equally strong column, marched north, and then swinging to the east around the forks of the Brandywine, crossed at the unguarded fords. At noon Washington heard of Cornwallis's movement, and with quick instinct determined to fall upon Knyphausen in his front and crush him. He had indeed begun to cross the stream, when word came from Sullivan that he had been assured by Major Spear, who had been on the other side of the river, that Cornwallis was not

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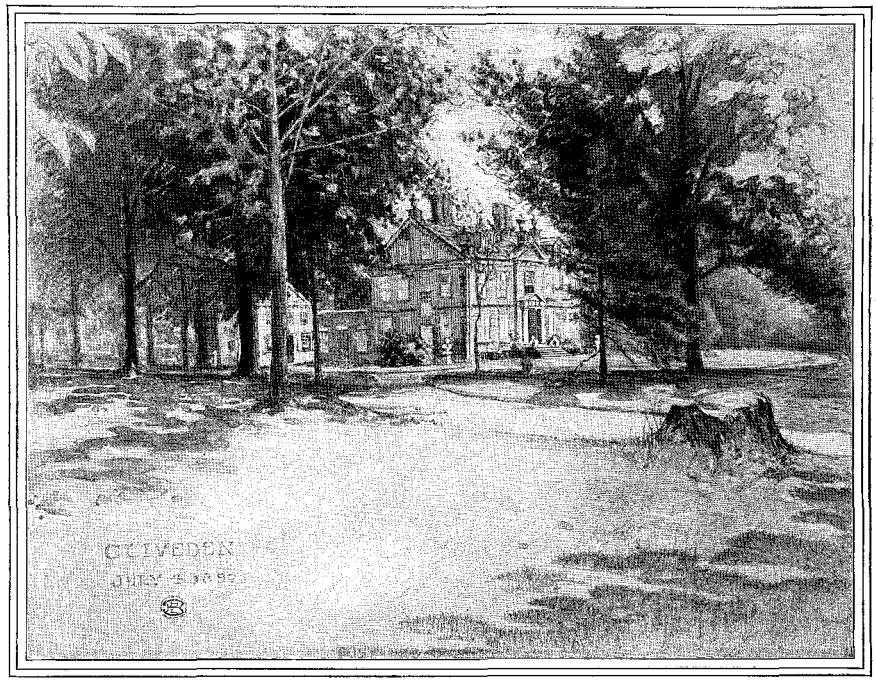
advancing, as reported. This blundering message made Washington draw back his men and relinquish his attack on Knyphausen, and meantime the battle was lost. Sullivan, indeed, could hardly have sent off his fatal misinformation before the British were upon him. He made a brave stand, but he was outnumbered and outflanked, and his division was routed. Washington hearing firing, made rapidly toward the right wing. Meeting the fugitives, he ordered



The Chew House, Germantown.

Greene forward, who with great quickness brought up his division and supported the broken right wing, so that they were able to withdraw to a narrow defile, where they made good their ground until nightfall. At Chad's Ford, Wayne held Knyphausen in check until assured of the disaster to the right wing, and then drew off in good order and joined the main army at Chester. The battle had been lost through obvious faults on the American side, although Washington's dispositions were excellent. If he had crossed when he started to do so, and fallen upon Knyphausen with a superior force at that point, he would have won his fight, even if Sullivan had been crushed. Everything was ruined by the carelessness which caused Sullivan to leave unguarded the fords, of which he did not know, but of which he should have known, and by the blundering message which prevented Washington from attacking Knyphausen. Nevertheless, it is a grievous error in war to be misinformed, and it shows that the scouting was poor and the General badly served by his outposts. These grave faults came, of course, from the rawness of the army and the lack of proper organization. Yet it must be admitted that even in an army recently levied, such misinformation as Sullivan sent to Washington seems unpardonable. Still, despite the defeat, it is easy to perceive a great advance since the defeat at Long Island. Sullivan's men showed some unsteadiness, but the army as a whole behaved well. The American loss was over a thousand, the British five hundred and seventy-nine, but there was no panic, and no rout. Washington had his army well in hand that night, marched the next morning from Chester to Germantown, then recrossed the Schuylkill, and on September 16th faced Howe near Chester, ready to fight again. Skirmishing, in fact, had be-

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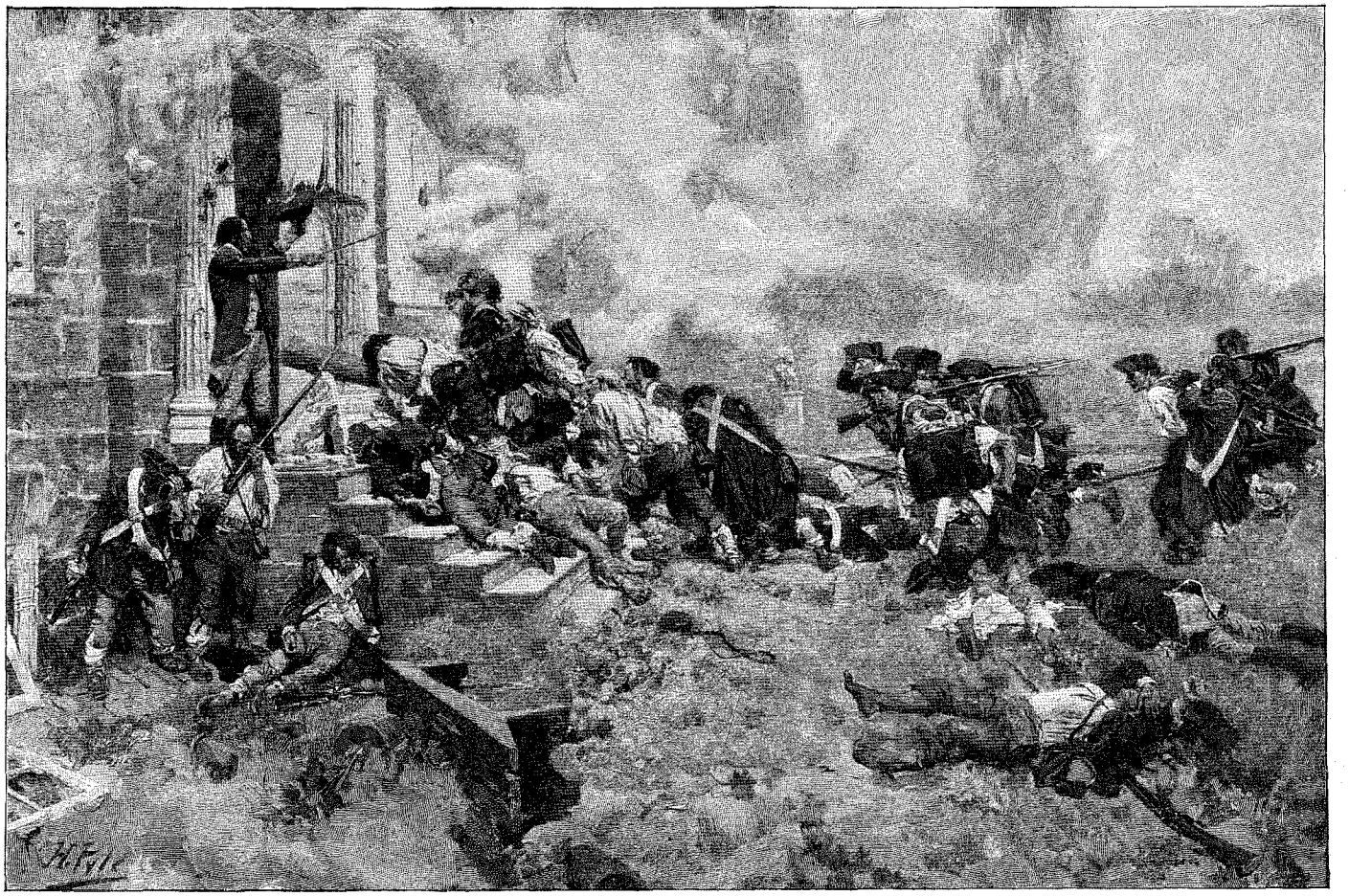

Drawn by Howard Pyle.

The Attack upon the Chew House.

The Continentals tried in vain to batter down the door, which was held in place by a heavy iron bar running across it. The officer upon the steps was of the Seventh Pennsylvania. The one lying upon his face at the right of the picture, had been detailed to come forward with the flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the house. He was permitted to come close to the house and then shot down beside the driveway.—*Note by the artist.*

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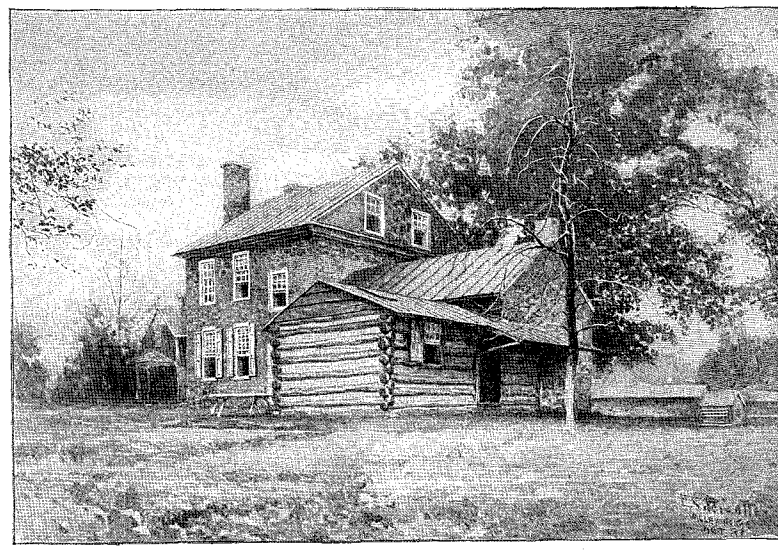
gun, when a violent storm came up and so wet the ammunition on both sides that the firing ceased, and Washington was compelled to withdraw for fresh supplies. He left Wayne behind, who got in the rear of the British and wrote Washington that a terrible mistake had been made in recrossing the Schuylkill, and that a fatal blow might have been struck if he had only remained. He sent this opinion off, supposing that the British were ignorant of his position. Unfortunately they were not, and on the night of the 20th, General Grey surprised him in his camp, and the Americans lost a hundred and fifty men. By courage and presence of mind, Wayne escaped with his cannon and the rest of his men, but with his division much broken by the shock. Coming on top of the defeat at the Brandywine, and due to overconfidence and also again to lack of proper information, this unfortunate affair was not inspiriting to the general tone of the army.

Baron Knyphausen, Commander of the Hessians in the War between England and the United States.

From a drawing, the original of which is in the possession of the Knyphausen family. The reproduction is from a photograph of the drawing, owned by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Howe, on his side, after disposing of Wayne, made a feint which caused Washington to march up the river to protect his stores at Reading, and then turning, marched straight on to Philadelphia. He reached Germantown on the 25th, and the next morning Cornwallis marched into Philadelphia with 3,000 men and took possession of the town. Congress, or whatever was left of it, had fled some days before to Lancaster, but the townspeople remained. Some received the British with loud acclaim, most of them looked on in sullen silence, and the British behaved perfectly well



The Old Potts House at Valley Forge Used by Washington as Head-quarters.

Now a revolutionary museum.

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The Repulse of the Hessians under Count Donop at Fort Mercer.

Donop rallied his men and led them again and again to the attack, but they were met by such murderous fire that they gave way, and Donop was mortally wounded.

and molested nobody. Thus Howe had smoothly and triumphantly achieved his purpose. He sent word to his brother in command of the fleet that the city was won, started intrenchments, and prepared to remove the obstructions and forts by which the Americans still held the river. All had gone very well. The rebels had been beaten, some of their detachments surprised, and their capital taken. Howe thought the business was about over, and perhaps, if he was capable of the effort, was considering a quick march to the north after his conquest of the Middle States and a victorious junction with Burgoyne. While he was making his preparations to clear the river, he kept his main army in Germantown quietly and comfortably, and there on the early morning of October 4th he suddenly heard firing, and riding out, met his light in-

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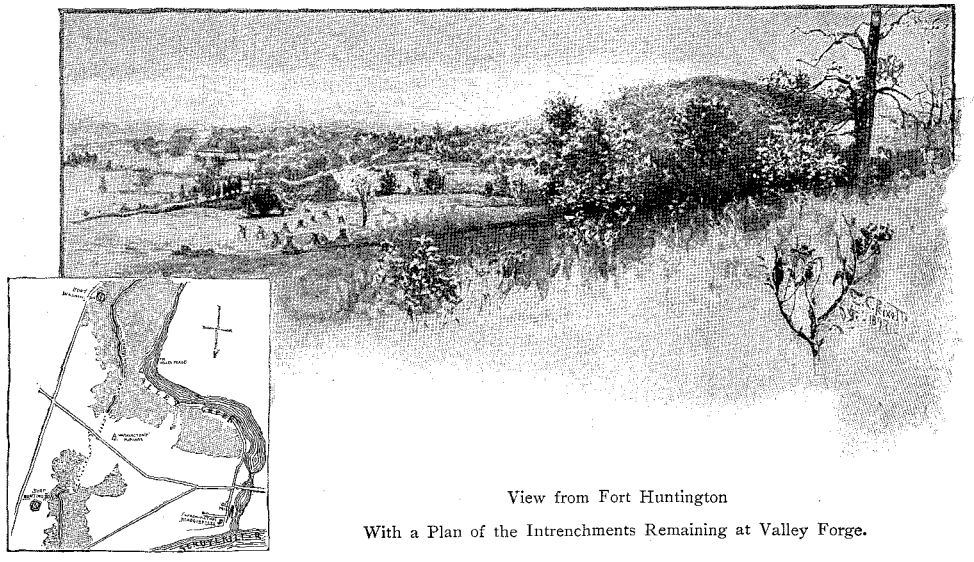
fantry running. He expressed his surprise at their conduct, and then rode back to his main line, for he found a general action had begun. It seemed that the beaten rebels did not understand that they were beaten, and were upon him again, a piece of audacity for which he was not prepared.

Washington had not only held together his army after defeat, but had maintained it in such good trim and spirits that, although inferior in numbers, he was able to assume the aggressive and boldly engage his enemy lying in nearly full force at Germantown. It was a well-planned attack and came within an ace of complete success.

Baron Steuben.
Painted by C. W. Peale, in 1780.

Sullivan, supported by Washington with the reserves, was to make the main attack in front. The Pennsylvania and New Jersey militia were to distract the enemy's attention by demonstrations on the flanks, while Greene, making a wide sweep with a large force, was to come up from the Limekiln road and strike the right wing of the British, forcing them back toward the river. Sullivan waited two hours to give Greene time to come up, and then advanced. At first all went well; the morning was misty and the British were surprised. He drove the enemy rapidly and in confusion before him, and was pressing on to the centre of the town when some companies of English soldiers opened fire from the Chew house, a large stone building, on the reserves, who were following Sullivan. Very unwisely they stopped and tried to take the house, and then endeavored to burn it. Both



View from Fort Huntington

With a Plan of the Intrenchments Remaining at Valley Forge.

The view is from Fort Huntington looking toward Fort Washington, which lies at the end of the white road in the cut between the hills. The line of the main intrenchments is marked by the trees on the summit of the hill. The plan is made to correspond with the view regardless of the points of the compass, north being at the bottom of the plan.

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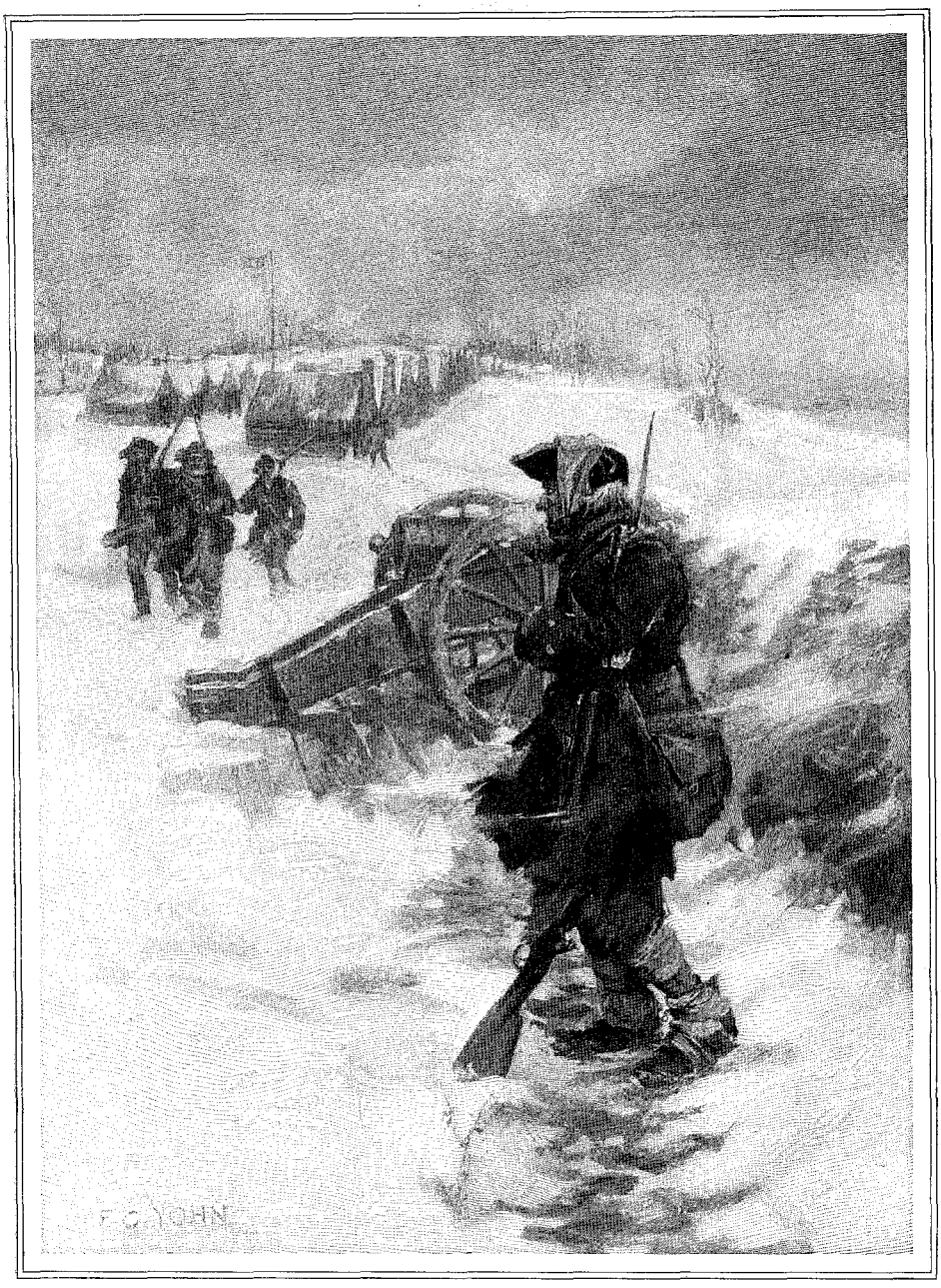

Winter at Valley Forge.
The relief.

attempts not only failed but wasted time and lost men. They should have pushed on, leaving a small body to watch the house, instead of slackening as they did the momentum of the first rush. Even this unlucky delay, however, would not have been fatal if the attack from the east, which was the key of Washington's plan, had succeeded. Greene, however, was half an hour late, and then struck the enemy sooner than he expected, and his line was broken. He kept on, however, and drove the British

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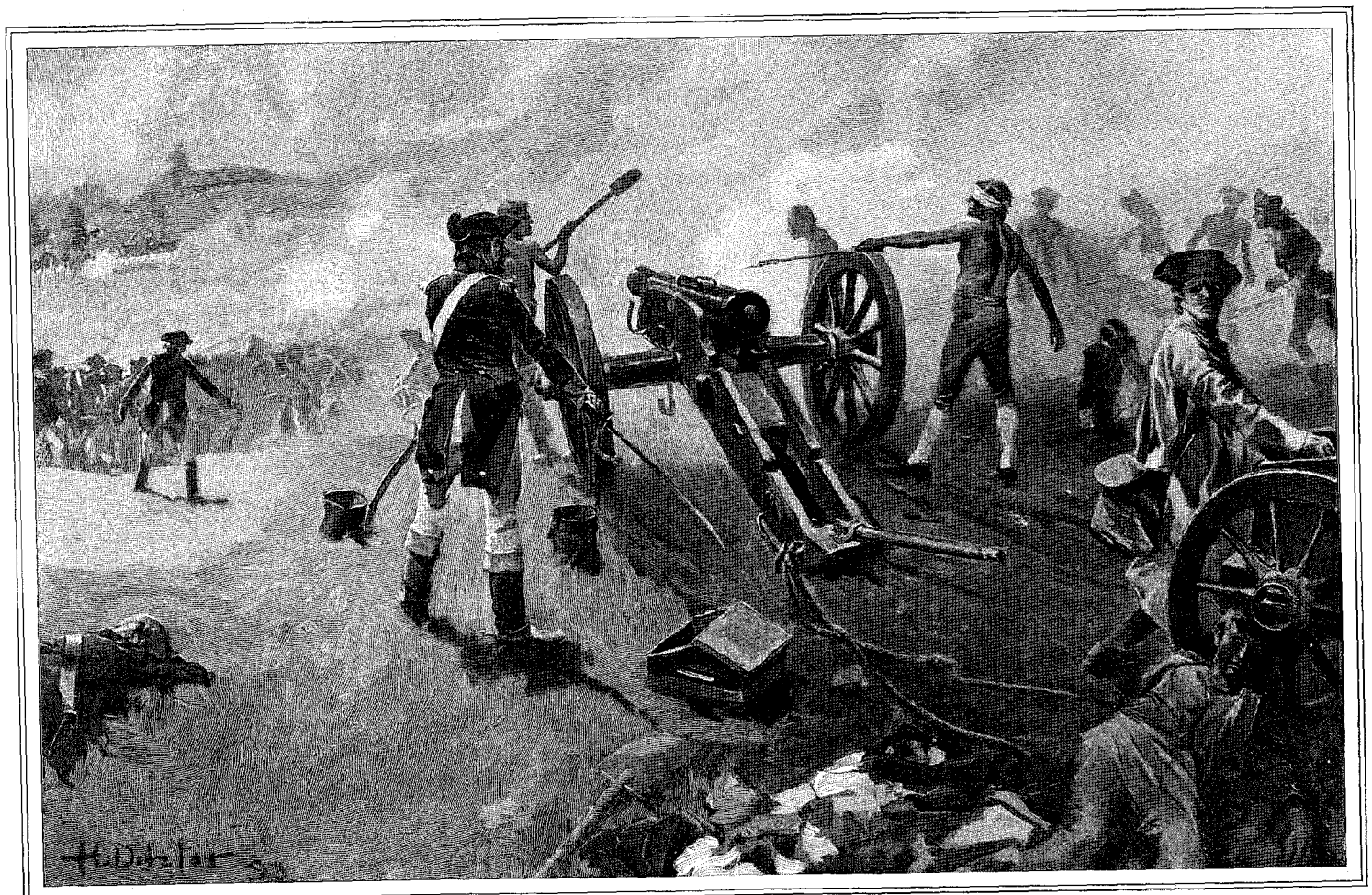

Drawn by H. W. Ditzler.

Battle of Monmouth.

Oswald's artillery, which had drawn two additional guns from Varnum's brigade, was exchanging shots with the enemy.

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back, but reinforcements coming up, he was forced to retreat. Worse than this, one of his divisions going astray in the fog, came up to the Chew house and opened fire. Thereupon Wayne supposed the enemy was in his rear and drew off, uncovering Sullivan's flank, thus forcing the latter to retreat also. The British pursued, but were finally stopped by Wayne's battery at Whitemarsh. The American attack had failed and the army had been repulsed. The causes were the difficulties inseparable from a plan requiring several separate movements, the confusion caused by the thick mist, and the consequent unsteadiness of the new troops. The fighting was sharp, and the Americans lost 673 in killed and wounded, besides 400 made prisoners, while the British lost in killed and wounded only 521. Nevertheless, although repulsed, Washington had not fought in vain. He had shown his ability to assume the aggressive soon after a defeat, and this not only had a good effect at home, but weighed very greatly with Vergennes, who saw the meaning of a battle under such circumstances more clearly than those actually on the scene of action.

House in Arch Street, Philadelphia, where Betsy Ross made the First American Flag from the Design Adopted by Congress.

Moreover, Washington had brought off his army in good spirits, with courage and confidence restored, and still held the field so strongly that Howe, despite his victories, found himself practically besieged, with provisions running short. He could not move by land, and it therefore became a matter of life and death to open the Delaware River so that the fleet could come up to his relief. Accordingly, on October 19th, he withdrew from Germantown to Philadelphia, forced to do so by Washington's operations despite his repulse of the Americans, and turned his whole attention to the destruction of the defences of the Delaware. These defences consisted of two unfinished works: Fort Mifflin on an island in the Schuylkill, and Fort Mercer at Red Bank in New Jersey. Between these points the channel was blocked and the blockade defended by a flotilla of small boats commanded by Commodore Hazlewood and some larger vessels built for Congress. The British fleet forced the obstructions below and came nearly up to Fort Mifflin on October 21st. The next day Count Donop with 2,500 Hessians attacked Fort Mercer, held by Colonel Greene with 600 men. Their first rush was repulsed with heavy loss. The Germans were to have been supported by the fleet, but Hazlewood beat off the vessels sent against him, and drawing in near shore, opened on the flank of the Hessians. Donop rallied his men and led them again and again to the attack, but they were met by such a murderous fire that they gave way, and Donop himself was mortally wounded and made a prisoner. The Hessians lost over four hundred men, the Americans thirty-five. Two British vessels also went aground, were attacked by the Americans, set on fire and blown up. The defence was admirably conducted, and the whole affair was one of the best fought actions of the war.

This attempt to carry the American redoubts by a simple rush had thus not only

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failed but had resulted in heavy slaughter. Even Howe saw that he must take more deliberate measures to attain his end. He accordingly erected batteries on the Pennsylvania shore, which reached Fort Mifflin with most serious effect. Men-of-war at the same time came up and opened fire on the other side. For five days the three hundred men held out, and then, most of their officers being killed or wounded, their ammunition nearly exhausted, their guns dismounted, they abandoned the heap of ruins which they had defended so well, and on the night of November 15th crossed over to Red Bank. This fort, now isolated, was menaced in the rear by Cornwallis, and before Greene could reach it with relief, the garrison were obliged to retreat and leave its empty walls to be destroyed. The defence of these two posts had been altogether admirable, and had served a great purpose in occupying the British General, besides costing him, all told, some six hundred men and two vessels.

Nevertheless, Howe was at last in possession of Philadelphia, the object of his campaign, and with his communications by water open. He had consumed four months in this business since he left New York, three months since he landed near the Elk River. His prize, now that he had got it, was worth less than nothing in a military point of view, and he had been made to pay a high price for it, not merely in men, but in precious time, for while he was struggling sluggishly for Philadelphia, Burgoyne, who really meant something very serious, had gone to wreck and sunk out of sight in the northern forests. Indeed, Howe did not even hold his dearly bought town in peace. After the fall of the forts, Greene, aided by Lafayette, who had joined the army on its way to the Brandywine, made a sharp dash and broke up an outlying party of Hessians. Such things were intolerable, they interfered with personal comfort, and they emanated from the American army which Washington had now established in strong lines at Whitemarsh. So Howe announced that in order to have a quiet winter, he would drive Washington beyond the mountains. Howe did not often display military intelligence, but that he was profoundly right in this particular intention must be admitted. In pursuit of his plan, therefore, he marched out of Philadelphia on December 4th, drove off some Pennsylvania militia on the 5th, considered the American position for four days, did not dare to attack, could not draw his opponent out, returned to the city, and left Washington to go into winter quarters at Valley Forge, whence he could easily strike if any move was made by the British army.

Not the least difficult of Washington's achievements was this same refusal to come down and fight Howe at Whitemarsh. He had been anxious to do so sometime before, for it was part of his nature to fight hard and at every opportunity. Yet when Howe marched against him at this juncture he refused, and the strength of his position was such that the British felt it would be certain defeat to attack. The country, with its head turning from the victory over Burgoyne, was clamoring for another battle. Comparisons were made between Washington and Gates, grotesque as such an idea seems now, much to the former's disadvantage, and the defeats around Philadelphia were contrasted bitterly with the northern victories. Murmurs could be heard in the Congress, which had been forced to fly from their comfortable quarters by the arrival of the victorious enemy in Philadelphia. John Adams, one of the ablest and most patriotic of men, but with a distinct capacity for honest envy, discoursed excitedly about Washington's failures and Gates's successes. He knew nothing of military affairs, but as Sydney Smith said of Lord John Russell, he would have been ready to take command of the Channel Fleet on a day's notice, and so he decided and announced in his impetuous way the greatness of Gates, whose sole merit was that he was not able to prevent Burgoyne's defeat, and growled at the General-in-Chief, who had saved the Revolution, and sneered at him as a "Fabius."

Washington knew all these things. He heard the clamors from the country, and they fell in with his own instincts and desires. He was quite aware of the comparisons with Gates and of the murmurings and criticism in Congress. Yet he went his way unmoved. He weakened himself to help the northern army, for he understood as no one else the crucial character of Burgoyne's expedition. When the news of the surrender at Saratoga came to him,

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his one word was devout gratitude for the victory he had expected. But no comparisons, no sneers, no rivalry could make him move from the lines at Whitemarsh. If Howe would attack him where victory was certain, well and good, but on the edge of winter he would take no risk of defeat. He must hold the army together and keep it where it could check every movement. The conquerors of Burgoyne could disperse to their homes, but the Continental Army must always be ready and in the field, for when it ceased to be so, the American Revolution was at an end. Hence the strong lines at Whitemarsh, as memorable in Washington's career as the lines of Torres Vedras in that of Wellington. Hence the refusal to fight except on a certainty, a great refusal, as hard to give as anything Washington ever did. Hence, finally, the failure of Howe to drive his enemy "beyond the mountains," and his retirement to Philadelphia to sleep away the winter while the American Revolution waited by his side, ready to strike the moment he waked and stirred.

Washington had thus saved his army from the peril of defeat without lowering their spirit by retreating. He had stood ready to fight on his own terms, and had seen his opponent withdraw, baffled, to the city, whence it was reasonably certain he would not come forth again until a pleasanter season. So much was accomplished, but a still worse task remained. He had, it is true, his army in good spirit and fair numbers, but he had to keep it through a hard winter, where it would hold Howe in check, and to maintain its life and strength without resources or equipment and with an inefficient and carping Congress for his only support.

Valley Forge was the place selected for the winter camp. From a military standpoint it was excellent, being both central and easily defended. Critics at the time found fault with it because it was a wilderness with wooded hills darkening the valley on either side. The military purpose, however, was the one to be first considered, and it may be doubted if the army would have found any better quarters elsewhere, unless they had cooped themselves up in some town where they would have been either too distant for prompt action or an easy mark for attack. But, whether due to military expediency or not, the story of Valley Forge is an epic of slow suffering silently borne, of patient heroism, and of a very bright and triumphant outcome, when the gray days, the long nights, and the biting frost fled together. The middle of December in the North American woods; no shelter, no provisions, no preparations; such were the conditions of Valley Forge when the American army first came there. Two weeks of hard work, and huts were built and arranged in streets. The work was done on a diet of flour mixed with water and baked in cakes, with scarcely any meat or bread. At night the men huddled around the fires to keep from freezing. Few blankets, few coverings, many soldiers without shoes, "wading naked in December's snows"—such were the attributes of Valley Forge. By the new year the huts were done, the streets laid out, and the army housed, with some three thousand men unfit for duty, frostbitten, sick, and hungry. They had shelter, but that was about all. The country had been swept so bare by the passage of contending armies that even straw to lie upon was hard to get, and the cold, uncovered ground often had to serve for a sleeping-place. Provisions were scarce, and hunger was added to the pain of cold. Sometimes the soldiers went for days without meat—sometimes without any food, Lafayette tells us, marvelling at the endurance and courage of the men. There is often famine in the camp, writes Hamilton, a man not given to exaggeration. "Famine," a gaunt, ugly fact, with a savage reality to those who met it, and looked it in the eyes, and little understood by excellent gentlemen in Congress and elsewhere. Then the horses had died in great numbers, and in consequence transportation was difficult, enhancing the labor of hauling firewood. Cold, hunger, nakedness, unending toil; it is a singular proof of the devotion and patriotism of the American soldier that he bore all these sufferings and came through them loyally and victoriously. We are told that, tried sometimes almost beyond the power of endurance, the men were more than once on the verge of mutiny and general desertion. But neither desertion nor mutiny came, and if contemplated, they were prevented by the influence of the officers, and most of all by

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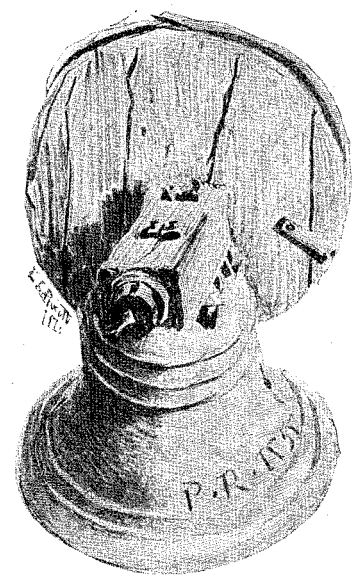
that of the chief officer, whose patient courage, warm sympathy, and indomitable spirit inspired all the army.

And what was the Government, what was Congress doing, while against a suffering much worse than many battles their army was thus upholding the cause of the Revolution? They were carping and fault-finding, and while leaders like Samuel and John Adams and Richard Henry Lee criticised, lesser men rebelled and plotted against the Commander-in-Chief. Mr. Clark, of New Jersey, thought Washington threatened popular rights because he was obliged to take strong measures to feed his army, and because he insisted that the people in the Middle States should take the oath of allegiance to the United States, after tampering with the British amnesty, so that by this proper test he might know friend from foe. Mr. Clark forgot that with a Congress which Gouverneur Morris said had depreciated as much as the currency, it was necessary for the most constitutional Fabius to be dictator as well as "Cunctator." Then James Lovell and others thought it would be well to supplant Washington with the alleged conqueror of Burgoyne, and Gates, slow and ineffective in battle, but sufficiently active in looking after his own advancement, thought so too, and willingly lent himself to their schemes.

This party in Congress found some allies in the army. One of the evils which Washington had to meet, and in regard to which he was obliged to oppose Congress and to do some pretty plain speaking, related to the foreign volunteers. Some of them were men like Lafayette, brave, loyal, capable, and full of a generous enthusiasm, or like De Kalb and Pulaski, good active soldiers, or like Steuben, officers of the highest training and capacity. To such men Washington gave not only encouragement but his confidence and affection. Most of those, however, who flocked to America were what Washington bluntly called them, "hungry adventurers," soldiers out of work, who came not from love of the cause but for what they could get in personal profit from the war. Deane had already been lavish with commissions to these people, and Congress, with the true colonial spirit, proceeded to shower rank upon them merely because they were foreigners, without regard either to merit or to the effect of their action. There had already been serious trouble from the manner in which Congress had appointed and promoted native officers without reference to the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief or to the military situation, which they comprehended very imperfectly. But their policy in regard to foreigners was much worse, and meant the utter demoralization both of organization and discipline. Washington, who was not colonial in the slightest degree, simply because he was too great a man to be so, judged foreigners as he did all men, solely upon their merits. He at once saw the mischief of the Congressional practice, interposed, checked, and stopped it. As a consequence much hostility arose among the "hungry adventurers" and their friends and admirers, and they all joined together in their envy of the General, and began to weave a plot against him. The leader of the movement was an Irish adventurer named Conway, who is remembered in history solely by this intrigue against Washington. He desired to be made a major-general at once. Washington objected on grounds both general and particular, and said that "Conway's merit and importance existed more in his own imagination than in reality." Conway was rendered furious by this plain-spoken opposition, and set himself to work to secure both revenge and the gratification of his own ambition. He turned to



Old Bell Used in the Camp at Valley Forge.

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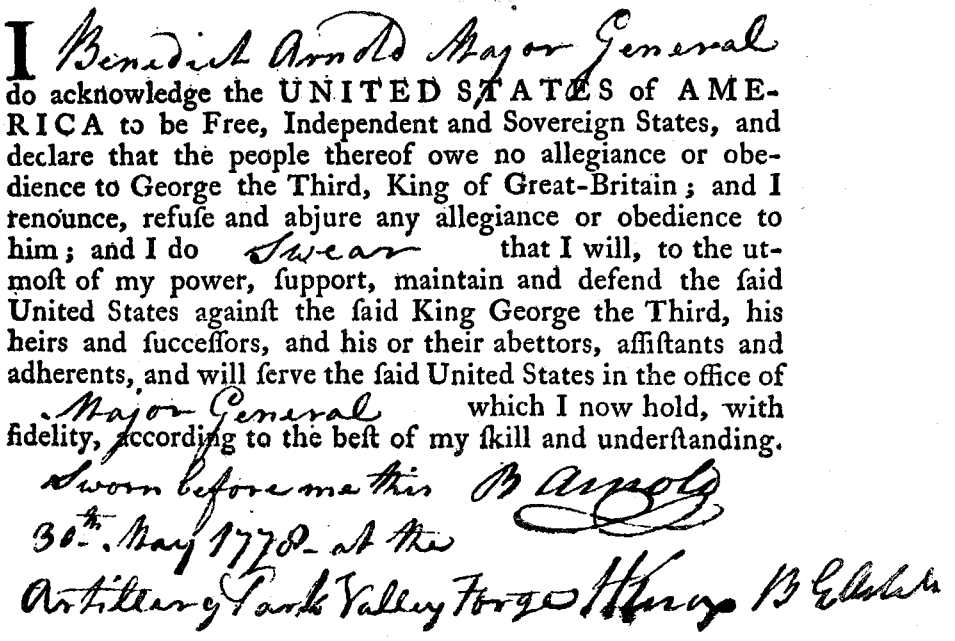
I Benedict Arnold Major General do acknowledge the UNITED STATES of AMERICA to be Free, Independent and Sovereign States, and declare that the people thereof owe no allegiance or obedience to George the Third, King of Great-Britain; and I renounce, refuse and abjure any allegiance or obedience to him; and I do Swear that I will, to the utmost of my power, support, maintain and defend the said United States against the said King George the Third, his heirs and successors, and his or their abettors, assistants and adherents, and will serve the said United States in the office of Major General which I now hold, with fidelity, according to the best of my skill and understanding.
Sworn before me this 30th. May 1778 at the Artillery Park Valley Forge H. Knox
B Arnold
B Edes

The Oath of Allegiance to the United States, signed by Benedict Arnold at Valley Forge, 1778.

Gates as a leader, and one of his letters in which he spoke of a "weak general and bad counsellors" came to the knowledge of Washington. This was absolute insubordination, and Washington wrote a curt note to Conway, who tried to apologize and then resigned, and also communicated with Gates, who passed several months in trying to twist out of his uncomfortable position, while Washington held him relentlessly to the point. The exposure only added fuel to Conway's anger, and the intrigue to get control of military affairs went on. The Conway party was strong in Congress, and they succeeded in having the Board of War enlarged, with Gates at the head of it, and Thomas Mifflin, another opponent of Washington, a member. This Board appointed Conway Inspector-General with the rank of Major-General, a direct blow at Washington, and Gates set himself to hampering the movements of the Commander-in-Chief by refusing men, and offering to him petty slights and affronts. They hoped in this way to drive Washington to resign, but they little knew their man. He had entered on the great struggle to win, and neither reverses in the field nor intrigues in Congress could swerve him from his course. He stood his ground without yielding a jot. He pursued Gates about the letter from Conway which had exposed their purposes, and kept him writhing and turning all winter. He received Conway with utter coldness and indifference when he visited the camp. The plotters could make no impression on him, and even while they plotted, their schemes went to pieces, for they were not strong enough in ability or character to be really formidable. They failed in their plan for an invasion of Canada, and, what was far worse, they broke down utterly in the commissariat, so that, although they could neither frighten nor move Washington, they succeeded in starving his soldiers and adding to their sufferings, something which he felt far more keenly than any attacks upon himself. The failures of the cabal, however, could not be concealed. They were soon apparent to all men, even to a committee of Congress when they visited Valley Forge. Such confidence as had ever been given to the new Board of War vanished, they fell to quarrelling among themselves and telling tales on each other, and they and their party went to pieces. As spring drew near, the end of the "Conway cabal" came. Wilkinson resigned the secretaryship of the Board, Mifflin was put under Washington's orders, Gates was sent to his command in the north, and Conway, resigning in a pet, found his resignation suddenly accepted. He then fought a duel

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with General Cadwalader, a friend of the Commander-in-Chief, was badly wounded, wrote a contrite note to Washington, recovered, and left the country. The cabal was over and its author gone. Washington had withstood the attack of envy and intrigue and triumphed completely without the slightest loss of dignity. It must have been a trying and harsh experience, and yet there were other things which he felt even more.

He looked upon his suffering men and knew that at that moment, in Philadelphia, the enemy were warmly housed and amply fed, amusing themselves with balls, dances, and theatrical performances. The bitter contrast touched him to the quick. Yet even then the Legislature of Pennsylvania thought that he did too much for his army by hutting them in Valley Forge, and that they should keep the open field, live in tents, and try to attack the enemy. This thoughtful criticism was too much even for his iron self-control. He wrote a very plain letter setting forth bluntly the shortcomings of the Pennsylvanians in supporting the army with troops and supplies, and then added:

"I can assure those gentlemen that it is a much easier and less distressing thing to draw remonstrances in a comfortable room by a good fireside, than to occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets. However, although they seem to have little feeling for the naked and distressed soldiers, I feel superabundantly for them, and from my soul I pity their miseries, which it is neither in my power to relieve nor prevent."

So we get the picture. There are the British, snug, comfortable, and entertaining themselves in Philadelphia. There are members of Congress and foreign adventurers intriguing and caballing for military control, with Pennsylvania legislators in the background growling because the army is not camping out, and marching up and down in the wintry fields. All around there are much criticism and grumbling and wounding comparisons with the exploits of the northern army. And there, out in Valley Forge and along the bleak hillsides, is the American Continental Army. All that there is existent and militant of the American Revolution is there, too, just as it was during the previous winter. In the midst is a great man who knows the grim facts, who understands just what is meant by himself and the men who follow him, and whose purpose, the one thing just then worth doing in the world, is to keep, as he says, "life and soul" in his army. He is a man to whom courage and loyalty appeal very strongly, and it wrings his heart to watch his brave and loyal men suffer, yes, wrings his heart in a way that well-meaning gentlemen in Congress and legislative assemblies, self-seeking adventurers and petty rivals cannot understand. It makes his resentment against injustice stronger and his determination to win sterner and more unyielding even than before.

We see in imagination, but Washington saw face to face, his soldiers huddling around the fires at night while the huts were building. He saw them hungry, half-dressed, frost-bitten, hatless, shoeless, struggling to get a shelter. Then the huts were built, and still he was struggling to get them clothes and food and blankets, as well as medicine for the 3,000 sick. He levied on the country, he did not stop for trifles, he meant that, come what might, he would keep his men alive, and in some fashion they lived. With March, Greene became Quartermaster-General, and then the clothing and the food came, too. The weather began to soften and the days to lengthen. The worst had been passed, and yet, through all that darkness and cold, more had been done than keep "life and soul" in the troops, marvellous as that feat was. In their huts on the bleak hillsides, up on the trampled snow of the camp streets, Washington had not only held his men together, but he had finally made his army. Excellent fighting material he had always had, and he had been forming it fast under the strain of marches, retreats, and battles. But still it lacked the organization and drill which were possessed by the enemy. These last Washington gave it under all the miseries and sufferings of Valley Forge. Good fortune had brought him a man fit for this work above almost any other. Baron Steuben was a Prussian, a distinguished officer of the Seven Years' War, trained in the school of Frederick, the most brilliant soldier of the time. A man who had followed the great King when he had faced all Europe in arms

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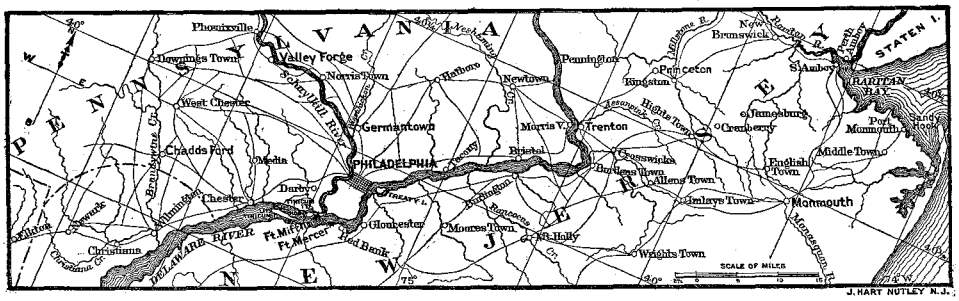

against him, knew what fighting was and what discipline could do. All he needed was good material, and that he found at Valley Forge. So Washington brought his army out of this awful winter not only with "life and soul" in them, but better equipped, thanks to Greene and the French loans, than ever before, increasing in numbers, owing to the new levies which came in, and drilled and organized in the fashion of the King of Prussia. Early in May came the news of the French alliance, which was celebrated in the American camp with salvoes of cannon and musketry, and with the cheers of the troops for the King of France and for the United States of America. This event, so anxiously awaited, cheered and encouraged everyone, and with his army thus inspirited, disciplined, and strengthened, Washington took the field and assumed the aggressive.

Meantime the British lingered in Philadelphia. As Franklin truly said, Philadelphia took them, not they the city; but this fact, clear at the outset to Franklin and Washington, was not obvious to others for some time. At last glimmerings of the truth penetrated the mists which overhung the British Ministry. They vaguely perceived that Howe had consumed a great deal of time and lost a great many men, while all that he had to show for these expenditures were comfortable winter quarters in Philadelphia, where he did nothing and where Washington watched him, and held him cooped up by land. So the Ministry decided to recall Howe and give the command to Clinton, an entirely unimportant change, so far as the merit of the two men was concerned. It seemed, however, a very serious matter to the British in Philadelphia, and a pageant called the Mischianza was held in Howe's honor on May 18th. There was a procession of boats and galleys on the river, moving to the music of hautboys, between the lines of the men-of-war dressed in bunting, and firing salutes. Then followed a regatta, and after that a mock tournament, where "Knights of the Burning Mountain" and of the "Blended Rose" contended for the favor of a Queen of Beauty. In the evening there were fireworks, a ball, and a gaming table with a bank of two thousand guineas; all in honor of the General, whom the tickets described as the setting sun, destined to rise again in greater glory. Stimulated by this blaze of millinery and pasteboard glory, Howe waited for a last touch of glory, which was to come by surprising Lafayette, whom Washington had sent forward to observe the enemy at Barren Hill. The attempt was well planned, but the young Frenchman was alert and quick, and he slipped through his enemy's fingers unscathed. It being now apparent that the time for rising in greater glory had not arrived, Howe shortly after took himself off, out of history and out of America, where Clinton reigned in his stead.

The change of commanders made no change of habits. Clinton tarried and delayed, as Howe had done before him. It was obvious that he must get to New York, for he was isolated where he was, and the French alliance would soon produce fleets, as well as fresh troops. Yet still he lingered. The especial peace commission, with Lord Carlisle at its head, was one fruitful cause of hesitation and delay, but like every conciliatory movement made by England, this also was too late. The concessions which would have been hailed with rejoicing at the beginning, and accepted even after war had been begun, were now utterly meaningless. Washington was determined to have independence, he would not sheath his sword for less, and he represented now as ever the sentiment of Americans. The only peace possible was in independence. The colonies were lost to England, and the sole remaining question was, how soon she could be forced to admit it. So the peace

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commission broke down, and not having been consulted about the evacuation of Philadelphia, and having failed conspicuously and rather mortifyingly in their undertaking, retired in some dudgeon to England, to add their contribution to the disapproval and disaffection fast thickening about the King's friends who composed the Ministry.

Clinton, for his part, gradually got ready to carry out his orders and leave Philadelphia. Having made all his arrangements, he slipped away on June 18th, so quietly that the disheartened and deserted loyalists of Philadelphia hardly realized that their protectors had gone. Washington, however, knew of it at once. He had made up his mind that Clinton would try to cross New Jersey, and he meant to attack, although he was still inferior in numbers, for the British, notwithstanding the fact that they had been weakened both by desertions during the winter and by losses in battle during the previous autumn, appear still to have had 17,000 men against 13,000 Americans. Despite this disparity of force, Washington had entire confidence in the instrument he had been fashioning at Valley Forge, and he meant to use it. General Lee, who, unfortunately, had been exchanged and was now again in the American camp, had but one firm conviction, which was, that the British army was invincible and that our policy was simply to keep out of its way. He argued that the British would never yield Pennsylvania, and that they were in fact intending to do everything but what they really aimed at, a speedy march to New York. Washington quietly disregarded these opinions, and as soon as the British left Philadelphia, broke camp and moved rapidly after them. At Hopewell a council of war was held, and Lee now urged building bridges of gold for the enemy and aiding them to get to New York. A majority of the council, whom Alexander Hamilton scornfully called "old midwives," still under the spell of an "English officer," sustained Lee. But Washington had passed beyond the time when he would yield to councils of war which stood in the way of fighting, and supported by active men like Greene, Wayne, and Lafayette, he firmly persisted in his plans. He detached Wayne and Poor with their forces to join Maxwell and the New Jersey militia, who were to engage the enemy, while he brought up the main army. Lee, entitled to the command of this advanced division, first refused to take it, and then changed his mind most unluckily, and displaced Lafayette, to whom the duty had been assigned when Lee declined.

Meantime, Clinton, much harassed by the New Jersey militia, and with his men suffering from heat and thirst, and dropping out of the ranks, was slowly making his way north. At Crosswicks, which he reached just in time to save the bridge, he found Washington on his flank. To escape he had to take a quicker route, so sending ahead his baggage-train, which was from eight to twelve miles long, he swung toward Freehold, making for the Neversink Hills and the coast. On the 26th he encamped at Monmouth Court-House, while his left was still at Freehold. The American army was now only eight miles distant, and the advance under Lee but five miles away. Washington sent orders to Lee to attack the next day as soon as the British resumed their march, but Lee made no plan and the next morning did nothing until the militia actually opened fire on Knyphausen's rear-guard, who turned to meet them. As the militia retired they met Lee, who engaged the enemy and then began to fall back and move his troops about here and there with the intelligent idea of cutting off isolated parties of the enemy, an unusual way of beginning a general action. His men were ready and eager to fight, but they became confused by Lee's performances, lost heart, and finally began to retreat, while Clinton, seeing his advantage, pushed forward reinforcements. Washington hearing that Dickenson and his New Jersey militia were engaged, sent word to Lee to attack and that he would support him. He was pressing on with the main army, the men throwing away their knapsacks and hurrying forward through the intense heat, when word came to him that Lee was retreating. He would not believe it. He could not conceive that any officer should retreat as soon as the enemy advanced, and when he knew that the main army was hastening forward to his support. Filled with surprise and anger, he set spurs to his horse and galloped to the front. First he

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met stragglers, then more and more flying men, then the division in full retreat. At last he saw Lee, and riding straight at him, asked with a fierce oath, as tradition says, what he meant by retreating. Self-control was gone and just wrath broke out in a storm. The dangerous fighting temper, so firmly kept in hand, was loose. Lee, impudent and clever as he was, quailed and stammered. The question was repeated. There was and could be no answer. Lee went to the rear, to a court-martial, and to private life, sinking out of history to join Conway and the rest of the unenviable company of adventurers who wanted to free America by obtaining high rank for themselves and admiring the enemy.

This particular scene was soon over and the real work began. The master had come at last. Like Sheridan at Cedar Creek, the retreating men rallied and followed the Commander-in-Chief. The broken division was re-formed in a strong position, the main army was brought up, the British were repulsed, and Washington, resuming the aggressive, drove the enemy before him and occupied the battle-ground of the morning. Then night fell, and under cover of darkness Clinton retreated as fast as he could, dropping men as he went, and finally reaching his fleet and New York before the Americans could again come up with him.

Contrast this fight with Long Island and it can be seen how an American army had been made in the interval. Thrown into disorder and weakened by the timid blundering of their General, the advance division had been entirely rallied, the main army had come up, the battle had been saved, and a victory won. Had it not been for Lee, it would have been a much more decisive victory, and Clinton's army would have been practically destroyed. As it was, he lost some 500 men at Monmouth to the Americans 229. Along his whole retreat he lost nearly 2,000. "Clinton gained no advantage," said the great soldier at Sans Souci watching events, "except to reach New York with the wreck of his army."

Washington was victor at Monmouth, and had lost Brandywine and Germantown, but he had won the campaign. The British had been driven from the Middle States as they had been expelled from New England, for they held nothing now but the port of New York, which was actually covered by the guns of their fleet. They had tried to reach Philadelphia from the north, and had been baffled and forced back by Trenton and Princeton. They had approached and occupied it from the south, but it was worthless and a source of weakness unless they could establish a line to New York which would enable them to control both cities and the intervening country. This Washington had prevented by holding Howe fast in Philadelphia and checking any movement by land. When spring came it was evident that to attempt to hold both cities, isolated as they were, required two armies, and under existing conditions was a source of weakness which threatened a great disaster. Clinton had no choice but to retreat, and he lost a battle and 2,000 men in doing so, and reached New York with a beaten and broken army. New York he continued to hold, Newport he held for a time, and that was all. There were some affairs of outposts, some raids, here and there, some abortive invasions, but the Middle States had gone as New England had gone from the British, swept clear by Washington's campaigns.

As the evacuation of Boston closed the British campaign for the control of New England, so the battle of Monmouth ended all effective military operations to recover English supremacy in the Middle States. The victory at Monmouth also marks the beginning of the best work of the American army, finally made such by hard fighting and by the discipline and drill of Valley Forge. Never again did the Continental Army under Washington suffer defeat. From the victory at Monmouth, the last general engagement in the north, to the surrender of Yorktown, the army of Washington endured much, but they were never beaten in action when he led them. This was the result of two years of victory and defeat, of Trenton, and of Germantown, of steady fighting and patient effort. But, above all, it was the outcome of two bitter winters and of Valley Forge, when the man sneered at in those days as "Fabius" not only kept "life and soul" in his army, but in the American Revolution, which that army represented when it faced alone the power of England.

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THE WORKERS—THE WEST

BY WALTER A. WYCKOFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. R. LEIGH

IV—A FACTORY-HAND

No. — BLUE ISLAND AVENUE, CHICAGO,
Wednesday, February 3, 1892.

AT half-past five this afternoon I completed seven weeks of service as a hand-truckman in a factory. Mrs. Schulz, my landlady, tells me that she is sorry that I am going away; and now that the long-looked-for end is come, I am not in the least elated, as I thought that I should be. But the days are lengthening markedly with the promise of the coming spring, and I am forcefully reminded that the time grows short for the study at close range of much that still awaits me in this great working city before I can well set out again upon my westward journey.

Seven weeks as a factory-hand is very little. Like all phases of my experiment, it is but the lightest touch upon the surface of the life which I seek to understand. Strong and infinitely appealing are the basal elements of existence, and yet mysterious, evasive, receding like a spectre from your craving grasp. And in the secret of its veiled presence speaks a Voice: "Only through living is it given unto men to know; none but the heaven-sent may know otherwise. Not by experiment, but only through the poignancy of real agony and joy is my secret learned."

As a witness of certain external conditions and as a sharer in them, I may tell nothing but the truth, and yet the whole truth reaches far beyond the compass of my vision—the joys and creature comforts of men whose birth and breeding and life-long training fit them smoothly to circumstances which seem to me all friction; the blind human agony of these men, as necessity bears hard upon them, and, helpless, they watch the bitter sufferings of their wives and children, and have no hope nor any escape but death; the unconscious delight in living intensely in the present with easy adjustment to homely surroundings, and no anxious thought for the future, and no morbid introspection; the sharply conscious endurance of grim realities, which baffle the untrained reason and paralyze the will, and make of a strong man a terrified child in the grip of the superstitious horrors of disease, and loss of work, and the "bad luck" which plays so large a part in that sordid thing which he calls life.

For seven weeks I have worked daily in the company of two thousand hands, and have lived with half a score of them in a tenement house near the factory, and yet I am leaving them with but the slenderest knowledge of their lives.

It was one bitter cold morning a little past the middle of December that I was taken on. I had had a good supper on the night before and a sound night's sleep; and the pleasure of being set to work once more, of being caught up again into the meaningful movement of men, was tempered only by a lack of breakfast and a long walk through the cold gray dawn.

Crist was my boss. Crist is foreman of the gangs of men who load the box-cars which flank the long platforms beside the warehouses of the factory. Wide sloping eaves project from the buildings' sides to a point nearly over the edge of the platforms, and under these are stored the new mowers and reapers and harvesters, gay in gorgeous paint, and reduced to the point of easiest handling, their subordinate parts near by in compact crates and boxes, all ready for immediate shipment.

The proper loading of the cars is a work requiring great skill and ingenuity on Crist's part; for the men it is the mere muscular carrying out of his directions. Under Crist's guidance the superficial area of a car

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is made to hold an incredible amount. By long practice he has learned the greatest possible economy of space, in the nice adjustments of varying bulks, so that each load is a maximum, in point of number, of complete machines.

There was like shrewdness, I thought, in his handling of the men. After his first orders to me I came almost not at all under his direct control through the few days in which I worked in his department. But I had many opportunities then and later, too, of observing him. A tall, old, lithe Norwegian, with a certain awkward, lanky efficiency of movement, he had the mild manner and the soft, low speech of the hard-of-hearing. He never blustered, certainly, and apparently he never swore, but the m n under him worked without hurry and without intervals in a way which told superbly in the total work accomplished.

A gang of six or eight laborers under his direction was just beginning the loading of an empty box-car when I was taken on. They were stalwart, hardy workmen for the most part, their faces aglow in the cold, their muscular bodies warmly clothed, and the folded rims of their heavy woollen caps drawn down to protect their ears. Over their work-stained overalls some of them wore thick leather aprons which were darkened and polished by wear to the appearance of well-seasoned razor-strops, and on their hands they all wore stout gloves or mittens, which, through long use, had reached a perfect flexibility and fitness to their work.

"John," said Crist, addressing one of the gang, a short, rather slender Irishman, with a smooth-shaven, sallow face, "John, you take this man and fetch down the dry tongues from the paint-shop. There's the wagon-truck," and he pointed to a vehicle whose heavy box, open at both ends, and rising at the sides to a height of three feet, was supported on two small iron wheels, while an iron leg under the heavier end kept the bottom of the truck horizontal.

"Yes, sir," came instantly from John, as he stepped alertly from among the men and joined me, his small, gray eyes looking inquisitively into mine and showing in their sudden light the pleasure which he felt in being thus singled out for special work and put in charge of a new hand.

"Come this way," he said to me. "Me and you is partners. What's your name? My name's John, John Barry. Some calls me Jake, but my name's John," he concluded, with an emphasis which made it clear that he had a rooted objection to "Jake."

Barry's Christian name I considered a poaching upon my preserve, and I was feeling about for a new handy prænomen; but without waiting for an answer he continued swiftly on his loquacious way, calling me "partner" the while, as Clark had done, and "partner" I remained through the days of our co-labor.

Barry was an old hand; he knew his way about the factory perfectly. We pushed the truck before us into a warehouse and through a long, dim passage between piles of various portions of the various machines which rose to the ceiling in compact stacks on both sides of us as we walked the great length of the building. It was as dark as a tunnel, except where an occasional gas-jet burned brightly in the centre of a misty halo. The cold, unchanging air that never knew the sunlight chilled us to the bone, and near the gas we could see our breath rising in clouds of white vapor. We came at last to an elevator, and, having pushed our truck aboard, we rose to the next landing. Then down another long, dark, damp passage we passed until we reached a covered bridge, a run-way, as the men call it, which sloped upward to the paint-shop in the main building of the factory.

The spring-doors at the head of the bridge flew open to the sharp ram of our truck, and we followed into a large room which was flooded with sunlight from its serried windows. There appeared to be hundreds of "binders" in the room, all painted white and extending in long, straight rows on wooden supports which held them a few feet from the floor. Among these rows moved the men who "stripe" the binders. Their hands and clothing were daubed with paint, and even as we passed we could see the slender, even lines of brilliant color appearing as by magic along the white surface of the machines, under the swift, sure stroke of these skilled painters.

This is their sole occupation. Along a side-wall of the room moves slowly, on

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a ceiling-trolley, a long line of steel binders, all grimy from the hands of the men who join the different parts. In one corner is a tank of white paint, and by a system of pulleys each binder, as it passes, is lowered to the bath, completely immersed, and then drawn dripping back to the trolley. Presently it is lowered to a support, and is there allowed to dry. The stripers move down the lines, following close upon the drying of the paint, and the machines, soon ready for shipment from their hands, are transferred to the packing-rooms, the vacant places being quickly occupied by binders fresh from the bath. This is one phase of the endless chain of factory production under high division of labor.

Barry and I passed on through a communicating door to another room of about equal size and of equal light and airiness with the last. The temperate air was pungent with the smell of varnish and new paint. It passed with a pleasant sense of stinging freshness down into our lungs. We had reached our destination; for large sections of the room were closely stacked with tongues of various sizes, all standing on end in an ingenious system of grooves on the floor and ceiling. Some were newly come from the turning-mill; others had been painted, and now awaited varnishing; some had passed both of these processes, and were ready for the stripers; while in one corner stood those which had been painted and varnished and striped, and which were dry and ready to be taken to the platform, where Crist had ordered Barry and me to stack them.

Barry soon taught me how to load them properly, and, having filled the truck, we descended by an elevator to the ground-floor and passed out again into the bracing air of the open platforms, where we carefully stacked the tongues under the eaves, convenient to the loading of the cars. Round after round we made, going always and returning by the same course, loading the truck and stacking the tongues as quickly as we could. The work was not hard. There was a knack in the proper handling of the tongues, but it was readily acquired, and then one could settle down easily to the routine of work, whose monotony was broken by the recurring trips.

One incident checked us in the way. It was our happening to meet the time-keeper on his rounds. Barry dropped everything until he had made assurance doubly sure that his presence had been duly noted in the book. Seeing that I was a new hand the time-keeper quickly took my name, and then passed on with a parting word of caution to me about the proper record of my time.

Barry was evidently in high enjoyment of the situation. The work suited him, and the directing of a novice was hugely to his taste. There was little stay in the even current of his talk. I began to feel not unlike a "new boy" at school, for, with the air of a mentor, he pointed out to me all the sections of the factory, and the different occupations of the men, and the individual foremen as we chanced to see them. Once, as we were busily stacking tongues, his voice fell suddenly to a confidential tone, and his task was plied with tenser energy.

"Do you see that man talking to Crist?" he said to me, almost in a whisper, and with his eyes intent upon his work.

I had noticed someone who seemed to be a member of the managing staff.

"That's Mr. Adams," Barry continued. "He ain't the head boss, but he's next to the head. He's an awful nice man. He was a working-man himself once. I've heard that he was a carpenter in the factory when the old man was alive, and that he was promoted to be next to the head boss. He knows what work is, and he's awful nice to the men, but you don't never want to let him catch you idle."

We had just finished stacking the load and had started again for the warehouse, when we caught sight of a neatly dressed man of medium height who was crossing a temporary bridge, which joined the platform by the main building over the railway-track to the one where we were at work. I felt the truck shoot forward at a speed which I had to follow almost at a run. In the dark passage of the warehouse Barry was soon talking again, and again in an awed undertone.

"That was the head boss," he said, impressively. "That was Mr. Young himself." And he looked surprised that I did not stagger under the announcement, although, to do him justice, I did feel a good deal as the new boy might, brought

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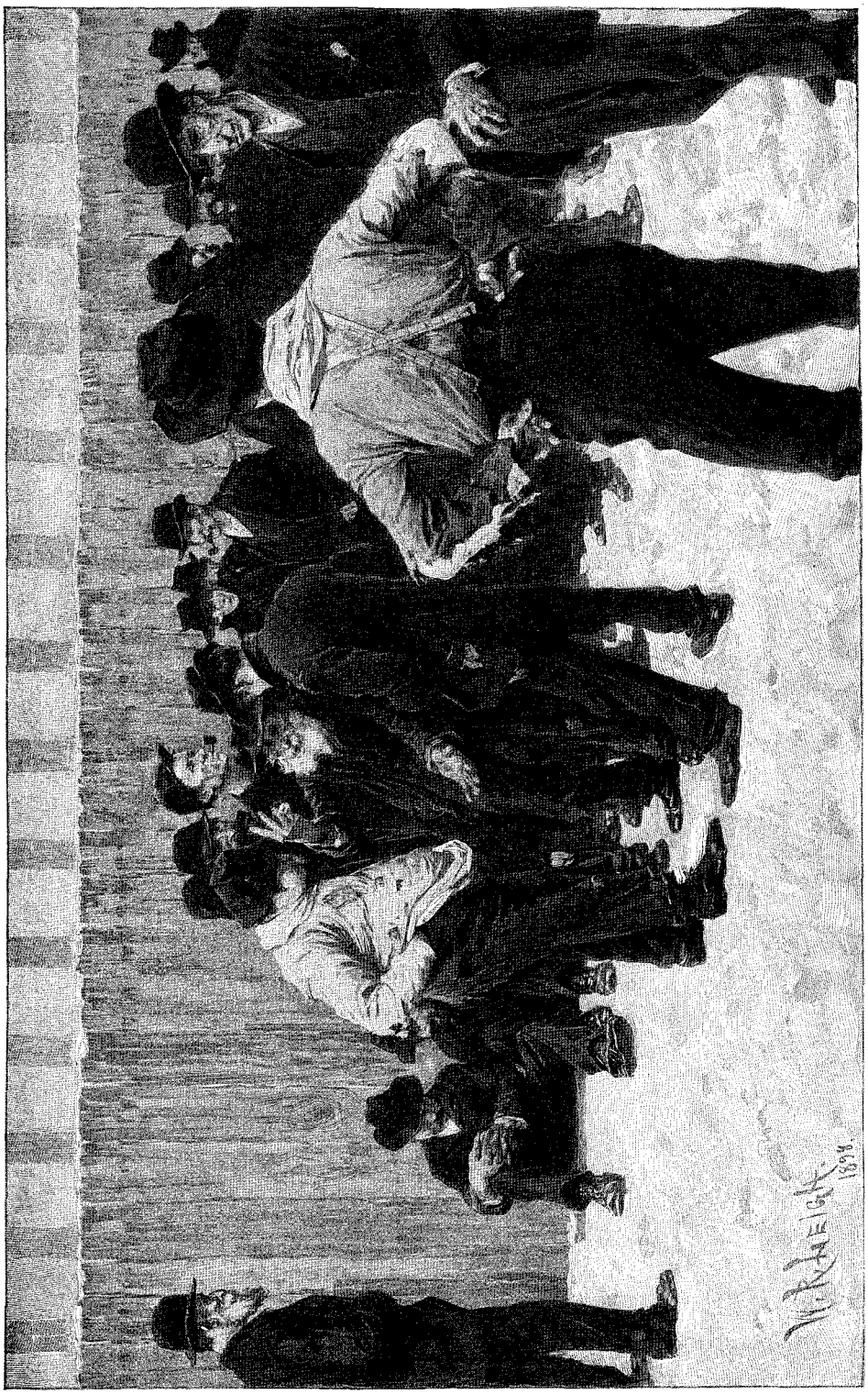

Waiting for a job outside the factory-gates.—Page 737.

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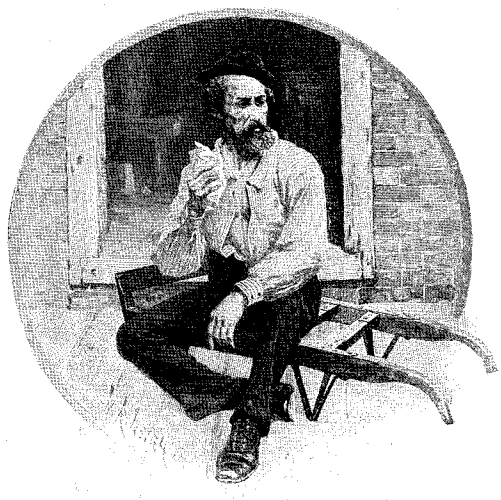
Loading the Box-cars under Crist's Guidance. - Page 730.

unexpectedly for the first time into the presence of the head master.

"He ain't never worked a day in his life," Barry was continuing. "Only he's a terrible fine superintendent. You bet he gets big wages. They say he can see when he ain't looking, and he comes down like a thousand of brick on any man who shirks his work. He ain't never worked himself, and so he don't know what it is."

The noon-whistle sounded soon after this, to my great relief, for a fast of eighteen hours was telling on me. Barry left the truck where it stood, and broke into a run. I followed him. In a moment the whole building and the outer platforms were echoing to the tread of running feet. When I reached the factory-yard I found crowds of men streaming from every door and pressing swiftly through the gate. A stranger to the scene might at first sight have supposed the building to be on fire and that the men were escaping, but a second glance would have corrected the idea. There was no excitement in their mood; nor was there any playfulness; but with set, serious faces they were running for the careful economy of time. Barry had explained to me that, in order to quit the day's work at half-past five, the hands take but half an hour for their mid-day meal, and that I must, therefore, be careful to be within the factory-gates by half-past twelve.



Between Loads.

Interesting as was the scene, I

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had no time to note it carefully, for I had caught the contagion of feverish hurry, and with the greater need on my part, for in that half hour I must get food if I was to return to work.

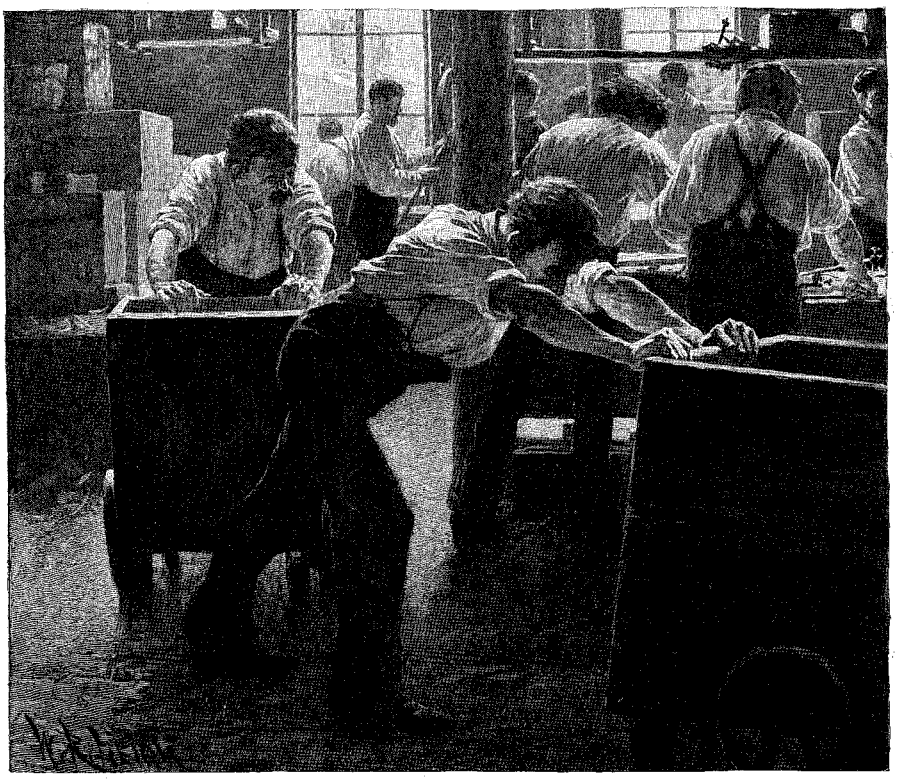
The situation was a little difficult. I had no money and no knowledge of any neighboring boarding-house. On the avenue, immediately opposite the wide entrance of the factory, was a line of cheap three-storied wooden tenements, the ground-floors occupied by saloons or shops, and the upper ones used evidently as the homes of factory-hands, for I could see the men entering the dark passages where narrow staircases connected the dwelling-rooms with the street.

Quite at random I walked into a barber-shop.

"Can you direct me to a boarding-house near by?" I asked the barber, who, dressed in soiled white, sat reading a newspaper beside the stove.

"Sure," he said, obligingly, as he rose to his feet and came to the door and opened it. "You just go up them steps," he added, pointing to the entry next door, "and you'll find a lady that keeps boarders. Her name's Mrs. Schulz. You tell her that I sent you."

At the head of the landing I stood irresolute for a moment. It was dark after the unclouded mid-day. The light that entered came through the narrow opening of a door at the end of the passage, which stood ajar and which communicated with a front room, where there seemed to be a flood of sunlight. The prospect in the other direction was not so bright. I was beginning to see faintly, and could eventually make out the figures of a dozen working-men or more, who sat about a table in a dim dining-room, eating hurriedly their dinner, with a noise of much clatter, and with bursts of loud talk and of hearty laughter. In a deeper recess, and through a short, dark, communicating passage, was a kitchen full of steam and the vapors of



In the Factory.

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Crowds of men streaming from every door and pressing swiftly through the gate.—Page 734.

cooking food, through which came the light from the rear windows with the effect of shining vaguely through a fog.

Summoned, I know not how, Mrs. Schulz stepped out into the passage. I knew instantly that I should be provided for. I could not see her clearly, but her quiet, self-respecting manner was reassuring from the start.

"I've just got a job in the factory," I explained at once. "Can you take me as a boarder?"

"I guess I can," she answered, cordially. "Do you want your dinner?"

"Yes," I said, and tried not to say it too eagerly.

"Then come right in. You haven't any too much time," she added, considerately.

At the vacant place which she indicated for me at the table I sat down between a workman of my own age and a hunchback operative who was probably ten years our senior.

"How are you?" said the first man, in the midst of the momentary lull which fell upon the room, while I passed my first inspection.

My reply was drowned for farther ears than his in the recurrent flow of talk about the table. The men had just finished their first course, but Mrs. Schulz brought in for me a plate of hot vegetable soup, steaming with a savoriness which was reviving in itself. My cordial neighbor dropped out of the general conversation and devoted himself to me. Nothing could have been more agreeable. He was as natural as a child, and genial to the point of readiest laughter. Like most of the other men, he sat coatless in his working-clothes, his face and hands black with the grime of the machine-shop where he worked, and his eyes shining with a light all the merrier for their dark setting.

A young American, a farmer's son, he was recently come to Chicago from his home in central Iowa, and was making his way as a factory-hand, and liked it greatly. His name was Albert. All of this information I gathered in barter for an equal share of my personal history, exchanged while we both ate heartily of a dinner of boiled meat and mashed potatoes, and stewed tomatoes and bread and coffee, and finally a slice of pumpkin pie, all of them excellent of their kind and most excellently cooked; and, although not neatly served, yet with as great a regard to neatness as the circumstances allowed.

My interest through the meal, aside from the food, was chiefly in Albert, but I caught, too, the drift of the general talk.

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It was directed at one Clarence, a fair-haired, fair-skinned, well-mannered youth who sat opposite us and at an end of the line. One noticed him immediately in the contrast which he made with the other men, for he was dressed in a "boiled" shirt and a collar, and he wore a neat black coat and a black cravat. It appeared that he had been promoted, on the day before, from a subordinate position in one of the machine-shops to the supervision of the tool-room of the factory. On this morning for the first time he had gone to work dressed, not in the usual blue jeans, but as one of the clerical force. The men were chaffing him on the change. Curiously enough, from their point of view, his working-days were over. There was no least disturbance in their personal attitude to the man nor in their feeling for him as a fellow. They recognized the change of status as a promotion, and you readily caught the note of sincere congratulation in their banter, and the boy bore his honors modestly and like a man. Yet it was a change of status most complete, for he had ceased to be a worker. To their way of thinking there may be forms of toil which are hard and even exhausting, but only that is "work" which brings your hands into immediate contact with the materials of production in their making from the raw or in their transportation. The principle is a broad one, incapable of application in full detail, but, as a principle, it figures in the minds of the workers as an unquestioned generalization that men work only with their hands and in forms of begriming labor.

Like Albert, Clarence, too, was an American, a youth from a village home in Ohio, and with the promise of a successful hazard of his fortunes in the city. I employ my versions of their Christian names because these were the only appellations in use about the table.

The meal was far too short for any general acquaintance among the men, and at its end we all hurried back to the factory. Barry was awaiting me beside the truck; as we began the rounds of the afternoon's work he questioned me with interest about my success in getting a dinner. For another five continuous hours we carted tongues and stacked them.

The hands had been working by gas-light for nearly an hour when the time came for quitting the day's labor. There was no rush now in leaving the factory. We crowded out through the gate, but under no high pressure, and the moving mass disintegrated and disappeared as magically as it had formed in the early morning. Beside the entrance idle men were again waiting, but their number was very few in contrast with the morning crowds, and their apparent purpose was a personal interview with the superintendent.

Mrs. Schulz's boarders had soon reassembled, this time in her kitchen. Everything was in readiness for us. A row of tin basins stood in a long sink which extended under the rear windows nearly the length of the room; buckets of hot water were convenient, and at the pump at one end of the sink we could temper the water in the basins to our liking. Finally, there were cakes of soap cut from large bars, and the usual coarse towels hanging from rollers on the walls. With sleeves rolled up and our shirts wide open at the neck, we took our turns at the basins. It was interesting to watch the faces of the mechanics emerge from the washing in frequent changes of water to their natural flesh-color, in which the features could be clearly distinguished.

The few minutes during which we had to wait before the call to supper were spent in the front room, which was the sitting-room for the boarders and answered to the lobby in the logging-camp. Two windows looked out upon the street and commanded a farther view of the factory-yard and buildings. The room was heated by a cylindrical iron stove, standing near the inner wall upon a disc of zinc, that served to protect a well-worn carpet with which the floor was covered. From a square wooden table in the centre a large oil-lamp flooded the room with light and brought out in startling vividness the pink rose-buds which in monotonous identity of design streaked the walls in long diagonal lines, broken only by an occasional chromo or a picture cut from an illustrated print. There was an abundant supply of wooden chairs, on which the men were seated, for the most part about the stove, and there was one large arm-chair on rockers, where sat Mr. Schulz with the next to the youngest child in his arms, an infant of between two and three. A girl of perhaps seven

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years, and a boy of nearly five, were playing together on the floor, and there was yet another child, for while we were washing in the kitchen I had heard the fretful cry of a baby from a dark chamber opening from that room.

Two of the men were intent upon the girl who lay in her father's lap. They were rivals for her favor, and both were trying to coax her away. When she at last put out her arms to one of them, he tossed her toward the ceiling with a shout of glee at his triumph over the other man.

After supper we all regathered in the sitting-room. None of the men, so far as I could see, went out for the evening. Some of them read the newspapers of the day, and four had presently started a game of "High, Low, Jack," at the table, with the result that most of the others were soon gathered about the players in excited interest, watching the varying fortunes of the game and giving vent to their feelings in boisterous outbursts.

I sat beside the fire talking to Mr. Schulz. There was inexpressible satisfaction in the feeling of *raison d'être* which one had in being a worker with a steady job once more and a decent place in which to live. A boarding-house is not a synonym for home, and yet it may stir the domestic instincts deeply in the contrasts which it offers with the homeless life of the streets. The unquestioning hospitality with which I had been accepted as a guest was in keeping with the best of my experience so far. There was no suggestion of my paying anything in advance, though I had no security to offer beyond the fact that I was regularly employed in the factory and my promise to pay promptly out of the first instalment of my wages.

Mrs. Schulz had offered me board and lodging at four dollars a week, or at four dollars and a quarter if I wished a room to myself. It was the last bargain with which I closed when I was shown the only vacant room. It opened from the passage near the head of the landing and was perhaps seven feet by six. A single bed filled most of its area, and the rest was crowded with a chair and a small stand which supported an oil-lamp under a mirror on the wall. Some nails driven into the door and along the wall beside it, served the purpose of a closet. Light and air entered by a window which opened only a foot or two from a side-wall of the next building.

Cheerless as the room was and far from clean, it yet had about it all the essentials of privacy, and at a little past eight o'clock I went to bed with almost the sense of luxury after a fortnight's experience of station-houses and cheap lodgings.

At six in the morning we were called by Mrs. Schulz, who had already been up for an hour or more preparing our breakfast, with the help of a hired girl. The men turned out sleepy and half-dressed into the kitchen to wash themselves, and then we sat down to a breakfast of "mush" meat and potatoes, coffee and bread. The factory-bell was ringing by the time that we had finished, and there was a rush to get within the gate before the last taps marked the advent of seven o'clock.

The routine of factory work does not lend itself to varied narrative, and yet Barry's work and mine was far from the monotony of much of the labor which we saw about us. There was a growing supply of tongues in the paint-shop, sufficient to keep us busy for several days, and while the work of loading and carting and stacking them was not hard in itself, ten hours of it daily was enough to send a man very hungry to his meals and thoroughly tired to his bed.

I was soon transferred from Crist's department to one of the packing-rooms, where, through the remaining weeks of my service, I worked as a general utility man under the orders of a short, muscular foreman of singularly mild manner, who appeared to have scruples against swearing, but who was none the less vigilant and effective in his management. Most of the work of his department, as in all the departments of the factory, came under the piecework system, and I was simply one of the two or three common laborers who, under his commands, attended to the odds and ends of jobs.

In one corner a man was packing boxes with the subordinate parts of mowers—a very interesting process, for the boxes were of such a size as to exactly hold all the loose parts when packed in a certain relation to one another, and the untiring swiftness with which the packer drew his supplies from their various bins and adjusted

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them in the box and nailed the lid upon them was fascinating in itself. I was sometimes employed in carting these boxes on a hand-truck, through a long run-way, to a warehouse and storing them there.

There were mowers to be shipped to foreign markets, and these had all to be done up in boxes. Three or four of us would be employed for days together in bringing the mowers up the run-way from the warehouse and further separating them into their parts and packing them in large boxes and nailing down the covers, upon which afterward appeared directions to distant ports, some to Russia, and others as far off even as Australian and New Zealand towns. A paint-shop was also connected with this department of the factory, where painting was done in the wholesale fashion employed for the binders, and from it I often carted the portions of the machines which were ready for the warehouse.

Some of the jobs held steadily for days together, and the foreman was never without work to give me. I could but feel a growing liking for him, for, although I was far from being an efficient workman, he was patient with my awkward efforts, and he accepted my mere dogged perseverance as evidence of a willingness on my part which reconciled him to me as a hand.

A like consideration had been shown me by the men at the boarding-house. They accepted me unhesitatingly as a workingman, but still I felt that I had my way to make among them, and very justly, for they were piece-workers all of them, earning fifteen dollars a week at the very least, some of them much more, while I was merely a common laborer at a dollar and a half a day. Their superiority to me was only the more apparent when there came among us, a few days after my arrival, a young Englishman from Jamaica, who had secured a job at common labor in the factory; for he, too, was far ahead of me, and it was not long before he was promoted to piecework in one of the better-paid departments.

There was no discrimination against me. The men were perfectly friendly, but for the most part they had been associated for some time in their work and in their life in the boarding-house, and I was simply not of their set. The barriers which prevented perfect freedom of intercourse were my own limitations and were never of their making, for they made the most generous advances when we had lived together for a time, and no doubt I could eventually have risen to be one of them on equal terms.

They were nearly all young Americans. Clarence and Albert were representative of the lot. Ned, the hunchback operative, was older than most of us, but he, too, was a native, of public-school education and decent antecedents, and he made a very good wage as a piece-worker in some department of the factory. Nothing that I saw among the men charmed me more than their treatment of Ned. He had an ungovernable temper and a crabbed, sullen disposition, which had been fostered by much suffering and an intense mortification due to his deformity, which he rarely forgot, apparently. At times he was as exasperating as a spoiled, petulant child, but the men endured him always with an evenness of buoyant good humor so genuine that it never chafed him, and it sometimes transported him, in spite of himself, to a mood in sympathy with their own, in which he could be one of the best fellows of the lot.

It was not long before I knew that the man who was held in highest regard by the others was Dennis. The reasons for this did not appear at first. Dennis was of about the average age among us, a man of between twenty-five and thirty, an Irish-American of good appearance and a gentlemanlike reserve. The men looked up to him and paid a certain deference to his views in a way which puzzled me, for he never played the rôle of leader, being far less outspoken than some of the others, and moving among them always in a quiet, unassuming manner which laid no claim to distinction.

By chance I learned that he was the best-paid operative in the house, having a position of some importance in a machine-shop of the factory, and I noticed that he spent much of his leisure in the study of mechanical problems. He did not hold himself aloof from the evening game of cards, but he would quit it early and would soon be absorbed in his book in one corner of the room, where the noise seemed never to disturb him. Moreover, I came to realize that in certain important social matters Dennis was an authority. He would leave his work as black as the blackest man from the shops, but on Saturday

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afternoon, when we got off at five o'clock, half an hour earlier than usual, he would come out after supper ready for the evening's gayety, dressed in what was unhesitatingly accepted as the height of the fashion. Saturday evenings were always devoted to pleasure, and none of the men was better informed than was Dennis as to the public balls which were available and which performance at the theatres (always spoken of as a "show") was best worth a visit. As a workman of high grade and as a man of fashion and a social mentor with much occult knowledge of social form, he was yielded the first place. There was, moreover, a certain punctiliousness about him which only served to heighten his standing. It mattered not how late he had been out on Saturday night, I always found Dennis at his place for a seven o'clock breakfast on Sunday morning, and saw him start promptly for mass.

He was very evidently a favorite with Mrs. Schulz, and with small wonder, for he was always most considerately kind to her and to her children; but I thought that her liking for him grew quite as much out of her admiration for his strict regard to his church duties. She went to early mass herself, but she never failed to have breakfast ready for Dennis at exactly seven o'clock.

Mr. Schulz and she were devout Catholics, only I could but admire her devotion the more. It seemed to me to be put to so crucial a test. With but a raw Swedish girl to help her, she had the care of her five children besides all the cooking and other housework for a dozen boarders whose meals must be served on the minute. I am sure that I never saw her lose her temper, and I think that I never heard her complain, which is the greater wonder when one takes into account the fact that she was the sole bread-winner of the family. Mr. Schulz had had a job as a night-watchman, but had lost it, and was now looking for work—not too conscientiously, I fear, for he impressed me as a weak man who found his wife's support a welcome escape from a personal struggle for existence. He had, at least, the negative virtue of sobriety, and the positive one of loyalty to church duty, and in the house he perhaps could not have served his wife to better purpose than by taking care of the children as he did. He was certainly very proud of Mrs. Schulz. One day he confided to me the fact that she was a cook when he married her, and that in her day she had served in some of the palaces on Michigan Avenue. Such an experience explained the admirable cooking of the simple fare which she gave us, and the homelike management of her house; and her knowledge and skill in these domestic matters bore no small relation, I thought, to the spirit of contentment among the men, which held them to their quiet evenings in her sitting-room against the allurements of the town.

Her sheer physical endurance was a marvel. It was the unflinching courage of a brave soul, for she had little strength besides. Very tall and slight, emaciated almost to gauntness, she had a long, thin face with sunken cheeks and a dark complexion and jet-black hair, and round, soft, innocent eyes, which, matched with her indomitable spirit, were eloquent of the love which is "comrade to the lesser faith that sees the course of human things," and seeing, finds life worth living and is willing to endure.

The absence of self-consciousness from the members of this household lent a peculiar attractiveness to the life there. There was nothing morbid in their attitude to themselves nor in their relation to one another. Life was so obviously their master, and they so implicitly obedient to its control. You could lose in a measure the thought of self-directed effort to be something or do something, in the sense that you got of nearness to the spontaneity of primal forces. Mrs. Schulz, for example, never impressed one as trying to exercise a certain influence in obedience to a volition formed upon a preconceived plan, but rather as being what she was as the expression of a life within and exercising an influence which was dominant by reason of its native virtue. And the men were never awkward and constrained in their courteous manner toward her, as they would have been had this been prompted by a sense of formal politeness, instead of being, as it was, their spontaneous tribute to her gentle ladyhood.

One wondered at first how such serenity would weather the storms. And when they came, the wonder grew at the further naturalness which they revealed.

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Monday mornings were apt to be prolific of bad weather. The long, monotonous week loomed before us, and our nerves were unstrung with the violent reaction bred of over-indulgence in the freedom of a holiday. Our tempers, as a result, were all out of tune, and there was no merging of individuality in the harmony of a home. One was reminded of the discordant harping, each on its own string, of all the instruments of an orchestra before they blend melodiously in the accord of the overture. The hired girl, awkward and ungainly and dense, had neglected the mush and let it burn, and now with stupid vacancy in her dull eyes she moved about more in the way than of any service. The children, half-dressed in their pitiful, soiled garments, were sprawling underfoot, quarrelling among themselves and whimpering in their appeals for their mother's intervention. Mrs. Schulz, at her wits' end to get breakfast ready promptly, was bending over a stove whose fire smouldered and smoked and would not burn briskly in the raw east wind which was blowing down the chimney, and at the same time there grated on her ears the wails of the children and the ill-tempered complaints of the men and the stupid questions of the hired girl, and all the while her nerves were throbbing to the dull agony of a toothache. The men, roused from insufficient sleep, were crowding into the over-crowded kitchen, hectoring one another for their slowness at the basins; one loud in his complaint over the loss of some article of dress, another insistent in his demand for a turn at the mirror, and all of them perilously near the verge of a violent outbreak. There was much swearing of a very sincere kind and much plain speaking of personal views without circumlocution or reservation, but in the end the storm would spend its fury and pass. And the marvel of it was in the completeness of the clearing. The unrestrained vent of ill-temper would be followed by no harboring of malice. It was as though the men, who had freed themselves of a load of ill-feeling, were prepared to continue unhampered in the ease of agreeable association. The secret of it lay, I presume, in the absence of malignant antagonisms. The distempers were merely the results of the common attrition of life. At bottom these hard-working, self-respecting persons respected and liked one another, and in the intimacy of the crowded tenement they lived in relative comfort on no other possible terms than those of common liking and respect.

The factory itself further illustrated the periodic unevennesses of temper. Not that they were strictly periodic in the home. Mondays were apt to witness them, but there was no normal regularity in their occurrence, for they might crop out at any time. But Monday mornings in the factory were almost fatally sure of their emergence. You could not escape the feeling of unwonted disturbance both in the humor of the men and in the progress of their work. But nothing could have been more potent in coaxing them again into an accordant frame of mind than the routine of factory labor. The very doing of what had become to them a second nature by a quickness of hand which itself was a mark of mastery, seemed to win them back to cheerful acceptance of life. I have often seen the men at the boarding-house leave the breakfast-table in moods that "varied mostly for the worse," and return to it at noon in high spirits that were finely attune.

There is a monotony about piece-work which must take on at times the quality of a maddening horror. I can bear no personal testimony to it, because I did not rise to the position of a piece-worker. The phases of the system which I saw, however, in the limited insight into its practical working to be gained in my range in the factory as a common laborer, impressed me rather with its advantages. Among the day-laborers here there was apparent at once the same deadly uninterest in their work which is characteristic of their class in the present ordering of such labor. The attitude is that of irresponsible school-boys in their feeling of natural hostility to their masters in the mutual struggle over the prescribed tasks. But among the laborers it takes on the tragedy of the relation of grown men to the serious business of their lives. Interest in their work? Not the faintest. Sense of responsibility for it? Not the dimmest. Any day you could see the bearded father of a family shirk his task in a momentary absence of the boss, or steal truant minutes from his time in idling on an errand,

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with as puerile a spirit as that which prompts a stroke of mischief in school-hours.

The piece-system lifts the labor instantly from this plane to one where the motive of self-interest conspicuously enters. A man is insured from the first of at least the wage of day's labor; his own industry and deftness are then the factors in determining his earnings up to a certain limit. For I soon found that a hand was not free to employ his utmost skill when he became an expert. There seemed to be a tacit agreement in each department of the factory as to what should constitute the maximum of day's labor. Below that a man might fall if he chose, but beyond it he was not at liberty to go. And the reason was very obvious. Even a few men in continually passing, by any considerable margin, the accepted daily average would inevitably produce the result of a cut in the *pro rata* price until wages were down again to the accustomed level. The system gives a man an incentive to work and to develop his skill, but, in its practical operation, it holds him rigorously to the level of mediocre attainment.

Barry incidently pointed this out to me with striking clearness one day while we were carting tongues. Two of the varnishers were missing from the paint-shop when we went up for our first loads. Barry remarked on their absence, with the comment that they were certain to be on hand at half-past nine o'clock.

It appears that if an employee misses the open factory-gate in the early morning by ever so little, he may not enter then until the end of two hours and a half, which marks the close of the first quarter of the day's work.

True to Barry's prediction, we presently found both varnishers at their places, and when, in the late afternoon, he asked them, with the frankness of working-people in such matters, as to how much they had done, he again found himself verified, since each had achieved the prescribed amount, and so had earned full pay. They had simply worked at a greater speed than usual; and they might, so far as the time was concerned, have accomplished this every day, except that a man would soon gain a bad name by being habitually late, and his promptness at seven o'clock would be quickly insured by a cut in the rate paid for his form of labor.

It was a very limited view of the factory as a whole that I could get from the post of an unskilled worker in one of its departments, but what growing familiarity was possible served to increase the sense of wonder at the possibilities of such highly organized methods of production.

There were the great, substantial buildings themselves with their ingenious adjustments of parts, so related as to facilitate to the utmost the processes of manufacture and shipment at the lowest cost and with the least friction. There were the lines of railway which entered the grounds, by means of which the machines, loaded into cars from the platforms of the factory, could be forwarded without change to every quarter of the continent. All needed materials, to the smallest detail, entered the factory in their raw forms, and passed out as finished product, delicately adjusted machines ready for immediate use. The imagination bounds to the conception of the miraculous ingenuity of instruments, and the trained skill of operatives, and the shrewd co-ordination of labor, and, above all, the marvellous captaincy by which all this differentiation is systematized and is ordered and directed to the effective achievement of its ends.

The large, well-ventilated rooms, comfortably warmed in winter and admirably supplied with the means of light and air, are a part of the general efficacy of the system, and the untiring dexterity of the men gives to it its strongly human interest. There is a fascination in their movements which determines the quality of the attractiveness of the whole. You see no feverish haste in the speed with which they work, but rather the even, smooth, unfaltering sureness which is the charm of mastery, and which must be attended by its satisfaction as well.

I witnessed this with delight among the men with whom I lived. Conversation at our meals was nearly always of shop; at dinner and supper especially we discussed the details of the day's work. Several of us were employed at constructing binders. Albert was of that number. He was making but little more than the wage of common labor when I first knew him, but his income began to increase with his increas-

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ing efficiency, and it was a matter of great, vital interest to us all to hear his reports each day, as he told of a fraction of a binder and then of a whole one in advance upon his previous work, until his daily earnings rose to two dollars and a half, which was accepted in his department as the normal sum.

Besides these elements of personal interest in piece-work as a scheme of labor and the gratification of the sense of effective workmanship, there entered here the stimulus of ambition based upon excellent chances of promotion. The factory-system of production creates strong demand for manual skill, and stronger still for the capacity of administration and control. Why the realization of these facts did not possess more thoroughly the minds of the common laborers, I could not understand. They were strangely impervious to their force, for nothing could have been more noticeable than the alertness of the managing staff in watching for evidences of unusual ability among the men. It was not at all uncommon for a hand who had been taken on as a day-laborer to be promoted, as a result of his intelligence and industry, to some department of piece-work. Nearly every foreman in the factory is said to have begun far down the scale, and Barry's account of the career of the assistant manager I have heard confirmed.

During my short stay I was actually witness to the progress of two men who came in as day-laborers, the young Englishman from Jamaica and a stalwart, handsome Swede who secured a job and joined us at the boarding-house about a fortnight ago. Clarence earned a promotion and got it at the time of my coming to the factory, and I have seen Albert's rise from a position removed by very little from that of unskilled labor to that of a workman whose skill commands the sum of fifteen dollars a week. Dennis is a type of craftsman whose future it is not difficult to predict. Conscientious and industrious and persevering, endowed with rare ability and real capacity for work, his progress seems assured, and a well-paid, authoritative position an ultimate logical certainty.

All these are of the best class of factory-workers that I came to know. There are other classes quite as clearly defined, and most of them have their representatives about our table. Men, for example, who have an honest interest in their work as such, and who have risen by force of ambition and sheer development of manual skill to good position in the factory, and have there stood still, their congenital qualities incapable, presumably, of higher efficiency. But sadder far than theirs is the case of men who are often best endowed with native cleverness and aptitude, who rise quickly in the scale of promotion, and who might rise far higher than they do but for the curse of their careless living. They know no interest in their work nor pleasure in its doing. To them it is the sordid drudgery by which they gain the means of gratifying their real purposes and desires. With sullen perseverance they endure the torment of labor, with pay-day in view and then Saturday night and Sunday with their mad revels in what they call life. The future is a meaningless word, with no claim upon them beyond the prospect that it holds of more indulgence; the present is their sole concern, and only with reference to what it can be made to yield to ruling passions.

From some phase of this last attitude to life none of the men whom I knew personally seemed to be entirely free. There is no improvidence like the improvidence of the poor. Doubtless there is no thrift like theirs, but among these young men, with all of life before them, their reckless prodigality in money-matters assumed at times an appalling nature. Some of them made no pretence of saving anything, and the few who did save would show at times an audacity of extravagance to match with the wastefulness of the worst. They were not a drinking set in any sense of habitual or excessive indulgence, for not one of them had the reputation of a drunkard, and their spending was much of it in comparatively innocent channels, but it was monstrous in relation to their means and to their prospects in the world.

A perfectly well-recognized philosophy justified it to their minds.

"We'll never be young but once," they would say, "and if we don't have a good time now, we never will."

A good time was often secured at enormous cost. I do not know whether it is the habitual dissipation, or whether it hap-

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pens to be the vogue for this winter, but it is very certain that to the men here the fancy-dress ball is now the incomparable attraction. One or more such functions within their range falls on nearly every Saturday night. They are given for the most part by certain "Brotherhoods" and labor organizations, and they are free, apparently, to all who come dressed in a manner sufficiently "fancy" to meet the views of "the committee," and pay the price of a ticket, which admits "self and lady."

As the men saw the night approaching, their talk would turn more and more to the absorbing subjects of costume and the girls whom they meant to take with them. There are shops which do business at letting out ready-made disguises for such occasions, and I have repeatedly seen these hard-working, industrious fellows go deep into their pockets, to the extent even of half a week's pay, for the use for a few hours of some tawdry make-up of velvet and spangles and lace, which reeked with promiscuous wear. And outlay did not end with dress, for there remained tickets of admission, and the cost of at least two suppers for each and of not a little drinking. It was exceptional for any one of them to come home drunk, and the man who did was sure of a course of steady bantering for days, but some drinking was the rule for the Saturday nights that were given to masquerade. When a play would fall in place in the order of amusement, the men were sure to return by midnight, and there was always then less evidence of drink.

All forms of public gayety seemed scrupulously confined to Saturday nights and Sundays. The men could not have been more punctual at their work, and the habitual week-day evening was the far from exciting one in Mrs. Schulz's sitting-room, which I have described. There they regularly gathered after supper, and smoked, and romped with the children, and played cards, and read. I was usually off for bed by eight o'clock, for nothing less than ten hours of sleep would fit me for the ten hours of labor in the factory, and the others would follow an hour or two later.

The morning brought the unwelcome summons to get up in what seemed the dead of night and but an hour or two after the time of going to bed. Cold water would have its rousing effect, as, also, a breakfast by lamplight with an anxious eye on the clock, and then a rush through the sharp air of the morning twilight until you were caught in the living stream which poured through the factory-gate. Work was begun on the minute, and your ear caught the sharp metallic clink of the mowers as the workmen pushed the frames down the loading-platforms to the cars. Even within the brick enclosures and in the stinging cold of the winter air, there arose inevitably with the sound the association of meadows fragrant with the perfume of new-mown timothy and clover drying in the hazy warmth of a long summer afternoon.

Within the buildings, almost in a moment, would rise the turmoil of production. You heard the deafening uproar of far-reaching machinery, as, with wheels whirling in dizzy motion and the straps humming in their flight, it beat time in deep, low throbs to the remorseless measures of a tireless energy. Cleaving the tumult of the sounding air you heard at frequent intervals the buzz-saws as they bit hard with flying teeth into multiple layers of wood, rising to piercing crescendo and then dying away in a sob. There was the din of many hammers, and over the wooden floors and along the run-ways, and through the dark, damp passages of the warehouses, and down the deep vistas of the covered platforms, was the almost constant rumble of hand-trucks pushed by men and boys.

All this unceasingly for five continuous hours, which always seem unending, and then the abrupt signal for twelve o'clock, and the sound of the machinery running down while the men are hastening to their mid-day meal. About the factory-gate are always at this hour groups of women and young children who have brought in pails and baskets hot dinners for their men. On brighter days you can see long lines of operatives sitting along the curbs or with their backs against the high board fence, basking in the sunlight, as they eat their dinners in the open air and converse among themselves and with their wives or children.

Then back to your place in the afternoon while the machinery is slowly working up to its accustomed pace and the men about you reassembling to take up again, on the stroke of the hour, the work of the after-

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The noon hour.—Page 734.

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Mrs. Schulz's Boarding-house.

There we regularly gathered after supper, and smoked, and romped with the children, and played cards and read.—Page 738.

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noon. Five more hours of the thundering rush of factory-labor follow, and you leave the gate at night almost too tired to walk. A wash is first in your recovery, and it rests you more than would sleep. Then supper brings its deep satisfaction and a smoke its peaceful content, and you go to bed better off by a day's wages.

THE WRITING IN THE DUST

(John viii. 6)

By Louise Betts Edwards

"*He stooped, and with His finger wrote*
Upon the dust."
A judgment smote
Those iron hearts; the accusers fled,
Nor stayed to scan that sentence dread.

If spoken word so sharply thrust,
What of the writing in the dust?
Who dared to read? and so, to-day,
We know not what He wrote—we say.

The winds of Time have swept that land
And strewn its dust on every strand,
Yet left those letters, lightly traced
In Syrian soil, still uneffaced.

Transcribed in common human clay—
In dust we trample every day—
Beneath our feet God's message lies,
While weary watchers search the skies.

Wherever heads held proudly high,
Or well-contented hearts, pass by;
Where souls in strength have waxed unjust—
None reads the writing in the dust.

Wherever heads in anguish droop,
Or heavy-burthened shoulders stoop;
Wherever shame has sought a place
To hide its scorned and branded face;

Wherever souls have bowed in pain
Because of earth's eternal stain;
To all the mourning and the meek—
Those letters living comfort speak.

O haughty brow of brazen pride,
O seeking soul unsatisfied,
O hot heart panting for some good
Not yet attained or understood:

Not yet life's fullest feast is spread,
Not yet man's destiny is read,
Till ye have knelt, as earthlings must,
To read your gospel in the dust!

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Drawn by C. D. Gibson.

"I suppose it is because you are fighting for your home."—Page 750.

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THE KING'S JACKAL

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

THIRD PART

THE presence in Tangier of the King of Messina and his suite and the arrival there of the French noblemen who had volunteered for the expedition, could not escape the observation of the resident Consuls-General and of the foreign colony, and dinners, riding and hunting parties, pig-sticking, and excursions on horseback into the outlying country were planned for their honor and daily entertainment. Had the conspirators held aloof from these, the residents might have asked, since it was not to enjoy themselves, what was the purpose of their stay in Tangier, and so, to allay suspicion as to their real object, different members of the expedition has been assigned from time to time to represent the visitors at these festivities. On the morning following the return of the yacht from Messina, an invitation to ride to a farm-house some miles out of Tangier and to breakfast there had been sent to the visitors, and the King had directed the Prince Kalonay, and half of the delegation from Paris, to accept it in his name.

They were well content to go, and rode forth gayly and in high spirits, for the word had been brought them early in the morning that the expedition was already prepared to move and that same evening at midnight the yacht would set sail for Messina. They were careless as to what fortune waited for them there, the promise of much excitement, of fighting and of danger, of possible honor and success, stirred the hearts of the young men gloriously, and as they galloped across the plains, or raced each other from point to point, or halted to jump their ponies across the many gaping crevices, which the sun had split in the surface of the plain, they filled the still, warm air with their shouts and laughter. In the party there were many ladies, and the groups changed and formed again as they rode forward, spread out on either side of the caravan-trail and covering the plain like a skirmish line of cavalry. But Kalonay kept close at Miss Carson's stirrup, whether she walked her pony or sent him flying across the hard, sun-baked soil.

"I hope you won't do that again," he said, earnestly, as she drew up panting, with her sailor hat and hair falling to her shoulders. They had been galloping recklessly over the open crevices in the soil.

"It's quite the nastiest country I ever saw," he said. "It looks as though an earthquake had shaken it open and had forgotten to close it again. Believe me, it is most unsafe and dangerous. Your pony might stumble——." He stopped, as though the possibilities were too serious for words, but the girl laughed.

"It's no more dangerous than riding across our prairie at dusk when you can't see the barbed wire. You are the last person in the world to find fault because a thing is dangerous," she added.

They had reached the farm, where they were to breakfast, and the young Englishman, who was their host, was receiving his guests in his garden and the servants were passing among them, carrying cool drinks and powdered sweets and Turkish coffee. Kalonay gave their ponies to a servant and pointed with his whip to an arbor that stood at one end of the garden.

"May we sit down there a moment until they call us?" he said. "I have news of much importance—and I may not have another chance," he begged, looking at her wistfully. The girl stood motionless, her eyes were serious and she measured the distance down the walk to the arbor as though she saw it beset with dangers more actual than precipices and twisted wire. The Prince watched her, as though his fate was being weighed in his presence.

"Very well," she said at last, and moved on before him down the garden-path.

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The arbor was open to the air with a low, broad roof of palm-leaves that overhung it on all sides and left it in deep shadow. Around it were many strange plants and flowers, some native to Morocco and some transplanted from their English home. From where they sat they could see the other guests moving in and out among the groves of orange and olive trees and swaying palms, and standing, outlined against the blue sky, upon the low, flat roof of the farm-house.

"I have dared to ask you to be so good as to give me this moment," the Prince said, humbly, "only because I am going away, and it may be my last chance to speak with you. You do not mind? You do not think I presume?"

"No, I do not mind," said the girl, smiling. "In my country we do not think it a terrible offence to talk to a girl at a garden-party. But you said there was something of importance you wanted to say to me. You mean the expedition?"

"Yes," said Kalonay. "We start this evening."

The girl raised her head slightly and stared past him at the burning white walls and the burning blue sky that lay outside the circle of shadow in which they sat.

"This evening——" she repeated to herself.

"We reach there in two days," Kalonay continued; "and then we—then we go on—until we enter the capital."

The girl's head was bent and she looked at her hands as they lay in her lap and frowned at them, they seemed so white and pretty and useless.

"Yes, you go on," she repeated, "and we stay here. You are a man and able to go on. I know what that means. And you like it," she added, with a glance of mingled admiration and fear. "You are glad to fight and to risk death and to lead men on to kill other men."

Kalonay drew lines in the sand with his riding-whip and did not raise his head.

"I suppose it is because you are fighting for your home," the girl continued, "and to set your country free, and that you can live with your own people again, and because it is a holy war. That must be it. Now that it is really come, I see it all differently. I see things I had not thought about before. They frighten me," she said.

The prince raised his head and faced the girl, clasping the end of his whip nervously in his hand.

"If we should win the island for the King," he said, "I believe it will make a great change in me. I shall be able to go freely then to my home as you say, to live there always, to give up the life I have led on the continent. It has been a foolish life—a dog's life,—and I have no one to blame for it but myself. I made it worse than it need to have been. But if we win I have promised myself that I will not return to it, and if we fail I shall not return to it for the reason that I shall have been killed. I shall have much power if we win. When I say much power, I mean much power in Messina—in that little corner of the world, and I wish to use it worthily and well. I am afraid I should not have thought of it," he went on naïvely, as though he were trying to be quite fair, "had not Father Paul pointed out to me what I should do, how I could raise the people and stop the abuses which made them drive us from the island. The people must be taxed less heavily, and the money must be spent for them and not for us, on roads and harbors and schools, not at the Palace on banquets and fêtes. These are Father Paul's ideas, not mine—but now I make them mine." He rose and paced the length of the little arbor, his hands clasped behind him and his eyes bent on the ground. "Yes, that is what I mean to do," he said. "That is the way I mean to live. And if we fail, I mean to be among those who are to die on the fortifications of the capital, so that with me the Kalonay family will end, and end fighting for the King as many of my people have done before me. There is no other way. For me there shall be no more idleness nor exile. I must either live on to help my people, or I must die with them." He stopped in his walk and regarded the girl closely. "You may be thinking, it is easy for him to promise this, it is easy to speak of what one will do. I know that. I know that I can point back at nothing I have done that gives me any right to ask you to believe me now. But I do ask it, for if you believe me—believe what I say—it makes it easier for me to tell you why after this I must live worthily. But you know why? You must know, it is not possible that you do not know."

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He sat down beside her on the bench leaning forward and crushing his hands together on his knee. "It is because I love you. Because I love you so that everything which is not worthy is hateful to me, myself most of all. It is the only thing that counts. I used to think I knew what love meant, I used to think love was a selfish thing, that needed love in return, that it must be fed on love to live, that it needed vows and tender speeches and caresses, or it would die. I know now that when one truly cares, he does not ask whether the other cares or not. It is what one gives that counts, not what one receives. You have given me nothing—nothing—not a word, nor a look, yet since I have known you I have been more madly happy in just knowing that you live than I would have been had any other woman in all the world thrown herself into my arms and said she loved me above all other men. I am not fit to tell you this. But to-night I go to try myself, either never to see you again, or to come back perhaps more worthy to love you. Think of this when I am gone. Do not speak to me now. I may have made you hate me for speaking so, or I may have made you pity me, so let me go not knowing, just loving you, worshipping you and holding you apart and above all other people. I go to fight for you, do you understand? Not for our church, not for my people, but for you, to live or die for you. And I ask nothing from you but that you will let me love you always."

The Prince bent, and catching up Miss Carson's riding-gloves that lay beside her on the bench, kissed them again and again, and then, rising quickly, walked out of the arbor into the white sunshine and, without turning, mounted his pony and galloped across the burning desert in the direction of Tangier.

Archie Gordon had not been invited to join the excursion into the country, nor would he have accepted it, for he wished to be by himself that he might review the situation and consider what lay before him. He sat with his long legs dangling over the broad rampart which overlooks the harbor of Tangier. He was whistling meditatively to himself and beating an accompaniment to the tune with his heels. At intervals he ceased whistling while he placed a cigar between his teeth and pulled upon it thoughtfully, resuming his tune again at the point where it had been interrupted. Below him the waves ran up lazily on the level beach and sank again, dragging the long sea-weed with them, as they swept against the sharp rocks, and exposed them for an instant, naked and glistening, in the sun. On either side of him the town stretched to meet the low, white sand-hills in a crescent of low, white houses, pierced by green minarets and royal palms. A warm sun had sent the world to sleep at mid-day, and an enforced peace hung over the glaring white town and the sparkling blue sea. Gordon blinked at the glare, but his eyes showed no signs of drowsiness. They were, on the contrary, awake to all that passed on the high road behind him, and on the sandy beach at his feet, while at the same time his mind was busily occupied in reviewing what had occurred the day before, and in adjusting new conditions. At the hotel he had found that the situation was becoming too complicated, and that it was impossible to feel sure of the truth of anything, or of the sincerity of anyone. Since the luncheon hour the day before he had become a fellow-conspirator with men who were as objectionable to him in every way as he knew he was obnoxious to them. But they had been forced to accept him because, so they supposed, he had them at the mercy of his own pleasure. He knew their secret, and in the legitimate pursuit of his profession he could, if he chose, inform the island of Messina, with the rest of the world, of their intention toward it, and bring their expedition to an end, though he had chosen, as a reward for his silence, to become one of themselves. Only the Countess Zara had guessed the truth, that it was Gordon himself who was at their mercy, and that so long as the American girl persisted in casting her fortunes with them her old young friend was only too eager to make any arrangement with them that would keep him at her side.

It was a perplexing position and Gordon turned it over and over in his mind. Had it not been that Miss Carson had a part in it he would have enjoyed the adventure, as an adventure, keenly. He had no objections to fighting on the side of rascals, or against rascals. He objected

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to them only in the calmer moments of private life, and as he was of course ignorant that the expedition was only a make-believe, he felt a certain respect for his fellow-conspirators as men who were willing to stake their lives for a chance of better fortune. But that their bravery was of the kind which would make them hesitate to rob and deceive a helpless girl he very much doubted. For he knew that even the bravest of warriors on their way to battle will requisition a herd of cattle, or stop to loot a temple. The day before Gordon had witnessed the brief ceremony which attended the presentation of the young noblemen from Paris who had volunteered for the expedition in all good faith, and he reviewed it and analyzed it as he sat smoking on the ramparts.

It had been an impressive ceremony, in spite of the fact that so few had taken part in it, but the earnestness of the visitors and the enthusiasm of Kalonay and the priest had made up for the lack of numbers. The scene had appealed to him as one of the most dramatic he had witnessed in the pursuit of a calling in which looking on at real dramas was the most frequent duty, and he had enjoyed the strange mixture of ancient terms of address and titles with the modern manners of the men themselves. It had interested him to watch Baron Barrat bring out the ancient crown and jewelled sceptre which had been the regalia of all the Kings of Messina since the Crusades and spread them out upon a wicker tea-table, from which Niccolas had just removed some empty coffee-cups, half filled with the ends of cigarettes, some yellow-backed novels and a copy of the Paris *Figaro*. It was also interesting to him to note how the sight of the little heir apparent affected both the peasants from the mountains and the young nobles from the Club Royal. The former fell upon their knees with the tears rolling down the furrows in their tanned cheeks, while the little wise-eyed boy stood clinging to his nurse's skirts with one hand and to his father's finger with the other, and nodded his head at them gravely like a toy Mandarin.

Then the King had addressed them in a dignified, earnest, and almost eloquent speech, and had promised much and prophesied the best of fortunes, and then, at the last, had turned suddenly toward Miss Carson, where she stood in the background between her mother and Father Paul.

"Every cause has its Joan of Arc, or its Maria Theresa," he cried, looking steadfastly at Miss Carson. "No cause has succeeded without some good woman to aid it. To help us, my friends, we have a daughter of the people, as was Joan of Arc, and a queen as was Maria Theresa, for she comes from that country where every woman is a queen in her own right, and where the love of liberty is inherent." The King took a quick step backward, and taking Miss Carson's hand drew her forward beside him and placed her facing his audience, while the girl made vain efforts to withdraw her hand. "This is she," he said, earnestly, "the true daughter of the Church who has made it possible for us to return to our own again. It is due to her that the King of Messina shall sit once more on his throne, it is through her generosity alone that the churches will rise from their ruins and that you will once again hear the Angelus ring across the fields at sunset. Remember her, my friends and cousins, pray for her as a saint upon earth, and fight gloriously to help her to success!"

Gordon had restrained himself with difficulty while this scene was being enacted; he could not bear the thought of the King touching the girl's hand. He struggled to prevent himself from crying out at the false position into which he had dragged her, and yet there was something so admirably sincere in the King's words, something so courteous and manly, that it robbed his words of all the theatrical effect they held, and his tribute to the girl filled even Gordon with an emotion which on the part of the young nobles found expression in cheer upon cheer.

Gordon recalled these cheers and the looks of wondering admiration which had been turned upon Miss Carson, and he grew so hot at the recollection that he struck the wall beside him savagely with his clenched fist, and damned the obstinacy of his young and beautiful friend with a sincerity and vigor that was the highest expression of his interest in her behalf.

He threw his cigar into the rampart at his feet and dropped back into the high road.

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It was deserted at the time, except for the presence of a tall, slightly built stranger who advanced toward him from the city gates. The man was dressed in garments of European fashion and carried himself like a soldier, and Gordon put him down at a glance as one of the volunteers from Paris. The stranger was walking leisurely, stopping to gaze at the feluccas in the bay and then turning to look up at the fortress on the hill. He seemed to have no purpose in his walk except the interest of a tourist, and as he drew up even with Gordon he raised his helmet politely and greeting him in English, asked if he were on the right road to the Bashaw's Palace. Gordon pointed to where the white walls of the palace rose above the other white walls about it.

"That is it," he said. "All the roads lead to it. You keep going up hill."

"Thank you," said the stranger. "I see I have taken a long way." He put his white umbrella in the sand, and, removing his helmet, mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. "It is a curious old town, Tangier," he said, affably, "but too many hills, is it not so? Algiers I like better. There is more life."

"Yes, Algiers is almost as good as the boulevards," Gordon assented, "if you like the boulevards. I prefer this place because it is unspoiled. But, as you say, there is not much to do here."

The stranger's eyes fell upon the Hôtel Grande Bretagne, which stood a quarter of a mile away from them on the beach.

"That is the Hôtel Bretagne, is it not?" he asked. Gordon answered him with a nod.

"The King Louis of Messina, so the chasseur at the hotel tells me, is stopping there en suite?" the stranger added, with an interrogative air of one who volunteers an interesting fact, and who asks if it is true at the same moment.

"I can't say, I'm sure," Gordon replied. "I only arrived here yesterday."

The stranger bowed his head in recognition of this piece of personal information, and, putting on his helmet, picked up his umbrella as though to continue his stroll. As he did so his eyes wandered over the harbor and were arrested with apparent interest by the yacht, which lay, a conspicuous object, on the blue water. He pointed at it with his umbrella.

"One of your English men-of-war is in the harbor, I see. She is very pretty, but not large; not so large as many," he said.

Gordon turned his head obligingly and gazed at the yacht with polite interest. "Is that a man-of-war? I thought it was a yacht," he said. "I'm not familiar with the English war vessels. I am an American."

"Ah, indeed!" commented the affable stranger. "I am French myself, but I think she is a man-of-war. I saw her guns when I passed on the steamer from Gibraltar."

Gordon knew that the steamer did not pass within half a mile of where the yacht lay at anchor, but he considered it might be possible to see her decks with the aid of a glass.

"You may be right," he answered, indifferently. As he turned his eyes from the boat he saw a woman, dressed in white and carrying a parasol, leave the gardens of the Hôtel Bretagne, and come toward them along the beach. The Frenchman, following the direction of his eyes, saw her also, and regarded her instantly with such evident concern that Gordon, who had recognized her even at that distance as the Countess Zara, felt assured that his inquisitor held, as he had already suspected, more than a tourist's interest in Tangier.

"Well, I will wish you a good-morning," said the Frenchman, hurriedly.

"Good-morning," Gordon replied, and taking a cigar from his case, he seated himself again upon the rampart. As he walked away the stranger glanced back over his shoulder, but Gordon was apparently absorbed in watching the waves below him, and had lost all interest in his chance acquaintance. But he watched both the woman and the Frenchman as they advanced slowly from opposite directions and drew nearer together, and he was not altogether surprised, when the man was within twenty feet of her, to see her start and stand still, and then, with the indecision of a hunted animal, move uncertainly, and then turn and run in the direction of the hotel. Something the man apparently called after her caused her to stop, and Gordon observed them now with undisguised interest as they stood conversing

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together, oblivious of the conspicuous mark they made on the broad white beach under the brilliant sun.

"I wonder what he's up to now?" Gordon mused. "He was trying to pump me, that's evident, and he certainly recognized the lady, and she apparently did not want to recognize him. I wonder if he is a rejected lover, or another conspirator. This is a most amusing place, nothing but plots and counterplots and— Hello!" he exclaimed aloud. The man had moved quickly past Madame Zara, and had started toward the hotel, and Zara had held out her hand to him, as though to entreat him to remain. But he did not stop, and she had taken a few uncertain steps after him, and had then, much to the American's dismay, fallen limply on her back on the soft sand. She was not a hundred yards distant from where he sat, and in an instant he had slipped from the wall, and dropped on his hands and knees on the beach below. When Gordon reached her the Frenchman had returned, and was supporting her head on his knee and covering her head with her parasol.

"The lady has fainted!" he exclaimed, eagerly. His manner was no longer one of idle indolence. He was wide awake now and visibly excited.

"The sun has been too much for her," he said. "It is most dangerous walking about at this time of day."

Gordon ran down the beach and scooped up some water in his helmet, and dipping his handkerchief in it bathed her temples and cheek. He had time to note that she was a very beautiful girl, and the pallor of her face gave it a touch of gentleness that he had not seen there before.

"I will go to the hotel and bring assistance," said the stranger, uneasily, as the woman showed signs of regaining consciousness.

"No," said Gordon, "you'll stay where you are and shade her with her umbrella. She'll be all right in a minute."

The girl opened her eyes and looking up saw Gordon bending over her. She regarded him for a moment and made an effort to rise, and in her endeavor to do so her eyes met those of the Frenchman, and with a sharp moan she shut them again and threw herself from Gordon's knee to the sand.

"Give me that umbrella," said Gordon, "and go stand over there out of the way."

The man rose from his knee without showing any resentment and walked some little distance away where he stood with his arms folded, looking out to sea. He seemed much too occupied with something of personal interest to concern himself with a woman's fainting-spell. The girl lifted herself slowly to her elbow, and then, before Gordon could assist her, rose with a quick, graceful movement and stood erect upon her feet. She placed a detaining hand for an instant on the American's arm.

"Thank you very much," she said. "I am afraid I have been imprudent in going out into the sun." Her eyes were fixed upon the Frenchman, who stood moodily staring at the sea and tearing one of his finger-nails with his teeth. He seemed utterly oblivious of their presence. The girl held out her hand for the parasol she had dropped and took it from Gordon with a bow.

"May I walk back with you to your hotel?" he asked. "Unless this gentleman——"

"Thank you," the girl said in tones which the Frenchman could have easily overheard had he been listening. "I am quite able to go alone now, it is only a step."

She was still regarding the Frenchman closely, but as he was obviously unconscious of them she moved so that Gordon hid her from him, and in an entirely different voice she said, speaking rapidly:

"You are Mr. Gordon, the American who joined us last night. That man is a spy from Messina. He is Renauld, the commander-in-chief of their army. He must be gotten away from here at once. It is a matter for a man to attend to. Will you do it?"

"How do you know this?" Gordon asked. "How do you know he is General Renauld? I want to be certain."

The girl tossed her head impatiently.

"He was pointed out to me at Messina. I saw him there in command at a review. He has just spoken to me, that was what frightened me into that fainting-spell. I didn't think I was so weak," she said, shaking her head. "He offered me a bribe to inform him of our plans. I tell you he is a spy."

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"That's all right," said Gordon, reassuringly, "you go back to the hotel now and send those guards here on a run. I'll make a charge against him and have him locked up until after we sail to-night. Hurry, please, I'll stay here."

Gordon felt a pleasurable glow of excitement. It was his nature to throw himself into everything he did and to at once become a partisan. It was a quality which made his writings attractive to the reader, and an object of concern to his editor. At the very word "spy," and at this first hint of opposition to the cause in which he had but just enlisted, he thrilled as though it had always been his own, and he regarded the Frenchman with a personal dislike as sudden as it was unfounded.

The Frenchman had turned and was walking in the direction of the city gate. His eyes were bent on the sandy beach which stretched before him, and he made his way utterly unmindful of the waves that stole up to his feet and left little pools of water in his path. Gordon beckoned impatiently to the two soldiers, who came running toward him at the hotel, and moved forward to meet them the sooner. He took one of them by the wrist and pointed with his other hand at the retreating figure of the Frenchman.

"That man," he said, "is one of the King's enemies. The King is in danger while that man is here. Your duty is to protect the King, so he gives this foreigner into your charge."

The soldier nodded his head in assent.

"The King himself sent us," he replied.

"You will place him in the Civil Prison," Gordon continued, "until the King is safe on his yacht, and you will not allow him to send for the French Consul-General. If he sees the Consul-General he will tell him a great many lies about you, and a great war-ship will come and your Bashaw will be forced to pay the foreigners much money. I will go with you and tell this man in his own tongue what you are going to do with him."

They walked hurriedly after the Frenchman and when they had overtaken him Gordon halted and bowed.

"One moment, please," he said. "These soldiers have an order for your arrest. I speak the language, and if you have any thing to say to them I will interpret for you."

The Frenchman stared from Gordon to the guards and then laughed incredulously but with no great confidence. He had much to say, but he demanded to know first why he should be arrested.

"The lady you insulted," Gordon answered, gravely, "happened, unfortunately for you, to be one of the King's guests. She has complained to him and he has sent these soldiers to put you where you cannot trouble her again. You see, sir, you cannot annoy women with impunity even in this barbarous country."

"Insult her! I did not insult her," the man retorted. "That is not the reason I am arrested."

"You annoyed her so much that she fainted. I saw you," said Gordon, backing away with the evident purpose of abandoning the foreigner to his guards.

"She has lied," the man cried, "either to the King or to me. I do not know which, but I am here to find out. That is why I came to Tangier, and I intend to learn the truth."

"You've begun rather badly," Gordon answered, as he still retreated. "In the Civil Prison your field of investigation will be limited."

The Frenchman took a hasty step toward him, shrugging off the hand one of the soldiers had placed on his shoulder.

"Are you the Prince Kalonay, sir?" he demanded. "But surely not," he added.

"No, I am not the Prince," Gordon answered. "I bid you good-morning, sir."

"Then you are on the other side," the man called after him eagerly, with a tone of great relief. "I have been right from the very first. I see it plainly. It is a double plot and you are one of that woman's dupes. Listen to me—I beg of you, listen to me—I have a story to tell."

Gordon paused and looked back at the man over his shoulder, doubtfully.

"It's like the Arabian Nights," he said, with a puzzled smile. "There was once a rich merchant of Bagdad and the Sultan was going to execute him, but they put off the execution until he could tell them the story of the Beautiful Countess and the French Envoy. I am sorry," he added, shaking his head, "but I cannot listen

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now. I must not be seen talking to you at all and every one can see us here."

They were as conspicuous figures on the flat surface of the beach as two palms in a desert, and Gordon was most anxious to escape, for he was conscious that he could be observed from every point in the town. A hundred yards away, on the terrace of the hotel, he saw the King, Madame Zara, Barrat, and Erhaupt standing together watching them.

"If the American leaves him now, we are safe," the King was saying. He spoke in a whisper, as though he feared that even at that distance Gordon and the Frenchman could overhear his words. "But if he remains with him he will find out the truth, and that means ruin. He will ruin us."

"Look, he is coming this way," Zara answered. "He is leaving him. The danger is past."

The Frenchman raised his eyes and saw the four figures grouped closely together on the terrace.

"See, what did I tell you?" he cried. "She is with the King now. It is a plot within a plot, and I believe you know it," he added, furiously. "You are one of these brave blackmailers yourself—that is why you will not let me speak."

"Blackmailers!" said Gordon. "Confound your impudence, what the devil do you mean by that?"

But the Frenchman was staring angrily at the distant group on the terrace and Gordon turned his eyes in the same direction. Something he saw in the strained and eager attitude of the four conspirators moved him to a sudden determination.

"That will do, you must go," he commanded, pointing with his arm toward the city gate, and before the Frenchman could reply, he gave an order to the guards and they seized the foreigner roughly by either arm and hurried him away.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the King, piously. "They have separated, and the boy thinks he is rendering us great service. Well, and so he is, the young fool."

The group on the piazza remained motionless watching Gordon as he leisurely lit a cigar and stood looking out at the harbor until the Frenchman had disappeared inside the city wall. Then he turned and walked slowly after him.

"I do not like that. I do not like his following him," said Barrat, suspiciously.

"That is nothing," answered the King. "He is going to play the spy and see that the man is safely in jail. Then he will return and report to us. We must congratulate him warmly. He follows at a discreet distance you observe, and keeps himself well out of sight. The boy knows better than to compromise himself by being seen in conversation with the man. Of course, if Renauld is set free we must say we had no part in his arrest, that the American made the arrest on his own authority. What a convenient tool the young man is. Why, his coming really frightened us at first, and now—now we make a catspaw of him." The King laughed merrily. "We undervalue ourselves sometimes, do we not?"

"He is a nice boy," said Zara. "I feel rather sorry for him. He looked so anxious and distressed when I was so silly as to faint on the beach just now. He handled me as tenderly as a woman would have done—not that women have generally handled me tenderly," she added.

"I was thinking the simile was rather misplaced," said the King.

Gordon passed the city wall and heard the gates swing to behind him. The Frenchman and his two captors were just ahead, toiling heavily up the steep and narrow street. Gordon threw his cigar from him and ran leaping over the huge cobbles to the Frenchman's side and touched him on the shoulder.

"We are out of sight of the hotel, now, General," he said. He pointed to the dark, cool recesses of a coffee-shop and held back the rug that hung before it. "Come in here," he said. "And tell me that story."

(To be continued.)

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THE MYSTERY OF MAY

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson

I KNEW the trees would leaf and hedge-rows bloom this year—
  But failing Him, I hardly dream they will return;
For they were each unto His forest-heart so dear
  That surely they will sigh and listen till they learn
The silent winter-way His life has lately gone,
  And shaken by the strangeness of so drear a May—
Still seeking Him, will follow on; a lorn
  And baffled company in green array.

He never did so late out-sleep the birds before!
  It seems that even now the spring must guess—
One spirit lost she never can restore;
  The awful secret of her loneliness.

ANTON SEIDL

By H. E. Krehbiel

A FEELING very much akin to dismay has filled the music-lovers of New York since Anton Seidl died suddenly on the night of March 28th last. Until he was gone, it was hard to realize how large a place he had filled in the musical economy not only of New York, but the world. The realization is growing more and more vivid as men discuss the manner of man and musician he must be who shall become his successor. His death left a gap in the operatic forces of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, and Covent Garden, London; robbed the Philharmonic Society of New York of a conductor under whom it enjoyed six seasons of unexampled prosperity; weakened the artistic props of the Wagner festivals at Bayreuth, which have been more and more in need of fortification as the enterprise has gained in worldly wealth; orphaned a number of undertakings which looked to the edification and entertainment of the people of the United States and Canada in the course of coming seasons. He was within a step of the attainment of a position quite without parallel in the history of musical conductors in respect of the scope and influence which would have been opened to his labors, when he died; and this it is that makes his death seem so utterly grievous and disastrous. It was a loss not to one community, but to many; not to a single artistic institution, but to art itself. Mr. Seidl's activities in New York compassed twelve seasons. He came in the fall of 1885, to be the first conductor of the German opera, then domiciled at the Metropolitan Opera House, and he remained at the head of that notable institution until Messrs. Abbey & Grau and their Italian cohorts overthrew the German *régime* in 1891. When his labors ended at the opera, they began with the Philharmonic Society. Mr. Theodore Thomas, who had long been the conductor of the society, went to Chicago in 1891, and Mr. Seidl became his successor at the beginning of the season 1891–92. In that season performances in Italian were resumed at the Opera, and Mr. Seidl's labors were confined to the concert-room. So they were during the season of 1892–93, when the destruction of the

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interior of the Metropolitan Opera House made operatic representations impossible. In the next two seasons Mr. Seidl conducted the Sunday-night concerts given by Messrs. Abbey & Grau, but the director's desk at the Opera House did not know him till German was added to the official operatic languages, in the fall of 1895. Then he again became a Metropolitan Opera conductor, and so remained, extending his labors to London in the spring of 1897, and to Bayreuth in the summer of the same year. He was under contract to conduct the representations of Wagner's lyric dramas in London in the season soon to open, and here in the season 1898–99. But this does not sum up the range of his action. During the entire period of his American residence, he conducted a vast majority of the orchestral concerts given under other auspices than those of the institutions mentioned, and he was extending his activities more and more widely with each year, so that it may correctly be said that, had he lived to carry out the plans which he had laid down for the next season here and abroad, he would have been unique among the world's conductors in the variety and extent of his labors and the reach of his influence. This fact is in itself a proof of the strong personality of the man. Had he been the most skilful master of orchestral and operatic routine in the world, or the most accomplished academician in his field, and nothing more, he could not have so impressed himself upon contemporary music, could not have made the need of himself felt in such a degree in two hemispheres.

What manner of man and musician, then, was he? More distinctively than any of his colleagues, even those whose training was like unto his, a product of the tendencies given to reproductive art by Richard Wagner. He represented those tendencies in all their aspects, positive and negative, creative and destructive, progressive and regressive. In all the things wherein his greatness lay, he was the embodiment of an authority which asked no justification and brooked no denial. Outside his specific field he was an empiric—one of a noble sort, like Wagner himself, indeed, but an empiric, nevertheless. He had no patience with theories, but a wondrous love for experiences. In him, impulse dominated reflection, emotion shamed logic. It was much to his advantage that he came among an impressionable people with the prestige of a Wagnerian oracle and archon, and much to the advantage of the cult to which he was devoted that he made that people "experience" the lyric dramas of his master in the same sense that a good Methodist "experiences" religion, rather than to "like" them. He was a young man when he came, but he had been for six years the musical secretary of Wagner and a member of his household. Before then he had studied at the Leipsic Conservatory, and worked in a modest capacity at the Vienna Opera. There he came under the eyes of Hans Richter, who sent him to Wagner to perform the duties which had once been his. During all the preparations for the first Bayreuth festival, he was one of the poet-composer's executive officers. He participated in the artistic management of the stage during the performances of 1876, and afterward conducted the preliminary rehearsals for the concerts which Wagner gave in London and elsewhere in the hope of recouping himself for the losses made at the festival. Then, on Wagner's recommendation, he was appointed conductor at the Municipal Theatre of Leipsic, later of Angelo Neumann's "Richard Wagner Theatre," which gave representations of "The Ring of the Nibelung" in many cities of Germany, Holland, England, and Italy, and still later of the Municipal Theatre in Bremen—the post which he held when the death of Dr. Leopold Damrosch created a vacancy for him in New York. All this he had accomplished before his thirty-fifth year (he was born in Pesth on May 7, 1850), and he was not yet thirty when Wagner, in a speech delivered in Berlin, alluded to him as "the young artist whom I have brought up, and who now is accomplishing astounding things." Naturally, when he came to New York, he was looked upon as a repository of Wagnerian tradition — a prophet, priest, and paladin.

It was not given to Mr. Seidl's friends to observe traces of his academic training except as they may have been preserved in his skill at the pianoforte. He was by open confession—so, at least, do I interpret

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some of his expressions—what the Germans call a *Naturalist.* His branch of musical practice was the reproductive, and he believed conducting to be an art which in its truest estate could be acquired only by plenary inspiration. It is commonly said that he was first a pupil of Hans Richter in the art, but he never said so himself. On the contrary, he said publicly that Richter had become a conductor without lessons, and that, though he had made earnest studies of Beethoven and Wagner with Richter, he had never troubled himself with technical practice in the manipulation of the bâton. What he learned in this direction he learned chiefly by standing at the side of Wagner, listening for him, and noting the methods which Wagner employed to make his players one with him in understanding, feeling, and aim. Only once have I known him to mention a technical feature of the conductor's art which he deliberately adopted from another's method. He used the Munich Conductor Levi's manner of beating time in recitatives. For the rest, he depended upon himself—his influence at the moment, his knowledge of the music, his consciousness of command over men. The first essential in conducting he held to be complete devotion to the music in hand. The conductor must penetrate to the heart of the composition, and be set aglow by its flames. That done, he must make his proclamation big and vital, full of red blood, sincere, and assertive—assertive even in its misconceptions. He had no room in his convictions for mere refinement of nuance or precision of execution. Too much elaboration of detail he thought injurious to the general effect.

These beliefs were entirely consistent with his tastes, temperament, and training, all of which were largely, perhaps one might say hugely, dramatic. His heart went out to music which told a story or painted a picture, and in the presentation of such compositions he became all-compellingly eloquent. Sometimes, too, he found picturesque elements in most unexpected places, as, for instance, in the variations which make up the last movement of Brahms's symphony in E minor.

As a rule, Brahms's music lay beyond the horizon of his sympathies, but this tremendous Passacaglia seemed to warm him, and he read it better than he did anything else of him who was the master symphonist of his age. Despite his belief that an ounce of gift outweighed a pound of schooling in the art which he practised, and that finish in detail was wholly subordinate to general effect, nothing was plainer to the careful observer of Mr. Seidl's recreative processes (for such all of his readings were) than that it was his knowledge of the potency of details, and his capacity for lifting those of essential value into prominence, upon which his superb triumphs depended. As a master of climax, I have never met his equal; and he attained his climaxes, in which the piling of Pelion on Ossa by other men was exceeded, by the most patient and reposeful accumulation of material, its proper adjustment, and its firm maintenance in popular notice when once it had been gained. The more furious the tempest of passion which he worked up, the more firmly did he hold the forces in rein until the moment arrived when they were to be loosed, so that all would be swept away in the *mêlée.* None of his *confrères* of Bayreuthian antecedents can work so directly, so elementally, upon an audience as did he. With him in the chair, it was only the most case-hardened critic who could think of comparative *tempi* and discriminate between means of effect. As for the rest, professional and layman, dilettante and ignorant, their souls were his to play with so they were at all susceptible to the kind of music which he preached as an evangel. Puissant as he was when conducting "Fidelio," or putting a symphony or opera "through the Wagnerian sieve"—as Albert Niemann once described the process to which he had subjected "La Juive," much to the vitalization of the old French work—he was transfigured when he conducted "Parsifal" or "Tristan und Isolde."

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A GROUP OF WAR MAPS

J. HART NUTLEY N. J.

THE UNITED STATES COAST, THE WEST INDIES, AND THE WESTERN ATLANTIC.

Distances are given in geographical or sea miles, sixty miles to a degree of latitude.

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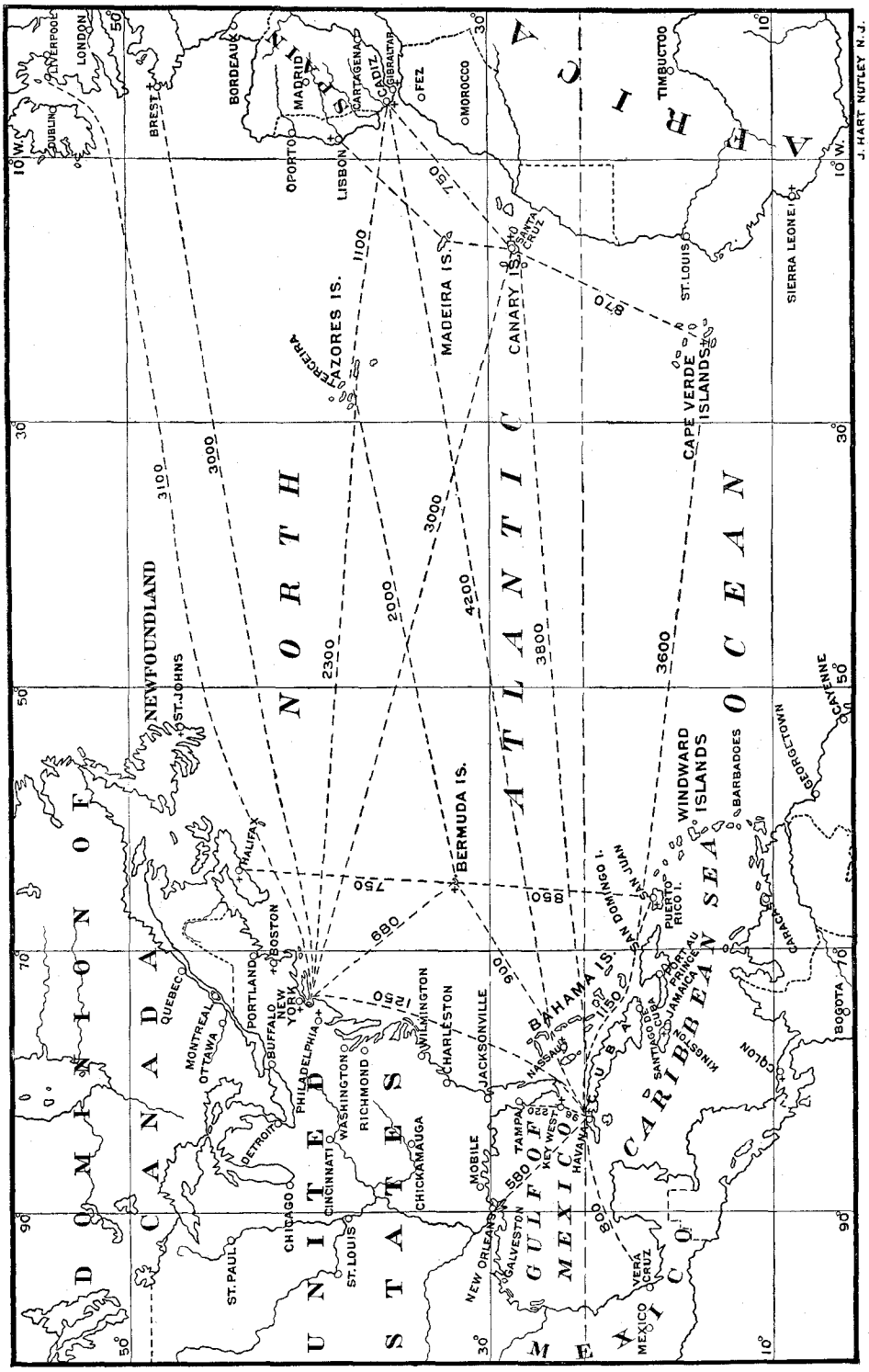

THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

(Mercator's Projection.)

Small crosses indicate the location of important coaling stations.

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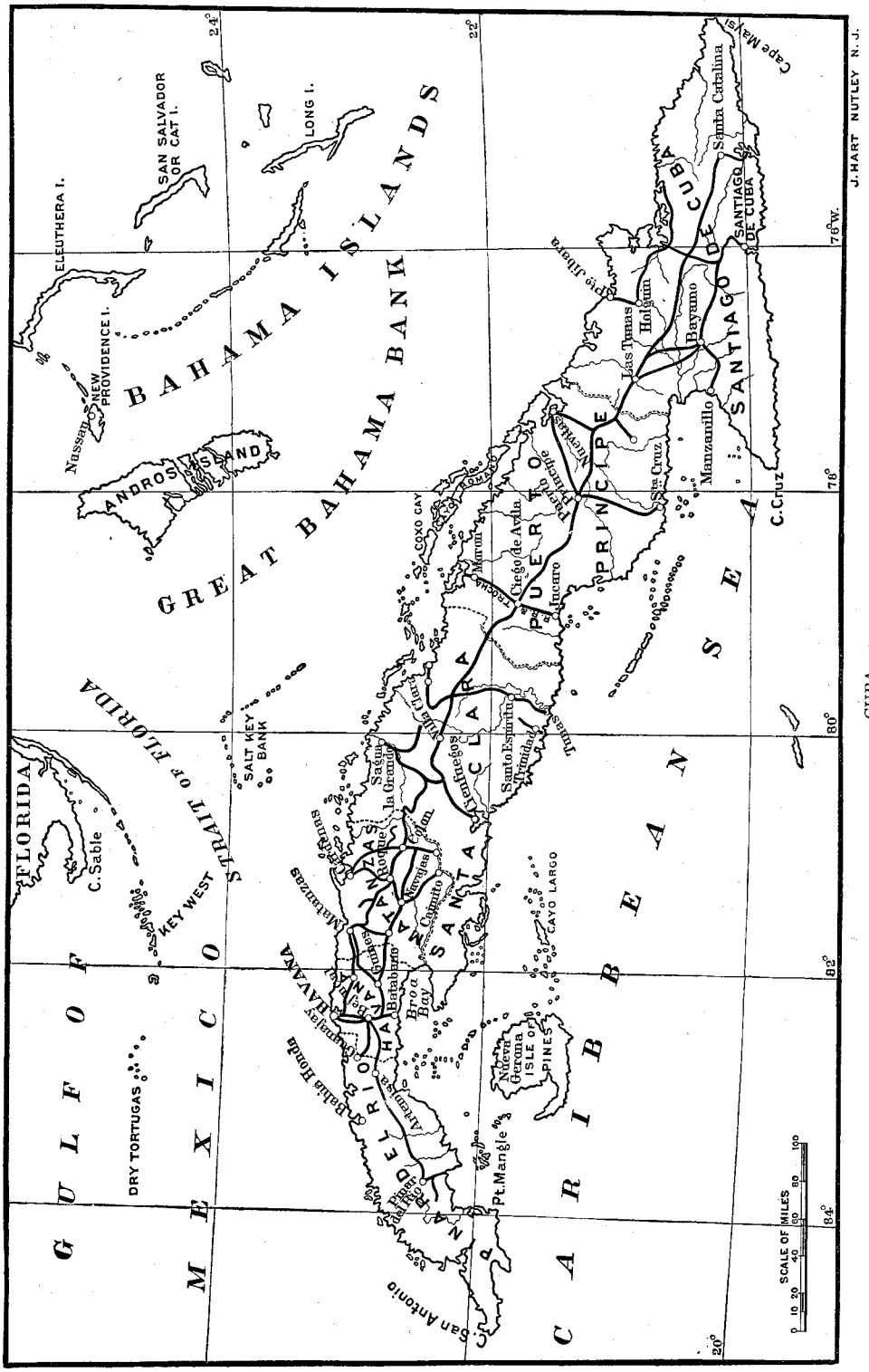

CUBA.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

A NEW York musical critic not long since commented upon a remark made by Mr. John Burroughs to the effect that music belonged to the sensuous, as opposed to the intellectual, pleasures of life. What Mr. Burroughs had said exactly was that, while there could never be but one "first time" in intellectual experiences—while, even though one might return to the same author again and again, the pleasure of each reading, save in exceptional cases, could only be a lesser degree of the first pleasure—one could listen to a "favorite piece of music" with equally keen delight any number of times; even as one could enjoy, without diminished freshness of impression, the repeated sight of beautiful colors, or the repeated taste of certain flavors, or odor of certain perfumes. Now, this was, of course, to state quite accurately the way in which people who are not musicians think and feel about music. Music is the most popular of the arts, and makes the most universal, and the surest, appeal to all sorts and conditions of men. But it makes that appeal to the vast majority precisely in the fashion in which Mr. Burroughs gives us to understand that it makes it to him. The musical critic in question knew that well enough. He would not probably quarrel with the sensuous, musical effects that soothe the traditional savage breast, or electrify fighting bands, or quiet the nerves of homely persons engaged in the prosaic struggle with every-day cares. Such effects are too useful and solacing to be quarrelled with. Nor would he expect—why should he?—the semi-civilized individual, or the soldier, or the house-keeper, or accountant, to comprehend that, while to them music is a sensuous relief and pleasure only, it is to the musician a profoundly intellectual joy and interest. What he objected to was that a writer like Mr. Burroughs—a man of his intellectual perceptions—should know so little about a sister-art; so little as to be unable to do more than share, with respect to it, the views and sentiments of the ignorant.

Music and General Culture.

The complaint of musicians—that most literary people appear to know nothing whatever of music, and are continually expressing themselves in the most misleading and absurd way about it—is becoming familiar. And very fortunately so. So many grotesque examples have been held before the public eye, examples of novelists who, because they felt the sensuous effects of music, thought that they were qualified to expatiate and to philosophize upon it as a part of life, that further illustration is unnecessary. George du Maurier is, perhaps, the most striking recent instance of a literary man and an artist deeply moved by music, and yet a mere child in his notions of it. There is, however, a side to this matter which the average musical critic, with all his very just impatience of the ordinary man of letters' musical vagaries, does not seem to consider. If there be little intellectual understanding of music, it is he, the average musical critic, who is very largely responsible for the fact. At least, one can certainly say that if more musical writers could escape from their esoteric atmosphere, and see their chosen subject more in its relation to the whole intellectual and emotional life of man—if they would encourage themselves a little more to be philosophers and poets as well as technicians—there would be less excuse for the frequent density, as regards music, of people whose minds are otherwise enlightened enough. There is at present very little musical criticism that is in the least degree suggestive to a layman. And that this is so is a subject of general interest, for the consequent loss to the intellectual life of the world is very great.

We have but to think of hours spent with Ruskin, or Taine, or Walter Pater, to realize what we owe, what the whole thought of man owes, to the philosophical and imaginative criticism of painting, sculpture, and architecture. The artist, the architect, may find technical lapses in the treatment by such men of special works of art. But that the spirit of art has by them been justly apprehended, and that this apprehension has been used to illumine, to illustrate, and incomparably to enrich the many phases of the general life of man, is what the world is concerned with

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Music, not being an art whose ideas express themselves in forms that can be seen with the eye and touched with the hand, does not lend itself, in the same degree as the concrete arts, to critical exposition that will be readily understood by the multitude and awaken manifold analogies in their minds. Yet there is no sufficient reason why so much musical criticism should seem as cold, dry, and abstract to the uninitiated as so many mathematical formulæ.

There is no sufficient reason why it should contain no message, have no suggestiveness for them. It is often possible, though perhaps it is not easy, so to treat a purely musical topic that it will convey something to the imagination of those who have no particular musical instinct. There are one or two French critics of music—notably M. Camille Bellaigne—who make frequently successful attempts in this direction. If the subject be, for instance, the earliest music of which we have a record, the newly discovered Delphic hymn to Apollo, the layman is made to behold the monotonous melodic phrase of it—rising and sinking by semi-tones—in the time and in the surroundings which belonged to it. It takes its place in the clear atmosphere and in the placid landscape of early Greece, and is perceived not to have then and there seemed monotonous, and thin, and bare, as it must seem to modern ears; but, in its simplicity and delicate, chromatic inflections, to have satisfied the fine senses of the Greeks, who could seize imperceptible gradations of effects in all the arts that now escape us, and who sought in music, not an emotional intoxication, as we too often do, but a suave yet austere pleasure that had power to compose the mind and to bring order to the movements of the soul.

The changes of musical taste, the evolution of musical forms, throw light on other processes of human thought. Without lessening the value of musical erudition, one cannot but think how much the mass of persons might profit by a species of popularization in musical criticism that would enable them to detect these analogies. The stimulating writings on art that I have referred to make those who are neither painters, nor sculptors, nor architects, *see* a little of what painters, and sculptors, and architects themselves see, to the consequent enlargement of all their vision. Now, the difference between the musician and the man who is not musical lies precisely in this: That the latter only hears music, while the musician also *sees* it. I said that music was not an art the forms of whose ideas could be seen with the eye. Not with the bodily eye. But, with the musician, an inner eye is open that sees, reads, looks on, where to others there is a surge of sound. By helping those others to see, also to use their brains and not alone their senses in the enjoyment of music, a great service can be rendered to general culture. In short, music can be more closely related, on the intellectual side, to that general culture; and it is important that it should be. A deepening of the mental as well as of the emotional experience will come to us through these channels.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE LANDSCAPE PAINTERS AND THE SUMMER

EVERY summer, it is said, painters and even landscape painters are to be found in town, not detained by stress of fate but from mere preference, well content, with none of that craving for things growing in the open which comes with the burgeoning of spring and ceases only with the dead white of winter, and to some not ceasing even then. By town is meant New York, or some possible congener; for be it understood there are towns and towns. One harks back in memory to many a poetic and inspiring little city huddled on a hilltop, with wide view of plain, peaks, and large sky; to greater cities of the plain, with picturesque glimpses of river stretches spanned by graceful bridges, constructed by artists, not ironmongers, where the surcease of daily toil is enhanced by the mere doing of nothing in a sympathetic *milieu;* to big, bustling cities yonder, beyond the seas, with their charm of environment, their delicious rural nooks where a painter can daily satisfy his soul's yearnings even though he be forced to forego those low sweet songs of night which the nature-lover knows so well. In cis-Atlantic regions, too, there are many so-called provincial towns that are not without pictorial possibilities or poetic allurement. The stately elm-shaded avenues, the tranquil green squares, the columned porches and pilastered façades, the old-fashioned gardens with their aroma of box and dash of hollyhocks are very dear and inspiring to the contemplative mind. But none of these amenities are for the New Yorker. Take from him the relatively cool and airy spaciousness of his club, which in its way is a little provincial town, and nothing remains. In an oppressive heat, in a stuffy closet, called a bedroom by the real estate agent, in an incandescent studio, the painter plies his *métier*. Our habits and hours are the same in summer as in winter. Under an almost tropical sun we regulate our routine according to the exigencies of trade, not according to the dictates of climate. No concession is made to temperature. No early morning work, no siesta at noon, no second innings of labor in the late afternoon, as in recognized hot climates, where there are alleviations; but one prolonged, fierce effort, regardless of the thermometer, till the work is done—a feverish desire apparently to get rid of an odious task as soon as possible and away from it. Occasionally a plutocrat tells us that he likes the summer life of the city with its potentialities of pleasure—and his possibilities of escape, it may be added. So the plutocrat may. His tastes are not ours, nor his ambitions, nor, what is much more to the point, his purse. Artists flock to the city primarily "to get along," and when their business season is over (avowedly the word business is used) should, and as a rule do go elsewhere if they can. Secondarily there are other attractions, those attractions that the intensity of life offers to every ambitious or altruistic man. The privilege to seize the proffered opportunity, to exploit the favoring chance, personally to contribute to some great and beneficent cause are well worth much discomfort. The most confirmed recluse cannot but appreciate these fillips to action, even if he do not take advantage of them. Such stimulants, however, cannot form the steady diet of the imaginative man. They excite his nerves for a time, but build no permanent tissue. The trouble is that the whole attraction of New York is so-called Life; there is nothing but life; no beautiful background, no lovely setting, no charm of environment. When, for a brief holiday space, the daily throb of life ceases and one sees things as they are, unbefogged by the din of action, then the ugliness of it is disheartening, as depressing as the spectacle of a disused, bankrupt factory.

To keep close to nature, to commune with her, to profit by her myriad suggestions has ever been a recognized law of imaginative production, both literary and artistic. A vivid imagination operating upon nature is constantly acquiring new strength from fresh sources. An equally vivid imagination operating solely

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upon tradition must ultimately grow stale, or at least fail permanently to interest. It would be an act of supererogation to insist on the landscape painter's intimacy with his subject-matter. The out-of-door feeling is a part of every painter's equipment nowadays, figure or even portrait painter. Mastery of landscape is a modern acquisition, our great triumph, in fact. Yet comparatively few know (or knowing, practise) the inestimable profit that may be derived by artists, following the so-called decorative branches, from companionship with pregnant nature. Not that nature is the all in all, by any means. She is not technique, she is not vocabulary, so to speak, not anatomy, not perspective, nor grammar of ornament, nor the "orders"—not any of these things; but she is that which vitalizes them all, fructifies all. Suppose, my decorator, or you, my architectural friend, glean all your "properties" from photographs, from books, from monuments. Won't you always follow but never lead, as Michelangelo concisely puts it? Wherein does the eternal charm of Renaissance ornament lie, by way of example, the freshness that differentiates it from the antique—for it is not merely a reproduction, not only a "rebirth," but a new life with the old beauty, plus the fresh young beauty that an ardent study of things living has added? Look at your Ghiberti doors, your Robbia majolicas, your Mino tabernacles, your Sangallo capitals, your Raphael loggias, your Udini grotesques; nay, look at your Peruzzi, or even your great Bramante details, they all vibrate with life. These names are cited hap-hazard because they are in odor of sanctity just now; but also take into consideration the range of Gothic ornament. Go into the country, my friends; study the fresh greens and blossoms of springtime, the lush growth of summer, the mellow ripening fruits of autumn; study the suggestive forms of plant life, of tree life, the silhouette of hill-tops against twilight skies, the majesty of piled-up clouds—study these things and your work will be the better for it. Profit by the endless color harmonies of nature, harmonies of which the liveliest imagination would never dream. Do you want to know exactly what shade of green best suits a flaming vermilion? then see with what leaves nature has accompanied the great oriental poppy: what green most enhances blazing orange? then note the foliage of the homely sunflower: what tone harmonizes with a quiet purple? then observe the verdure of the climbing clematis: what blue gives agreeable value to olive hues? then look at the willows shimmering against a breezy sky: and so on *ad infinitum*. The supply is exhaustless; while prototypes and traditions are finite. Valuable as they are, *per se*, they do not suffice; they must be fortified by an infusion of life. All the greater need is there in these days when man lives closer to nature, knows her, perhaps, as he has never known her before, that our conventional arts should declare her, not by throwing her lawlessly over the objects to be decorated—no; that sort of thing won't do, —that would imply lack of cultivation. For art means law, means arrangement, implies great study; but it also implies invention when it is a living thing. If we are to have a festoon, let us say, and the droop has been settled by study as well as the scale, why not design it from nature instead of purloining it from a book? That is the way disciples of Raphael designed their borders on the Farnesina vaults, and beautiful borders they are, though composed in parts of the humblest vegetables (we all know how magnificently decorative cabbages are). If we must have an arabesque, the scale and lines having been predetermined by calculation, why not take a sketch-book and drop into a florist's when the fields are not accessible? If we must have a wreath, why not make drawings from the classic mountain-laurel? These questions have been put to designers and architects, and not infrequently the answer has been made that the festoons to be found in the books or the arabesques in the portfolios are better than anything we could possibly do. There is some rhyme and reason in this; but the true answer should be that "we will try to *invent* just as those men did, whose works are interesting." Possibly the result would not be beautiful; if not, it would certainly be interesting, which the copy never can be. Moreover, an art based on a copy must perforce be retrograde.

These are some of the direct advantages to the artist of communion with nature. The indirect profit is even greater. After the long and enforced hibernation in town, after the constant strain of life, one yearns for the free, quiet, clean life of the country or seashore. Along with this yearning there is an ineffable desire to emerge from the smoke of action and see how the battle goes, to perch on some hilltop and take a bird's-eye view of things, to

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see whether the strife is worth the striving, to perceive things as they really are. In the crowded thoroughfare there is no perspective, no sense of proportion; the little things seem big with importance, and the great, fundamental truths are lost. In the town nothing seems permanent, nothing worth the while, so fleeting is it all. In the struggle for existence a man's vision is obfuscated by all sorts of cobwebs, and there is need to sweep them away from time to time with nature's besom. Nature never betrays us. Frequently she frets and fumes, but always interests, and when the sun shines for us again, like the returning smile of a chagrined child, we love her for her very caprices. Our fondness for landscape increases with our years. Perhaps, —yes, certainly, as age creeps on we think less of man and all his works. In splenetic moods he seems very sordid. Rambling over fresh stretches of green country, we occasionally happen on some squalid and fetid dwelling. Then we say to ourselves: "Verily, nothing is foul but man; even the swine, if left to themselves, are clean."

Ah! the inspiration of earth and sky. Be you poet or painter they will surely set the wheels of production in motion. On a calm, sunny June day when, as Andrew Lang puts it, "The summer is Queen in the length of the land," when roaring, restless New York is far away, when its arrogant bustle is but a memory only, when its bigness seems littleness, and when civic pride appears vaguely confused with civic dirt, then you will thank the Omnipotent that you are not there, and a placid, nay, even an inspired spirit will lead you to some favored spot with a fair outlook well worth chronicling with brush or with pen, on canvas or on paper, and you will paint, or you will sing it, or perhaps both.

Not now the thundrous cloud, nor strenuous gale
That makes trees cringe, and show the silver side
Of tossing leaves. Oh, not to-day the deep
Effects of masses rich 'gainst sunset skies,
Nor sensuous hues, nor freakish outline wild!
But give me Peace—a pleasant sunny stretch
Of landscape sweet in daisied June, all steeped
In equal whitish light; the bosky hills
Flecked here and there with faint blue shades
where axe
Has hewn its way; the nearer slopes well tilled,
Sweeping in gracious curves to meet the brook,
Not seen, but margined by the vaporous row
Of willows thick; and cropping through the grass,
Red-ripe, the uninvited flowers—though to
The poet meet—not gorgeous, but bedight
With frescoed tints, palish, yet adding glow
To torpid, basking fields. From time to time
(Alas how pitifully rare!) unvexed,
Unharassed hours, stress free as unbent grain,
Serene as sloping meads in sunlit June,
Are foisted into agitated Life. F. C.

THE student so blessed as to live in a land where it is always summer need not fix his season for leaving town. If we could transport ourselves, the whole reading and art-studying community together, to Martinique, and live "where the infant frost has trodden" never since the beginning of the world of man, those of us who are landscape painters might choose between the dry season with its greater comfort and coolness, and the wet season with its torrid heat counterbalanced in part by its even more luxuriant vegetation. The splendid effects of foliage and of foreground plant-form in July, seen through torrents of rain and by the passing gleams of sunshine between driving clouds and in the steaming reek of a wet soil in high summer temperature would be counterbalanced in charm to the artist mind by the steady, clear sunshine of the blessed days during which the trade-wind blows steadily and grants to this world six months of settled weather. Nor is the spring-time, February and March, to be disregarded; for then the great trees of forest and of meadow, and the gigantic creepers which bedeck them are in blossom. Their leaves fall; within a few days thereafter the blossoms swell and burst open, and the tree, which has been a mass of dark green, blazes with purple or scarlet or yellow flowers. Let a week pass, and shimmering green of a different tint from the old dress appears through the more vivid color mingled with it interchangingly; and this vibration of color harmony changes from hour to hour. Another week, and the ground beneath the trees is strewn with their fading blossoms, and, while the fruit is forming, the green assumes the mastery again and the boughs are hidden in the garment of foliage which is to last for another year.

Summer and spring time in close interchange and without a *saison morne:* if we of the so-called temperate zone could live where they are and where they alone rule, we might stay in town or go into the country at pleasure. Since, however, there are but six months during which there is any facility for studying out of doors, it is just a little surprising that the clubs are full of landscape

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painters during that short season. Winter has its attractions too, and the blueness of shadows on the snow and the rosy purple of tree-branches seen in interlocked mystery deserve no landscape painter's disregard; but it is not to be denied that such pleasures are handicapped. Out-of-door study is altogether easier, more delightful, more natural between the 1st of May and the last of October, or the 10th of May and the 10th of November, and it is best, after all, to follow the line of least resistance.

If landscape painting were mainly a question of trees and greenness there would then be no doubt as to the painter's duty and his interest. The men who make trees and greenness their chief or a principal study go to the country in midsummer, perforce. But it is quite notorious that this is not the whole or even a principal part of landscape painting. There never were any green pictures until the present half century began; before that time summer landscape was a thing which the painter took his suggestions from, indeed, but whose suggestions as to coloration he did not heed very closely. Turner's vast phantasmagoria includes no green vision, nor does the book of nature as he turned it over through his long and hard-worked life contain a green page. Inness and Martin—to name the two of our own great men who have but now joined the majority, were not painters of summer green, and those who have struggled with that most difficult of problems, and who yet survive, are few, and their names are celebrated among their fellows even because of their partial success in that most difficult of tasks. In black and white, Seymour Haden has a close love and an excellent knowledge of trees, and his etchings are enjoyed by men and women who love trees and the effect of the wood clearing or of the shady avenue, but they do not make Seymour Haden a great etcher. One little scrap of the wayward Whistler's line work is worth acres of Sir Seymour's studies of tree form and tree effect. Landscape painting is not a matter of trees mainly, but it is mainly a matter of light and shade and color, and where these are to be found if not in the country in summer it is hard to say. Granted the claim, which no one nowadays thinks of disputing, that art comes not from without through the eyes, but from the soul, and granted the inadequacy of the old saying that "Art is nature seen through a temperament," and the relatively greater truth of the converse, say, that art is the work of the temperament assimilating nature, and we have still the necessity of the assimilation. To drop the question of trees: why is it that our modern landscape painters have abandoned the broad landscape, the great stretches of country which are so familiar to Constable and to Turner? Why is it that cloud-form is not a subject of study? No one can really understand cloud-form unless he lives for a season high on a mountain-top where he can see the marshalling of those armies of vapor and learn their secret. The impressiveness, the magnificence, in other words the whole truth of the cloud world, are for the mountain-climber alone. To him also, to the mountain-climber, comes the charm of the broad landscape. To him alone is given a sense of that which is after all the most vital fact in all the world of landscape, whether in art or nature, the formation, the structure, the true anatomy of the earth's surface. Hill and valley, slope and meadow, slow winding stream, furious torrent; these things and their secret are not to be wholly judged by him who merely makes visits to their separate entities and studies one at a time. The magnificence of the world is for those who look down upon it and see—as the figure draughtsman sees below the skin—the anatomy underlying the surface. But the mountain-top is only available for us Northerners in the summer-time; nor is it easy to study out of doors for more than three months of the year at any altitude above three thousand feet.

Some day New York will have a gallery in which exhibitions can be held which it would never pay to hold. When that time comes and things can be shown to the public which are merely instructive, useful, delightful—but which cannot hope to draw crowds of visitors—we shall begin to see the artist's summer studies. It may even become a thing of course to ask in November when the autumn exhibition of summer studies is to be opened. If this is, indeed, the age of landscape art, and if landscape art is the greatest triumph of this age, we, the men of the age, who really care about the beautiful drawings, the fresh, attractive, inspiring and most instructive drawings which are not for sale because no artist dare part with those which are his own—we should be greatly aided by a sight of them in our progress toward a perfect understanding of landscape art. R. S.

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